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**GREAT ARCHERS AND THEIR
WEAPONS and FRESH ARROWS
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**A STUDY OF ILLUSTRATIVE POWERS
OF PULPIT ORATORS, WITH
SELECTIONS OF THEIR
ILLUSTRATIONS**

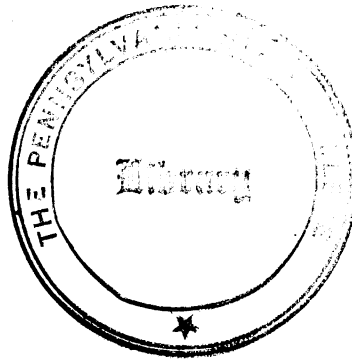
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Great Archers and their Weapons.

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I.

HENRY DRUMMOND.

Professor Henry Drummond occupies a unique position. Other scientific men tell us that he was not truly a great scientist. The famous theologians tell us that he was neither a great theologian nor a great preacher. Compared with such men as Moody, or Finney, or a dozen others one might mention, he was not a great evangelist, and yet, Henry Drummond will stand for many a year in the class of great men to all those who came under his spell.

Drummond had a remarkable personality. The effect of the man and his speech was intensely spiritual, yet he was the farthest removed from the goody-goody, and never talked sanctimonious platitudes. He was very sane, and made no distinction between what was secular and what was religious. He entered into sport or travel, or exploration, scientific study, or evangelistic work, all in the same spirit, a spirit of sincere love for God, and brotherly fellowship toward all men. He seemed to everybody like a big brother. He had much of the spirit of the Master, which was revealed in his unselfishness. He was Christlike in that he went about doing good, and found his supreme gladness in giving help and happiness to his fellow travelers day by day. The world is a much sweeter place because, for a while, he lived in it. The path of life is more fragrant for multitudes because he has passed over it.

Drummond's preaching has one blessed quality in that in purpose and in fact it was always helpful. There was no striving to be eloquent, no undue effort for effect, but a constant endeavor to help the listener or the reader. The illustrations which follow bear witness to all I have said. You will see in them the brotherliness, the sympathy, the reverence, the clear-headed common-sense, the high motive in little deeds, which, taken altogether, made Henry Drummond what he was.

In his "City Without a Church," he illustrates the difference between reverie and doing, in this way:

1. *Heaven*—"If Heaven were a siesta, religion might be conceived of as a reverie. If the future life were to be mainly spent in a Temple, the present life might be mainly spent in a Church. But if Heaven be a City, the life of those who are going there must be a real life. The man who would enter John's Heaven, no matter what piety or what faith he may profess, must be a real man. Christ's gift to men was life, a rich and abundant life. And life is meant for living. And abundant life does not show itself in abundant dreaming, but in abundant living—in abundant living among real and tangible objects, and to actual and practical purposes. 'His servants,' John tells us, 'shall serve.' In this vision of the City he confronts us with a new definition of a Christian man—the perfect saint is the perfect citizen." Drummond's interpretation of John's prophecy about the coming City, is very striking:

"To John it was the most obvious thing in the world. Nay, knowing all he knew, its realization was inevitable. We forget, when a thing strikes us as strange, that John knew Christ. Christ was the Light of the World—the Light of the *World*. This is all that he meant by his vision, that Christ is the Light of the World. This Light, John saw would fall everywhere—especially upon cities. It was irresistible and inextinguishable. No darkness could stand before it. One by one the cities of the world would give up their night. Room by room, house by house, street by street, they would be changed. Whatsoever worked abomination or made it a lie would disappear. Sin, pain, sorrow, would silently pass away. One day the walls of the City would be jasper; the very streets would be paved with gold. Then the kings of the earth would bring their glory and honor into it. In the midst of the streets there would be a tree of Life. And its leaves would go forth for the healing of the nations."

Drummond believed with Emerson that all attempt at reformation resolved itself at last back to a personal question. Speaking how we were to make the city better he said:

2. *Reformation*—"Where are you to begin? Begin where you are. Make one corner, room, house, office, as like Heaven as you can. Begin? Begin with the paper on the walls, make that beautiful; with the air, keep it fresh; with the very drains,

make them sweet; with the furniture, see that it be honest. Abolish whatsoever work-eth abomination—in food, in drink, in luxury, in books, in art; whatsoever maketh a lie—in conversation, in social intercourse, in correspondence, in domestic life. This done, you have arranged for a Heaven, but you have not got it. Heaven lies within, in kindness, in humbleness, in unselfishness, in faith, in love, in service. To get these in, get Christ in."

Drummond believed with all his heart that Christianity was the only solution for the problems of human life and society. Illustrating this he says:

3. *Reform*—"It is idle to talk of Christ as a social reformer if by that is meant that his first concern was to improve the organization of society, or to provide the world with better laws. These were among his objects, but his first was to provide the world with better men. The one need of every cause and every community still is for better men. If every workshop held a workman like Him who worked in the carpenter's shop at Nazareth, the labor problem, and all other workman's problems would soon be solved. If every street had a home or two like Mary's home in Bethany, the domestic life of the city would be transformed in three generations."

Drummond knew how to cut like a knife when his indignation was aroused at oppression. How strongly the feeling was back of the words in this paragraph against Rome's hiding of Jesus in forms:

4. *Formalism*—"Everything that spiritual and temporal authority of man could do has been done—done in ignorance of the true nature of Christianity—to dislodge the religion of Christ from its natural home in the heart of Humanity. In many lands the churches have literally stolen Christ from the people; they have made the Son of Man the priest of an order; they have taken Christianity from the city and imprisoned it behind altar rails; they have withdrawn it from the national life and doled it out to the few who pay to keep up the unconscious deception."

Drummond's illustrations are always very simple and natural. Here is one concerning the gravitation of sin:

5. *Sin*—"When we see a man fall from the top of a five-story house, we say the man is lost. We say that before he has fallen a foot; for the same principle that made him fall the one foot will undoubtedly make him complete the descent by falling over eighty or ninety feet. So that he is a dead man, or a lost man from the very first. The gravitation of sin, in a human soul, acts precisely in the same way. Gradually, with gathering momentum it sinks a man further and further from God and righteousness, and lands him, by the sheer action of a natural law, in the hell of a neglected life."

Illustrating the danger of neglect Drummond says:

6. *Neglect*—"From the very nature of salvation, therefore, it is plain that the only thing necessary to make it of no effect is neglect. Hence the Bible could not fail to lay strong emphasis on a word so vital. It was not necessary for it to say, how shall we escape if we trample upon the great salvation, or doubt, or despise, or reject it. A man who has been poisoned only need neglect the antidote, and he will die. It makes no difference whether he dashes it on the ground, or pours it out of the window, or sets it down by his bedside, and stares at it all the time he is dying. He will die just the same, whether he destroys it in a passion, or coolly refuses to have anything to do with it. And, as a matter of fact, probably most deaths, spiritually, are gradual dissolutions of the last class rather than rash suicides of the first."

Drummond was peculiarly strong in his use of nature and physical life generally as an illustration of the spiritual. Take this for example:

7. *Spiritual Life*—"Evolutionists tell us that by the influence of environment certain aquatic animals have become adapted to a terrestrial mode of life. Breathing normally by gills, as the result and reward of a continued effort carried on from generation to generation to inspire the air of heaven direct, they have slowly acquired the lung-function. In the young organism, true to the ancestral type, the gills still persist—as in the tadpole of the common frog. But as maturity approaches, the true lung appears; the gill gradually transfers its task to the higher organ. It then becomes atrophied and disappears, and finally respiration in the adult is conducted by lungs alone. We may be far, in the meantime, from saying that this is true. It is for those who accept it to deny the justice of the spiritual analogy. Is religion to them unscientific in its doctrine of regeneration? Will the evolutionist who admits the regeneration of the frog under the modifying influence of a continued correspondence with a new environment, care to question the possibility of the soul acquiring such a faculty as that

of prayer, the marvellous breathing-function of the new creature, when in contact with the atmosphere of a besetting God? Is the change from the earthly to the heavenly more mysterious than the change from the aquatic to the terrestrial mode of life?"

Here is another illustration from nature, very common and very simple, but it illustrates:

8. *Nature and Spirit*—"Nature never provides for man's wants in any direction, bodily, mental, or spiritual, in such a form as that he can simply accept her gifts automatically. She puts all the mechanical powers at his disposal—but he must make his lever. She gives him corn, but he must grind it. She elaborates coal, but he must dig for it. Corn is perfect, all the products of Nature are perfect, but he has everything to do to them before he can use them. So with truth; it is perfect, infallible. But he cannot use it as it stands. He must work, think, separate, dissolve, absorb, digest; and most of these he must do for himself, and within himself. If it be replied that this is exactly what theology does, we answer it is exactly what it does not. It simply does what the greengrocer does when he arranges his apples and plums in his shop-window. He may tell me a *Magnum Bonum* from a *Victoria*, or a *Baldwin* from a *Newtown Pippin*, but he does not help me to eat it. His information is useful, and for scientific horticulture essential. Should a skeptical pomologist deny that there was such a thing as a *Baldwin*, or mistake it for a *Newtown Pippin*, we should be glad to refer to him; but if we were hungry, and an orchard were handy, we should not trouble him. Truth in the Bible is an orchard rather than a museum. Dogmatism will be very valuable to us when scientific necessity makes us go to the museum. Criticism will be very useful in seeing that only fruit-bearers grow in the orchard. But truth in the doctrinal form is not natural, proper, assimilable food for the soul of man."

II.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

I have for many years regarded Phillips Brooks as the greatest preacher to whom I have ever been privileged to listen. I first came in touch with him in the mountains of Oregon in my boyhood when his first volume of sermons was published. I read them on horseback riding over the mountains or by candle-light in the log cabins. I can never forget the fascination, the glory of them. I reveled in them. I thanked God for them. They were like a breath from heaven to me. I loved Phillips Brooks from that first night in the log cabin when I came in touch with his soul in that book.

Years afterward, in Boston, it was my privilege to hear him many times in his own pulpit, and always with the same great spiritual joy. I have heard other great preachers, many who comforted and strengthened and inspired my soul, but in my memory of preaching Phillips Brooks stands like a great snow mountain outside of all the mountain ranges, as the supreme preacher. The spirit of the man, the glow and radiance of his holy personality, lifted one up and made all good things seem possible. I have heard some men preach and gone away feeling, "What is the use of my trying to preach? I never can expect to do like that." But from Phillips Brooks's grandest sermons I always went home feeling that I could preach better than ever, and that anything that was good enough to do, God could give me help to do. More than all other men I ever knew he reminded me of the words of John about Jesus: "In him was life, and the life was the light of men."

Phillips Brooks, in some of the epigrammatic sentences which you will find in his "Lectures on Preaching," describes himself, and gives some of the sources of his own great power. Take such sentences as these: "There must be a man behind every sermon"; "To be dead in earnest is to be eloquent"; or this one, "The sermon is truth and man together. It is the truth brought through the man." His declaration that, "The personal interest of the preacher is the buoyant air that fills the mass and lifts it," was illustrated every time he preached.

Phillips Brooks's ideal of preaching, which is a key to all his illustrative material, may be found in this paragraph:

9. *Preaching*—"A man comes and stands before a multitude of his fellow men and tells them a story. It is of something which happened long ago, yet which concerns them. It is of something which happened in one special time and set of circumstances, yet it is universal. As he speaks, his fellow men who listen begin to change before him; they flush and glow; they tremble in their seats; they almost leap to their feet; tears start into their eyes. It is a most attractive spectacle. It fires the speaker, and he goes on to make yet more intense and glowing emotion that reacts on him. One who stands by and gazes, tho he may not hear a word, is caught with the thrilling, beating atmosphere, and finds himself trembling with mysterious desires. The voice stops, but the spell is not broken. The people rise and go away exalted. They tread the pavement as if it sprang beneath their feet and breathe the air as if it were alive with beautiful and serious thoughts."

There is the key to the illustrations of Phillips Brooks's sermons. He was always seeking to tell a story. Every sermon he preached was quivering with personal life. Because he seldom names people and gives dates and surroundings, some people have used Phillips Brooks as an illustration of a great preacher who scorned anecdotes and stories in the pulpit. There could not be a greater mistake. He took his stories out of their local surroundings and digested them, but every sermon is alive with illustrations of the personal sort. He had great powers of imagination, and when he had a truth to make clear he applied that truth to a man, or a woman, or a child under many different circumstances and made them live and breathe, made them weep and laugh, made them

do and dare, made them hope and aspire before the breathless audience that listened and beheld.

Let us take some illustrations from Phillips Brooks's sermons which give point to what I have been saying. Here is one from his sermon on, "The Purpose and Use of Comfort." He is illustrating the thought that comfort is given us not for ourselves alone but to distribute. What a burst of sunshine there is in this illustration:

10. *Selfishness*—"Who is the man who, in his bereavement or his pain, receiving comfort from God radiates it, so that the world is richer by the help the Lord has given him? It is the reverent, the unselfish, and the humble man. The sunlight falls upon the clod, and the clod drinks it in, is warmed by it itself, but lies as black as ever and sheds out no light. But the sun touches a diamond, and the diamond almost chills itself as it sends out in radiance on every side the light that has fallen on it. So God helps one man bear his pain, and nobody but that one man is a whit the richer. God comes to another sufferer, reverent, unselfish, humble, and the lame leap, and the dumb speak, and the wretched are comforted all around by the radiated comfort of that happy soul."

Or take this glimpse which serves as a window into a great discourse on "The Withheld Completions of Life." He is stating his case, making the theme stand out clear. How finely it is done in these little stories:

11. *Disappointment*—"A poor obscure woman in a sick-room giving her days and nights, her health and strength, to some poor invalid; or a great brilliant man out in the world neglecting his personal interest in the desire that some of the lagging causes of God may be helped forward, or that the men of the city may be better clothed and fed and housed. Now such a life, in whatever sphere it may be lived, has its legitimate completion. . . . The natural flower that should crown that life of self-devotion is gratitude. . . . And now suppose that the gratitude does not come. Your friend turns his face to the wall and dies, and never looks at you. The people pass you by and waste their cheers upon some charlatan who has been working for himself. What then? Is there no disappointment of the soul; no sense of a withheld completion; no consciousness of something wrong, of something that falls short of the complete and rounded issue which was natural? Indeed there is! 'What does it mean?' you ask with wonder, even with impatience."

Phillips Brooks used Bible stories with great skill. In the white-heat of his imagination he was able to connect them with life outside of the Bible so that they became very real and live. Take his sermon on, "The Conqueror from Edom." How new the old record becomes under his touch:

12. *Conquerors From Edom*—"Edom on the borders of Judah. We open any page of human history and what do we see? There is a higher life in man. Imperfect, full of mixture, just like that mottled history of Hebrewdom; yet still it is in human history what Judea was in the old world—the spiritual, the upward, the religious element, something that believes in God and struggles after Him. Not a page can you open but its mark is there. Sometimes it is an aspiration after civilization, sometimes it is a doctrinal movement, sometimes it is a mystical piety that is developed; sometimes it is social; sometimes it is ascetic and purely individual; sometimes it is a Socrates, sometimes it is a St. Francis, sometimes it is a Luther, sometimes it is a Florence Nightingale. It is there in some shape always—this good among the evil, this power of God among the forces of men, this Judah in the midst of Asia. But always right on its border lies the hostile Edom, watchful, indefatigable, inexorable as the redoubtable old foe of the Jews."

Phillips Brooks had great power in making the Bible heroes live again, so that their personality was as full of strength and aspirations as if they had lived in modern times. Look at this picture of Paul in his sermon on "Keeping the Faith." He is portraying the close of Paul's life. And how rich and beautiful he makes it:

13. *Paul's End*—"It was a noble end certainly. Men lose their love, and hope and trust as they grow old. Here was a man who kept them all fresh to the last. Men cease to have strong convictions and grow cynical or careless. Here was a man who believed more and not less as he knew more of God, and of himself, and of the world. His old age did not come creeping into port, a wreck with broken masts and rudder gone, but full-sail still and strong for other voyages in other seas. We are sure that this was the old age God loves to see; that the careless and the hopeless and the faith-

less are failures. To such men as Paul alone is God's promise to David fulfilled: 'With long life will I satisfy him and show him my salvation.'

The use of imagination and the value of cultivating imagination in preaching are ever apparent in studying the sermonic work of Phillips Brooks. Notice this in his sermon on "The Consolations of God." He is speaking of finding unexpected comfort, and this picture springs to his imagination and falls from his tongue:

14. *Sympathy*—"The terrible disappointment in self, the consciousness of sin, bursts or creeps in upon us, and then the hands for the first time are reached out for consolation, and the great doors—which we have hardly noticed as we passed and re-passed on this side of the divine nature, they were shut so close, and we saw so little need of entering this way—are flung wide open to take the tired and disappointed creature in. It is as if we had sailed gaily all day up and down a glorious coast, rejoicing in the winds that swept around its headlands and caught our sails, thinking the bolder the coast the better, never asking whether there were a place of refuge anywhere; till at last the storm bursts upon us, and then we never thought the coast so beautiful as when we saw her open an unexpected harbor and take us into still water behind the rocks that we had been glorying in, out of the tempest's reach."

I have only room for one more example, and that, too, shall be in illustration of the value of an imagination to the preacher. I like to put the emphasis on this, for I am sure that preachers as a class do not develop the imagination as they should. The quotation I am about to make is from Mr. Brooks's great sermon on "The Law of Liberty." So good a judge as Joseph Cook thought that to be his greatest sermon. The closing illustration of that sermon, in which he gives us a picture of the Judgment, is, I think, the most effective illustration in description of the Judgment Day in all sermonic literature. Closing his great discussion of the law of liberty he says:

15. *Liberty*—"By this law we shall be judged. How simple and sublime it makes the judgment day! We stand before the great white throne and wait our verdict. We watch the closed lips of the Eternal Judge, and our hearts stand still until those lips shall open and pronounce our fate; heaven or hell. The lips do not open. The Judge just lifts his hand and raises from each soul before him every law of constraint whose pressure has been its education. He lifts the laws of constraint and their results are manifest. The real intrinsic nature of each soul leaps to the surface. Each soul's law of liberty becomes supreme. And each soul, without one word of condemnation or approval, by its own inner tendency, seeks its own place. They turn and separate; father from child, brother from brother, wife from husband, each with the old habitual restrictions lifted off, turns to its own; one by an inner power to the right hand, another by a like power to the left; these up to heaven, and these down to hell. Do we need more? It needs no word, no smile, no frown. The freeing of souls is the judging of souls. A liberated nature dictates its own destiny."

This example emphasizes the advantage that is gained by presenting an old truth—so familiar as almost to have lost its power—from a fresh point of view.

III.

CHARLES H. SPURGEON.

Spurgeon had a genius for illustration. Two things united in him, a brilliant imagination and remarkable common sense. His great object in preaching was the saving of souls. He constantly had in mind the winning of the men who listened to him, or those who should afterward read his sermons, to accept Christ as a personal Savior. He had absolutely no literary pride. He cared nothing for literary dignity. He was like a lawyer pleading before a jury. First and last and all the time he was after a verdict. He was willing to make them laugh, to make them cry, to make them mad, to shock them, to do anything that would make them see the truth, and arouse them to act upon it.

Many of Spurgeon's illustrations were undoubtedly put in unusual forms, in order to challenge attention. No man ever held before his mind more constantly than Mr. Spurgeon the prime necessity of getting the attention of the people, if you are going to do them good. He made people talk about what he said. He filled the community with curiosity. He was informal and daring to the last degree in his statements.

In his Autobiography, Mr. Spurgeon gives a most amusing incident of his early pastorate at Waterbeach. One day the mayor of Cambridge, who had tried to curb Mr. Spurgeon's tendencies to sensationalism, inquired of him if he had really told his congregation that, if a thief got into heaven, he would begin picking the angels' pockets. "Yes, sir," the young preacher replied, "I told them that, if it were possible for an ungodly man to go to heaven without having his nature changed, he would be none the better for being there; and then, by way of illustration, I said that, were a thief to get in among the glorified, he would remain a thief still, and he would go round the place picking the angels' pockets!" "But, my dear young friend," asked the mayor seriously, "don't you know that the angels haven't any pockets?" "No, sir," replied young Spurgeon with equal gravity, "I did not know that; but I am glad to be assured of the fact from a gentleman who does know. I will take care to put it all right the first opportunity I get." The next Monday morning Spurgeon walked into the mayor's place of business, and said to him cheerfully, "I set that matter right yesterday, sir." "What matter?" he inquired. "Why, about the angels' pockets!" "What did you say?" "Oh, sir, I just told the people I was sorry to say that I had made a mistake the last time I preached to them; but that I had met a gentleman—the mayor of Cambridge—who had assured me that the angels had no pockets, so I must correct what I had said, as I did not want anybody to go away with a false notion about heaven. I would, therefore, say that, if a thief got among the angels, without having his nature changed, he would try to steal the feathers out of their wings!" "Surely, you did not say that?" exclaimed the horrified mayor. "I did, though," Spurgeon replied. "Then," he exclaimed, "I'll never try to set you right again!" which was exactly what the young preacher desired.

One Sunday afternoon Spurgeon found many of his congregation nodding, and suddenly he broke into his sermon by shouting at the top of his lungs, "Fire! Fire! Fire!" And when the people started from their seats, many asking at once where it was, he replied, "In hell, for sinners who will not accept the Savior." We can well believe that there was no more sleeping that afternoon, and that many people who were not present, but who heard the story, came next Sunday to see what would happen.

Looking through Spurgeon's sermons, we can not but be struck with the fact that he often produces great effect by a very brief illustration. It is only a slight touch,

yet it is a window into the sermon that lets light onto his theme. Take this little touch in commenting on the Scripture, "If children, then heirs." Spurgeon says:

16. *Thankfulness*—"I like to think of the old Scotchwoman, who not only blessed God for the porridge as she ate it, but thanked God that she had a covenant-right to the porridge. Daily mercies belong to the Lord's household by covenant-right; and that same covenant-right which will admit us into heaven above also gives us bread and water here below. The trifles in the house and the jewels of the house equally belong to the children."

Speaking of the special blessings that come to us as individuals, he illustrates in this way:

17. *Special Blessings*—"I believe that every flower in a garden, which is tended by a wise gardener, could tell of some particular care that the gardener takes of it. He does for the dahlia what he does not do for the sunflower; somewhat is wanted by the rose that is not required by the lily; and the geranium calls for an attention which is not given to the honeysuckle. Each flower wins from the gardener a special culture. The vine has a dressing all its own, and the apple-tree a pruning peculiar to itself. And so is there a special benediction for each child of God."

On another occasion he was preaching on "The Three Hours' Darkness," when Jesus hung on the cross. Speaking of the mocking of the mob, he says:

"At times I have felt some little sympathy with the French Prince who cried, 'If I had been there with my guards, I would soon have swept those wretches away.'"

Here is a little flash which, in a single sentence, throws a flood of light. He is speaking of modern philosophers who were obscuring the doctrine of the atonement, and describes their work in this way:

"These modern cuttlefishes make the water of life black with their ink."

Speaking about the kind of religious life that attracts sinners, he says:

18. *Attracting Sinners*—"They used in the old times to catch pigeons and send them out with sweet unguents on their wings; other pigeons followed them into the dove-cote for the sake of their perfume, and so were captured. I would that every one of us had the heavenly anointing on our wings, the divine perfumes of peace, and joy, and rest; for then others would be fascinated to Jesus, and allured to heaven."

The necessity of heartiness in our service brings out this striking illustration:

19. *Heartiness*—"We like to associate with people who have hearts—not dry leather bottles, out of which all the juice is gone; but those who have heart, and soul, and life, and fire, and go."

Sometimes it is the very daringness of the illustration, the exaggerated contrast, that startles the attention. He is speaking about the utter impossibility of succeeding in the religious life by works alone without faith. In the midst of his discussion he exclaims:

20. *Good Works*—"To work your fingers to the bones is nothing. You might as well try to climb to the stars on a treadmill as to get to heaven by your good works; and, certainly, you might more easily sail from Liverpool to America on a sere leaf than ever get to heaven by works and doings of your own."

The realism of Spurgeon's illustrations is a great element of power. They always illustrate. Take this case where he is speaking of the importance of complete surrender to Christ and accepting pardon for sin as a free gift. How clearly his truth stands out in this illustration:

21. *Free Grace*—"You have heard the story of the English king who was wroth with the Burgesses of Calais, and declared that he would hang six of them. They came to him with ropes about their necks, submitting to their doom. That is the way in which I came to Jesus. I accepted my punishment, pleaded guilty, and begged for pardon. Put your rope upon your neck; confess that you deserve to die, and come to Jesus. Put no honeyed words in your mouth; turn out that nonsense of self-righteousness from your heart, and cry, 'Save, Lord, or I perish!' If thus you plead you shall never perish."

Nothing is too common or homely for Spurgeon to use if it makes clear his meaning. One day he was preaching about the recklessness of the sinner who keeps in his

sin tho he has already been caught in the grip of an evil habit. This is the way he illuminates his theme:

22. *Evil Habit*—"A mouse was caught in a trap, the other day, by its tail, and the poor creature went on eating the cheese. Many men are doing the same. They know they are guilty, and they dread their punishment, but they go on nibbling at their beloved sins."

He was preaching on death, and the way the presence of God would fill the dying hour with comfort and confidence to the Christian. This little touch out of home life illustrates for him:

23. *Death*—"The child has to go to bed, but it does not cry if mother is going upstairs with it. It is quite dark; but what of that? the mother's eyes are lamps to the child. It is very lonely and still. Not so; the mother's arms are the child's company, and her voice is its music. O Lord, when the hour comes for me to go to bed, I know that Thou wilt take me there, and speak lovingly into my ear; therefore I can not fear, but will even look forward to that hour of thy manifested love. You had not thought of that, had you? You have been afraid of death; but you can not be so any longer if your Lord will bring you there in His arms of love."

Like all great preachers who have won many souls to Christ, Spurgeon had a way of searching the personal conscience with marvelous fearlessness. Imagine a sinner facing this:

24. *Searching Sinners*—"When Saladin lay a-dying he bade them take his winding-sheet and carry it on a lance through the camp with the proclamation, 'This is all that remains of the mighty Saladin, the conqueror of nations.' A lingerer in the graveyard will take up your skull one day and moralize upon it, little knowing how wise a man you were. None will then do you reverence. Therefore be humble."

It is hard to content oneself within the narrow limits of one chapter when discussing so fascinating a subject as Spurgeon's illustrations. The key-note to the man and his preaching is that he is all the time a soul-winner. Nothing ever rejoices him so much as to know that he has won a soul. There came to him from San Domingo the story from a missionary that a man had come down from the interior of Hayti to ask for baptism. Finding him to be a most intelligent Christian, well instructed in the Gospel, the missionary asked how he came to know anything about it. In reply he told him that he had fallen in with a sermon translated into the French language, which was preached by Mr. Spurgeon. The next Sunday after hearing it, the great preacher told about it in his sermon to his own people, and joyfully exclaimed:

"Oh, friends, I was dull no longer. I had meat to eat. Had an angel stood in the study, I could not have felt more delighted with his visit than I did when I read of a sinner saved."

IV.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

So good a judge as Phillips Brooks declared that Henry Ward Beecher was the greatest preacher that America had ever produced, and I am sure that there will be very general agreement in the statement that one of the greatest sources of power in Mr. Beecher's sermons was the clear and convincing illustrations which he used. His sermons are like a room that is bathed in light; there are no dark, muddy places; everything is aglow because the house is full of windows. One great characteristic of his illustrations is his wide use of nature, and of the most common, every-day experiences to illustrate the most profound spiritual truths. Of course, in selecting illustrations from Mr. Beecher's work, one is not only embarrassed but overwhelmed with the wealth of resources at hand, and can pick up only a gem here and there from the heaps of precious stones, being sure that still more splendid diamonds are in the pile. Yet there is one comfort about such an attempt, and that is that we are sure they will all be jewels. Take this case in which he is illustrating the rarity of a nature entirely dominated by the spirit of benevolence:

25. *Benevolence*—"One of the most popular and best recognized of men's qualities is benevolence, in the various forms of generosity and liberality. And is not a man's benevolence very largely like a hunter's tinder-box? Traversing the wilderness in rain or snow, he carries neither light nor warmth with him; but in his pocket he has his box, with which, by dint of flint and steel, he can strike out sparks, which shall catch the tinder, and from which, by a good deal of pains, taking shelter, he can at least kindle a fire by which to cook his victuals or warm his meals. Is not the spirit of benevolence a thing by which, as a man makes a fire with a tinder-box and flint and steel, one plies motives and instruments, until at last he comes to a fire large enough to answer some practical purpose?"

There is something irresistibly attractive in the way Mr. Beecher brings into his sermon the commonest picture by the country roadside, and makes it powerful as a factor there in clinching his argument or illuminating his truth. On one occasion he was speaking of the effect of conversion on temper. He scorned the idea that the temper was to be taken out of a highly vital man, but instead it was to be harnessed to the service of God, and this is the way he makes us see his truth:

26. *Temper*—"There goes down by the side of a man's door a thundering brook; and he thinks to himself, 'That continually rattling, that forever bubbling, that lazy, rollicking brook, I will take out of the way.' Well, let him take it out of the way if he can. He may take his bucket, and work night and day, and scoop up bucketful after bucketful, and carry it away, and yet the brook will be undiminished as long as the mountain clouds dissolve and feed its sources. But that man, in a better mood, says; 'I will throw a little dam across that brook, and will build a mill, and will make it work for me.' Ah! that he can do. He builds his mill, and sets his wheel, and the brook is taught to run over the wheel, and the wheel works to the pressure of the brook, and industry goes on within. He could not subdue the brook, but he could make it work for him. A man can not eradicate his temper, but he can determine what it shall do."

I think the very homeliness of Mr. Beecher's illustrations is a great element of power. They do not need to be explained. Everybody knows what they mean and sees the point at a glance. In preaching that is very important. The preacher is not an essayist, he is a herald; and when a man is making an announcement, it must be as plain as day. So Mr. Beecher's illustrations are mostly of that kind. He is emphasizing the fact that the Christian life is redeeming a man out of his sins, and the effect of his sins, and preparing him for the heavenly life. We can not yet know exactly how beautiful a man will be until he be his perfect self, and here is his illustration:

27. *Preparation*—"My mocking-bird has been moulting, and he lost his song; but he is beginning to whisper it over again to himself. He is making here and there a

scattered note. And that is a prophecy of the full swelling song by another month if the bird has proper care and is properly fed. I hear the full voice in every one of these tinkling warblers. So the human soul that has lost its voice, and is moulting in the lower sphere is beginning to come to it again, as we see by its joys and aspirations. 'It doth not yet appear what we shall be.'"

No man knew human nature better than Henry Ward Beecher. He knew how to thrust his knife straight into the carbuncle growing on a man's heart. This little paragraph is a fair sample of his method of dealing with things like that:

28. *Laziness*—"Whenever a paragraph appears in the newspaper to the effect that William Orton, whose business heretofore had been to black shoes, has inherited from his uncle, who recently died in Ireland, twenty thousand pounds sterling, how many fools sit on the egg and addle it, wondering if some uncle is not going to die for them, and saying to themselves, 'What would you do if you had a hundred thousand dollars?' How many men would rather have money that came to them without tasks and sweat in it to solidify and cement it!"

When did a lazy parasite get a sharper thrust than that?

His keen love and appreciation of nature at first hand shines out in this illustration of the beginnings of goodness in a man's life when he has been born again in conversion:

29. *Conversion*—"The young bird that hangs quivering on the nest—how feeble it is in its wings! And how poor it is at flying! But by springing, with the aid of its wings, it goes a little way; and then it rests, panting. Oh, how hard flying is to the young bird! But, by hunger and the persuasion of its parents, it is induced to venture again and perhaps goes fluttering down to the ground. Oh, what hard business it is to fly! But, gathering strength, it flies up to a lower bough. Then it hops to another bough. Then it tries to hop to another, which is twice as far off, and misses it, and lights on the ground again, where it rests and pants. Then it rises on its wings, and goes up, and up, and up. And now how proud it is that it can reach in its flight the loftiest bough of the overspreading tree! And it looks around and congratulates itself, and says, 'Am not I a bird?' And before the week is gone it is seen far up above the highest trees, and has perfect liberty to go whither it will. So, when men are born into duty, their first steps are burdensome and feeble; but soon, by practice, they lift themselves above the entangling thicket, above all obstructions, and have the liberty of God's air. And they are free. They have gained strength of wing by which they can fly whithersoever they will in the Father's realm."

Preaching on our duty to take heed that we do not lord it over other people's consciences, he paints a picture of the crowded street, which is like a clear pane of glass to give light on his theme:

30. *Considerate*—"A good driver drives with his eye on every other driver in the street. It is not enough for me to drive my own horse and take care of my own wagon. I must look out for other people's horses and wagons as well. I must make calculation as to whether that man who is coming toward me will come *so* near to me, or *so* near. I must consider whether I can pass on this side or on that side. I must keep in view the position of all the vehicles in the street and act accordingly. Unless I do these things I am not a good driver. And a man in carrying his own conscience must consider the consciences of others. He must see that in following the dictates of his own conscience he does not do violence to the consciences of other people."

Sometimes Mr. Beecher seizes on some popular character in a widely read book, and uses a graphic touch of some well-known scene in fiction as feathers for his arrow. Thus in illustrating the necessity of having more than a form of religion, and emphasizing the fact that the spirit is most essential, he says:

31. *Formality*—"Do you recollect the scene in Don Quixote in which the immortal knight put upon himself a helmet made of pasteboard? That helmet being smitten and pierced by a sword, he sewed it up again, and would not part with it, but in his insanity wore it, and felt that he had an all-sufficient helmet on his head. Are there not many Don Quixotes among men, who put on the armor that looks very well till some sword or spear is thrust into it, but which then is found to be like the pasteboard helmet that went to pieces the moment it was touched? If we are to have a piety that will sustain us in the flood and in the fire; if we are to have a faith that shall be an all-sufficient armor by day and by night, the year around, and from year to year, we must have one that is made up of something better than mere pasteboard instruction or a paper belief."

Mr. Beecher was specially forceful when dealing with any question of reform, and he knew how to use the kind of illustrations that suggested loathsome things, just as surely as those that filled the air with fragrance and beauty. On one occasion he was talking about corruption in city affairs in Brooklyn, and was urging home the truth that the only permanent relief was in lifting up the entire body of the citizenship to higher standards. Illustrating the folly of hoping to achieve pure city government by the simple method of turning one party out and letting the other party in, he says:

32. *Clean Politics*—"The old carcass lies decaying in the sun. It is covered all over with vermin. Go to and cleanse it, removing every maggot. Take them all away and leave it clean. Go back to-morrow, and there will be as many more. The carrion corruption is there which breeds vermin. Tho every one of these men, as some ill-advised persons have suggested, were hung to a lamp-post before his own door as an example; or, tho they were convicted, and were obliged to disgorge, and Sing Sing were engorged, what then? The same conscience remaining, and the same facilities for fraud remaining, would you be any better off? Now you have men tolerably full; then you would have men tolerably empty; and the same thing would be gone through with again. It would be an illustration of the tale in *Æsop's Fables*, where it is said that an old swarm of flies do not take much blood, but, the new ones coming, additional blood is required to fill them."

V.

CANON LIDDON.

One of the great men of the first class in the English pulpit was the late Canon H. P. Liddon. Every preacher who spent a Sunday in London for many years counted it one of the great opportunities of his life if he had a chance to visit St. Paul's on Sunday and listen to one of Liddon's masterly sermons.

Canon Liddon was in the truest and noblest sense a Biblical preacher, and he used illustrations gleaned from the Bible with remarkable effect. See how he makes the situation which Paul found at Philippi illustrate the breadth of the Christian message:

33. *Breadth of Gospel*—"Christian Philippi was distracted by divisions, not of a doctrinal or theological, but of a social and personal character. One feud in particular there was between two ladies of consideration, Euodias and Syntyche, which the apostle was particularly anxious to heal; but it was probably only one feud among many. Small as it was, the church of Philippi already contained within its borders representatives of each of the three great divisions in race of the Roman world. The purple-dealer from Thyatira; the slave-girl who was a Macedonian, and apparently born on the spot, and who was, on account of her powers of divination, so profitable a possession to her owner; the Roman colonist, who had charge of the public prison—all became converts to the faith. Here we have an important branch of commerce represented; there the vast numbers of people, who in very various grades made their livelihood in official positions under government; while the divining-girl was a member of that vast and unhappy class to whom the Gospel brought more relief than to any other—in whose persons the rights of human nature were as completely ignored as if they had been altogether extinguished—the slave population of the empire. He who represents humanity as a whole spoke through His messengers to every class in the great human family; since, 'there was to be neither Jew nor Greek, neither male nor female, barbarian nor Scythian, bond nor free, but all were one in Christ Jesus.'"

Liddon has a unique way of piling up Scriptural illustrations one upon another until he crushes down all opposition by the very weight of them. Thus in his sermon on "The Conqueror of Satan," in the part where he discusses the personality of the devil, he breaks forth into this paragraph in which Scriptural illustrations stand against each other in a row like armed soldiers with drawn bayonets. No man with a sermonic instinct can fail to appreciate this array:

33. *Personality of Satan*—"Not to dwell on what St. Paul teaches as to the various ranks of energetic evil spirits with whom Christians wrestle—as principalities, powers, rulers of the darkness of this world; or on his description of their chief as 'The prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience;' or on his warnings to the Ephesians against the 'wiles' of Satan; or to the Corinthians against his 'devices;' or to Timothy three times against his 'snare;' not to dwell on St. Peter's account of him as 'A roaring lion, going about seeking whom he may devour;' or on St. John's vision of his struggle with St. Michael and the good angels; or on St. James's warrant, that if even *we* resist him, he will flee from us—let us consider what Jesus Christ, our Lord and Master, has said upon the subject. How significant is His warning in the parable of the Sower against the Evil One, which takes away the divine seed sown in the heart of man; and in the parable of the Tares against the 'enemy' who sows them along with the wheat: thus representing Him first as destroying good, and next as introducing evil within the range of His influence. How full of meaning is the announcement, 'The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me;' the declaration, 'I beheld Satan as lightning fell from heaven;' the warning to St. Peter, 'Simon, Simon, Satan hath desired to have you that he may sift you as wheat;'"

and so on and on he goes, for this is only part of the paragraph.

A favorite method of Liddon's was to take his starting-point in a Scriptural incident, and then find parallels for it in history. Take this case where he is commenting on the conduct of the Jews in undertaking to use the ark of the Lord for their own selfish advantage. He raises the inquiry:

34. *Creed for Self*—"Are not we Christians guilty of the same fault, when we attempt to use our creed for purposes of worldly advantage, or imagine that its public profession will screen us from danger if we engage in doubtful courses of conduct? It is easy to carry the ark of God into fields of battle on which neither combatant can reasonably hope to be in entire accordance with God's will. In their different ways, Oliver Cromwell and Louis XIV. carried the ark into the wars which they waged against their opponents; and the impression which they left upon men's minds was seen in the reactions which they provoked; in the popular hostility to serious religious strictness, which did much to discredit the Restoration, and in the widespread religious indifference which preceded the French Revolution."

In his great sermon on "The Solitude of the Passion" he illustrates a very strong thought with a striking illustration from the life of Savonarola:

35. *Savonarola*—"History is full of examples of men whose benevolence and kindness and activity have at first won general applause and admiration, but who have been deserted, hated, denounced, perhaps even put to death, when the real character of their greatness was discovered. Such a man was Savonarola. . . . Savonarola, amid imperfections which are inseparable from our human weakness, was one of the greatest religious teachers that the world has seen. He aimed, as all sincerely Christian minds must aim, at carrying Christian principles into the public and social life of man. He held that politics might be no less Christian than personal conduct. The people who had welcomed his teaching with passionate enthusiasm assisted at his cruel and ignominious death. Savonarola was too great even for Florence, and there have been few ages in the world's history where this lesson has not repeated itself, and where integrity of character and elevation of aim have not experienced the alternate vicissitudes of popular favor and popular dislike, or even violence."

In his sermon on the theme "Born of a Virgin," a Christmas sermon, Canon Liddon has this remarkable paragraph which shows a characteristic feature of his preaching, which is to combine illustration and argument, and so weave them together that it is one piece of cloth. He is speaking, in that paragraph, touching the influence of the Incarnation on womanhood:

36. *Incarnation Created Chivalry*—"In the greatest event in the whole course of human history, the stronger sex has no part whatever. The Incarnate Son was conceived by the Holy Ghost, and born of the Virgin Mary. And therefore in Mary woman rose to a position of consideration unknown before. Nothing was forfeited that belongs to the true modesty and grace of woman's nature, but the larger share of influence, in shaping the destinies of the Christian races, was secured to her in perpetuity. It was the Incarnation which created chivalry and all those better features of modern life which are due to it."

There is a similar illustration of this method in his sermon on "The First Martyr," in which he says:

37. *Stephen a Young Christian*—"Reflect, brethren, that Stephen was probably a young man, and that he was a Christian only for a few months. Not more than eight months, it is probable, had passed since our Lord's crucifixion; but St. Stephen's great work was already done, and he had closed by a martyr's death a ministry already rich in results. In all the touches of the human soul time counts for less than men think. Fifty years may easily be passed without any real growth or work, while a few weeks, or days, or even a few hours, may decide the most momentous issues. Concentration of aim and intensity of thought will make time to be of little or no account; and a young man who throws himself with single-heartedness of purpose into a cause or work which he knows to be deserving of his best energies, can do almost anything. History is full of the lives of those who have done the work of a long life in a few years and have died young. Divines like Aquinas, statesmen like Pitt, musicians like Mozart, philanthropists like Edward Denison, missionaries like Martyn and Patterson—these have taught the world, in their several places and degrees, that hoar hairs and length of days are not a necessary condition of doing effective work."

Altho the limits of this chapter have already been reached, I cannot refrain from giving one other illustration which I think is the best one I have ever seen on the credibility of testimony to Christian experience. Liddon is preaching on "The Living Water," and in the course of his discussion he answers a very common objection:

38. *Christian Testimony Doubted*—"To some who hear me, it may be, it will occur to think that what has been urged is, as men speak, mystical language—intelligible no

doubt to minds of a peculiar cast, but not suited to the practical, matter-of-fact views of conduct and duty of simple people. You know nothing then, my brethren, of the inner well of water springing up into everlasting life? It may be there, nevertheless, like the sunshine and atmosphere, without which your bodily life would be impossible, yet which you do not note. You know nothing, you say, of this inward gift. Then trust those who do. In the days of ancient Greece there were African travelers who penetrated so far as to find that at noonday their shadows turned toward the south. They returned and reported the fact, and it was treated by the historians of the day with entire incredulity. We know that they had simply crossed the Equator, and that their experience is shared by the passengers who crowd every mail-packet that leaves the Cape of Good Hope. But the reports which Christians bring back from the land of spiritual experience are not less certain, or more incredible, than the story of the Greek travelers. The Well of water springing up to the Eternal Life only seems mystical until its reality has been practically ascertained; until, like the Samaritans, men that heard the Inner Teacher themselves, 'know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world.'"

VI.

THOMAS GUTHRIE.

It may be safely said that Dr. Thomas Guthrie, the great Scotch preacher of his age, was the most eloquent man in Europe of his day. We find in him a very remarkable combination of an intellect as clear as the sunlight with a heart full of electric fire. His sermons no more clearly betray the genius of a great mind than they do the sympathies of the tenderest heart. It is a rare thing that so splendid a mind has been wedded to so gentle and gracious a heart. No man can read Guthrie's sermons without a feeling of sadness that he is gone from the earth, and marveling at what it must have been to hear him.

It is certainly a significant thing that this man, so marvelously equipped for the work of the Gospel ministry, should have given so much attention and care to the illustrations with which he illuminated his discourse. Not even Mr. Spurgeon used more frequent illustrations than are found in the printed sermons of Thomas Guthrie. If any man could have been independent of illustrative help, surely it would have been this man of eloquence and genius. But his printed sermons bear abundant testimony that Guthrie regarded appropriate illustrations as of the very highest importance in effectively conveying his message to his hearers.

In the limits to which I am necessarily confined in this chapter, I can choose only here and there a precious stone from the casket of jewels before me. Guthrie was peculiarly happy in historical illustrations, of which he made frequent use. Take this one illustrating the Christian's resource in time of trial:

39. *Weak Swords*—"There was a British regiment once ordered to charge a body of French cuirassiers. The trumpets sounded, and away they went boldly at them; but not to victory. They broke like a wave that launches itself against a rock. They were sacrificed to traders' fraud. Forged not of truest steel, but worthless metal, their swords bent double at the first stroke. What could human strength, or the most gallant bravery, do against such odds? They were slaughtered, like sheep on the field. And ever since I read that tragedy, I have thought I would not go to battle unless my sword were proved. I would not go to sea with anchors that had never been tried. But of all things for a man's comfort and peace, what needs so much to be proved as his faith—its truth and genuineness?"

Many men fail in the use of illustrations because they do not put work enough on the telling of a story. Guthrie tells his story with as much care as he devotes to any other part of his sermon. Take this one illustrating the superior value of personality to appearances:

40. *"A Man for a That"*—"A man who rose on the wings of genius from obscurity to the highest fame was, on an occasion of a visit to Edinburgh, walking with one who plumed himself on his wealth and rank and ancient family. As they strolled along the street, Burns—for of him I speak—encountered a country acquaintance, attired in rustic dress; he seized him by the hand, and, leaving his companion offended and astonished, he linked his arm in the rustic's and, with a manner that bespoke esteem and admiration of his humble friend, the poet made his way through the brilliant crowd that worshiped his genius and ruined his morals. On returning, he was met with expressions of surprise that he could so bemean himself, and stoop to walk the streets among his fashionable admirers with one in such a vulgar garb. 'Fool,' said Burns, his dark eye flashing, and his soul rising above the base pleasures and pursuits he had sunk to in high society, and returning to his own native region of noble sentiments; 'Fool,' he said, 'it was not the dress, the peasant's bonnet and the hoddie gray, I spoke to, but to the man within; the man, who beneath that bonnet has a head, and under that hoddie gray a heart, better than yours, or a thousand such as yours.' Nobly said! A true distinction—too often forgotten, between the man and his externals!"

The same evidence of great care in the clothing of the illustration is in the following:

41. *Rich and Poor*—Years ago a trial took place in the highest judicial court of our country, which shook this kingdom to its center, and drew on it the eye of the world. A queen was on her trial. On that occasion, a great man, with the passions and power of a crown arrayed against him, stood up boldly in her defense, and, confronting royalty as a rock confronts the surging sea, flung back the threats with which they attempted to deter him from his duty, saying, with defiant air and attitude, 'An advocate is to know no person on earth but his client.' But a judge is not even to know the client. He is to know nothing but the cause. It appears, however, that such judges did not preside in the court that incurred the censure of St. James."

And then he proceeds to quote that great passage in the Epistle of James condemning a difference in the treatment of rich and poor in the Church.

Guthrie knew the value of the unusual and the surprising in the matter of an illustration. And I would like to say here, by the way, that it is always well to cut out or take note of any unique and astonishing thing that occurs in the world, for the day is sure to come when that will be valuable as an illustration. But often an illustration is powerful because the moral drawn from it is unexpected. Take this case in which Guthrie is desirous to illustrate sudden conversion:

42. *Sudden Conversion*—"One of the greatest marshals of France had for his opponent in a civil war the Prince of Condé. In him, Turenne found a foeman worthy of his steel—the only man indeed who could rival him in military genius, moving troops, the arrangement and fighting of battles, sudden surprises and successful attacks. One night, when the prince was supposed to be many leagues away, Turenne lay sleeping securely in his camp. He was suddenly aroused to hear in cries and shouts, the roar of musketry and cannon, the sign of a midnight assault. Hastening from his tent, he cast his eye around him; and at once discovering, by the glare of burning houses, the roar of the fight, the skill with which the attack had been evidently planned, and the energy with which it was being executed, the genius of his rival, he turned to his staff, and said, 'Condé is come!' Now, in some cases, especially of sudden conversion, the advent of faith may be as certainly pronounced upon. The peace of death is broken, conscience awakes, sin appears exceedingly sinful, empty forms no longer yield any comfort, carelessness about divine things gives place to all-absorbing and intense anxieties, Death seems crowned with terrors, Sinai clothed with thunders, and exclaiming, 'What shall I do to be saved,' the trembling soul hies to the Cross, clasps it, clings to it, to cry, Lord, save, I perish; in such circumstances you can safely say conversion is come, salvation come, Christ come."

For an almost ideal way of putting forward a historical incident illustrating a spiritual truth this one may be well studied:

43. *"Just for the Unjust"*—"There is a story of a brave sacrifice once made to save the life of a king. The battle had gone against him. Separated by accident from his followers he was hard bested; a swarm of foes pressed on him—their swords ringing on his helmet and each eager to obtain the honors that were to reward his capture or death. He dies unless some one dies in his room. A chivalrous follower sees the peril; spurs his horse into the thick of the foe, shouting as he whirled his bloody battle-blade above his head, 'I am the king!' and thus turned against his own bosom the swords that had otherwise been buried in his master's. A generous, heroic sacrifice! Yet but a faint shadow of what He offered who lay down His life a ransom, not for His friends, but His enemies: dying, the just for the unjust, that we might be saved."

Thomas Guthrie added to his sermons many a little touch skilfully brought out in his illustrations which must have kept his hearers always alert. It is a great art and always worth considering. No man with the preacher's instinct will need to have specially pointed out what I mean in the following example:

44. *Prayer and Courage*—"There was a man in Scotland once so in love with prayer that he was wont to retire to his old church in the town of Ayr, and spend whole nights upon his knees, till, it was said, they grew hard as the stones he knelt on. But what made the knees callous, softened and sanctified the heart; inspiring it at the same time with heroic courage. Fit mate of her, John Knox's daughter, who, on King James offering to set her husband free if he would own the King's supremacy within Christ's church, replied, as she held out her apron, 'I would rather keep his head there.'"

I have time to give only one example of the way Guthrie sometimes makes his discourse effective by piling one illustration upon another until the weight breaks down opposition:

45. *Knowledge of God*—"A connoisseur in painting, so soon as the dust of years and neglect is wiped from a fine old picture, can tell whose hand laid these colors on the canvas—the works of each of the great masters having a character of their own. In like manner an antiquarian, tho history is silent on the subject and no date stands carved on the crumbling ruin, can tell when this tower was built, or that arch was sprung—the architecture of every age being marked by features peculiar to itself. And, to pass from small things to great, so distinguished are God's works by features all their own—evidences of divine goodness, power, and wisdom—that a Bedoween when asked how he knew there was a God when he had never seen Him, had good reason to look with surprise on the skeptic, and reply, as he pointed to a footprint in the sand, 'How do I know whether it was a man or camel that passed my tent last night?'"

VII.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

No man who has lived and preached during the last forty years has been so widely read in his sermons as Dr. Talmage. The only rival he could possibly have in the race would be Mr. Spurgeon; but when we take into account the fact that for many years Dr. Talmage's sermons have been printed every week in a great syndicate of newspapers, covering all English-speaking lands and reaching millions of subscribers, it is easy to show that even Mr. Spurgeon would be a poor second in the race in the question of circulation. It is certainly interesting to study the illustrative quality of a preacher who has reached the common people in such an extraordinary way.

It is peculiarly interesting in Dr. Talmage's case, from the fact that the illustrative characteristics are perhaps the most striking feature of his sermons. He is a master in the art of illustration. It is also true that no man in the last forty years has had greater influence in revolutionizing preaching in respect to its being made entertaining and interesting than he. I think it is safe to say that in an overwhelming majority of the churches of the country it is no longer considered a crime for a sermon to be interesting, and that a reputation for ponderous dullness is becoming a less winning characteristic in a preacher every year. Both the pulpit and the pew have great reason to thank Dr. Talmage for his influence in this direction.

Of course one might make an encyclopedia from Dr. Talmage's sermonic illustrations. It has occurred to me that for the purpose of this writing I might be of more service if I confined myself to a single class of illustrations, and I have chosen a class in which all must agree that Dr. Talmage is peculiarly happy: that is, the illustrations which serve as the open door to his sermons. He has a happy faculty of using an illustration at the very beginning of a sermon, which not only catches the attention of everybody, but also really illustrates. That is a great thing to do, and in that he may teach all of us. Take, for example, his sermon on "The Ivory Palaces." The text is: "All thy garments smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia, out of the ivory palaces." And here is the introduction:

46. *Fragrance of Text*—"Among the grand adornments of the city of Paris is the Church of Nôtre Dame, with its great towers, and elaborate rose-windows, and sculpturing of the Last Judgment, with the trumpeting angels and rising dead; its battlements of *quatre-foil*; its sacristy, with ribbed ceiling and statues of saints. But there was nothing in all that building which more vividly appealed to my plain republican tastes than the costly vestments which lay in oaken presses—robes that had been embroidered with gold, and been worn by popes and archbishops on great occasions. There was a robe that had been worn by Pius VII. at the crowning of the first Napoleon. There was also a vestment that had been worn at the baptism of Napoleon II. As our guide opened the oaken presses, and brought out these vestments of fabulous cost, and lifted them up, the fragrance of the pungent aromatics in which they had been preserved filled the place with a sweetness that was almost oppressive. Nothing that had been done in stone more vividly impressed me than these things that had been done in cloth and embroidery and perfume. But to-day I open the drawer of this text, and I look upon the kingly robes of Christ, and as I lift them, flashing with eternal jewels, the whole house is filled with the aroma of these garments, which 'smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces.'"

Again he is preaching on, "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do," and this is the illustration with which he opens:

47. *Balm for Sin*—"Alexander the Great was wounded, and the doctors could not medicate his wounds, and he seemed to be dying, and in his dream the sick man saw a plant with a peculiar flower, and he dreamed that that plant was put upon his wound and that immediately it was cured. And Alexander, waking from his dream, told this to the physician; and the physician wandered out until he found just the kind of plant

which the sick man had described, brought it to him, and the wound was healed. Well, the human race had been hurt with the ghastliest of all wounds, that of sin. It was the business of Christ to bring a balm for that wound—the balm of divine restoration.”

Opening a sermon on the wickedness of licensing the liquor traffic from this text, “It is not lawful for to put them into the treasury, because it is the price of blood,” Talmage utters these striking sentences:

48. *Blood Money*—“For sixteen dollars and ninety-six cents Judas Iscariot had sold Christ. Under a thrust of conscience or in disgust that he had not made a more lucrative thing out of it, he pitches the rattling shekels on the pavement. What to do with the conscience money is the question. Some say, ‘Put it into the treasury.’ Others say, ‘It is not right to do that, because we have always had an understanding that blood money, or a revenue obtained by the sale of human life, must not be used for governmental or religious purposes.’ So they decide to take the money and purchase a place to bury the paupers; picking out a rough and useless piece of ground, all covered over with the broken ware of an adjoining pottery, they set apart the first Potters’ field. So you see the relation of my text when it says, ‘It is not lawful for to put them into the treasury, because it is the price of blood.’”

Take this case in a sermon on “The Fast Young Man,” the text being taken from the story of the Prodigal: “The younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country.” Here is the opening paragraph:

49. *The Father’s Kiss*—“Do you remember the sermon on the Father’s Kiss?” said a man as he thrust his arm into the carriage window at the close of one of my meetings in England. ‘Do you remember that sermon on the Father’s Kiss?’ I said: ‘Yes, I remember it.’ Said he: ‘That sermon saved my soul. God bless you. Good by.’ I thought then, as I think now, that a man might preach a hundred sermons on the parable of the Prodigal Son, never repeat himself, and have conversions under every sermon, and yet not exhaust the theme.”

Here is another striking opening of a sermon on “The College Student,” in which the opening of the story of Daniel forms the text. How surely this paragraph would catch attention:

50. *Youth and Age*—“My text opens the door of a college in Babylon and introduces you to a young student seventeen years of age, Daniel by name. Be not surprised if in the college you find many hilarities. Put a hundred young men together and they are sure to have a good time. There is no harm in that. God does not write out the trees and the grass and the blossoms in dull prose. The old robin does not sit moping in the nest because of the chirpings and the lively adventures of the fledglings that have just begun to fly. Do not come into an orchard looking for winter apples on a May morning.”

What grim and awful interest would be aroused at the very beginning of this sermon on “The Drunkard’s Woe.” The text is from a story in 2 Kings: “Who slew all these?” And this is the way the sermon begins:

51. *Drunkard’s Woe*—“I see a long row of baskets coming up toward the palace of King Jehu. I am somewhat inquisitive to find out what is in the baskets. I look in, and I find the gory heads of seventy slain princes. As the baskets arrive at the gate of the palace, the heads are thrown into two heaps, one on each side of the gate. In the morning the King comes out, and he looks upon the bleeding, ghastly heads of the massacred princes. Looking on each side of the gate, he cried out with ringing emphasis, ‘Who slew all these?’”

No preacher needs that I should call his attention to the perfect adaptation of this introduction to the subject in hand.

I have only space for one more illustration of these happy openings to striking sermons, tho it would be easy to make a volume of them, they are so abundant. In a sermon on “What Were You Made for?” the text being, “To this end was I born,” Dr. Talmage begins as follows:

52. *Pilate’s Body*—“After Pilate had suicided, tradition says that his body was thrown into the Tiber, and such storms ensued on and about that river that his body was taken out and thrown into the Rhone, and similar disturbances swept that river and its banks. Then the body was taken out and removed to Lausanne, and put into

a deeper pool, which immediately became the center of similar atmospheric and aqueous disturbances. Tho these are fanciful and false traditions, they show the execration with which the world looked upon Pilate. It was before this man when he was in full life and power that Christ was arraigned as in a Court of Oyer and Terminer. Pilate said to his prisoner: 'Art thou a king, then?' And Jesus answered: 'To this end was I born.' Sure enough, altho all earth and hell arose to keep Him down, He is to-day empalaced, enthroned, and coronated King of earth, and King of heaven. 'To this end was I born.' That is what He came for, and that is what He accomplished."

VIII.

JOSEPH PARKER.

By common consent Joseph Parker is the dean of the non-conformist pulpit in England. If a voice is needed to utter a philippic of indignation against some public wickedness, all ears turn toward the City Temple in listening attitude. If Protestantism, especially non-conformist Protestantism, is to speak its word of approval of some movement for righteousness, or its word of welcome to some eminent visitor who represents the Kingdom of God in other lands, or to utter its word of loving farewell to one going forth on a mission in the name of his Lord, it is Dr. Parker's voice that is ever desired to make such utterance. Since Spurgeon's death, more Americans make a pilgrimage to hear Parker than go to listen to any other European minister. But the purpose of these pages is not to deal with the general character of the preaching of any man, but to speak especially of the character of the illustrations which serve to illuminate and make powerful his sermons. Dr. Parker has printed so generously that one is embarrassed with the wealth of resources at hand.

One thing I have found very noticeable in Dr. Parker's preaching, and that is his power to use historical illustrations, and get from them great effect, while perhaps he will not use more than one or two sentences in historical quotation or description. This is undoubtedly a very valuable art, and I will give a number of brief illustrations of it in Dr. Parker's preaching. In a sermon on "Almsgiving" I find this:

53. *Charity*—"There are many persons who are perfectly ready to give you any amount of good advice. The beggar appealed to the cardinal for a penny; the cardinal gave him his blessing; the beggar returned the blessing, saying, 'If it had been worth a penny you would not have given it to me.' These beggars can reason! The poor are not necessarily foolish."

In another sermon on "Apostolic Rights," speaking of the divine call which men have to their work in life, he says:

54. *Divine Call to Work*—"When men have to lash themselves up to their work, they can never do it, whatever the work be. A man who has to scourge himself to poetry will never write poetry. The man who has to prick and puncture himself in order that he may begin to paint something, will never paint anything the world will care to see. When Victor Hugo was asked whether epic poetry was not very difficult, he said, 'No; easy, or impossible.' So it is with all great elections, to business, to literature, to statesmanship, to preaching, to every degree of status, and every tone of vocation in life. If the necessity, the pressure, the touch eternal is not felt, then all your labor is a beating of the air."

In that same sermon is another striking illustration of like kind:

55. *Misery and Joy*—"When some one told Melancthon that ministry was the art of arts, the science of the sciences, the sweet-souled Philip said: 'If he had added the misery of miseries, he would have struck the nail upon the head.' The very misery is the beginning of joy."

Here is another pair of illustrations of a similar sort taken from his sermon on "The Preaching of the Cross." Commenting on the words of Paul, "Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble," he remarked:

56. *Not Many Mighty*—"Then there are some wise, mighty, noble. Circumstances do not always go against the aristocratic and the eminent; men should not necessarily condemn them because they are great, after the pattern of this world's greatness. Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, one of the greatest workers in the Christian field in her day, said with characteristic sweetness, 'I owe my salvation to the letter "m"; Blessed be God,' said that sweet soul, 'It does not say, "any" mighty, "any" noble; it says, "many" mighty, "many" noble: I owe my salvation to the letter "m." If it had been "not any noble" where would the countess have been?"

Pursuing the same theme, he turns it over and looks at it on the other side, saying:

57. *Earthly and Heavenly*—"Yet how differently we act toward those who are wise and mighty and noble! How we fawn upon them; how we call upon them, even if we have to go to the side door. We have lost our Christian dignity. This spirit was well rebuked by one illustrious clergyman in his day. He was the son of a peer. He could not help that; do not blame him; his consent was not asked. But the lady parishioner on whom he called would hear his ancestry, and pedigree, and birth and advantages. Said the truly great man, when the palaver was over: 'Madam, I am surprised that you should talk about such frivolities: I have come to speak to you upon matters of eternity.' There he was wise, there he was mighty, there he was noble."

Dr. Parker is very strong in another kind of illustration. He is a man of very vivid imagination, and he likes to summon a picture of his own before his audience, and illustrate the problem in hand. I will quote four very brief illustrations taken from his sermon on "Spiritual Discernment," all similar in character.

58. *Spiritual Discernment*—"Here, for example, is a large brilliant diamond. You look at the stone and it pleases you by its wondrous whiteness and luster. You admire it, you praise it very highly. You say: 'This stone is without fault of any kind—a most beautiful and precious gem.' The lapidary places in your hand a magnifying-glass of great power, and bids you look at the center of the stone. You look. The lapidary inquires what you see, and you reply: 'Why, there is a black spot at its very center! I did not see that without the glass.'"

Like a lawyer before a jury, the doctor turns his theme over and illustrates in another way:

59. *Invisible Ink*—"Here is a piece of paper, and you hand it round to your friends, to every man amongst them; and they say: 'Whatever have you handed this blank piece of paper round for? Are you playing a hoax upon us? There is nothing upon this piece of paper. Have we to write something upon it?' And you take it back and say: 'Is there really nothing upon the paper?' And every voice says: 'No, cannot we believe our own eyes? We are unanimously of the opinion that there is nothing upon it.' You just hold it to the fire for the space of a minute or two, and lo, it is written all over! You have developed the secret ink."

Again he revolves his theme, and this is his picture:

60. *The Ear Attuned*—"Here are two men listening to the same piece of music. The one man is inspired, enraptured, thrilled, and says mentally: 'I would this might go on forever! The sweetness, the purity of that wondrous tone, let it never cease! I would abide here constantly.' The other man is saying mentally: 'I wonder when they will be done? It seems a long time!' He looks at the program with weary eyes, and mentally resolves that that shall be the last occasion of the kind when he will be there. The best ear cannot receive these things or know them, for they are musically discerned."

Sticking to his contrast of two men, he gives his hearers still another illustration of his theme:

61. *The Careless Eye*—"Here are two men looking at the same picture. The one man is chained to the spot: it is to him an enigma, a mystery, a wonder, and a delight; he has never seen such combinations before; he has never before thrilled under such wondrous effects. A man behind him, with a thick shilling catalog, says that he does not see very much in that, and hastens on to something that has got superficialities, no matter what the superficialities may be; only let it be extensive enough. Paint for such men with a broom!"

Any man with the preacher instinct in him will realize that under such a text as "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him," such illustrations are of the highest order.

In a sermon on "Joseph's Elevation," in which he is discussing the comment of Joseph's brothers, wherein they recalled the wrong they had done their young brother Joseph when they had sold him into captivity, we have another illustration of this same sort of use of the imagination:

"But what about our own recollection, our own conscience, our own power of accusation? A man says: 'I forged that name twenty-five years ago, and oh, every piece of paper I get hold of seems to have the name upon it! I never dip the pen,

but there is something in the pen that reminds me of what I did by candle light, in almost darkness, when I had locked the door and assured myself nobody was there. Yet it comes upon me so graphically—my punishment is greater than I can bear! Time cannot heal our iniquities. Forgetfulness is not the cure of all sin."

I have only time to call attention in a single illustration to a feature of Dr. Joseph Parker's style, which makes it so very fresh and invigorating, and that is his habit of thrusting a picture into almost every sentence of a paragraph, often by the use of a single happy word. It will be interesting to note how many distinct illustrations can be discovered in this paragraph commenting on Joseph's journey to meet his father, when the old man was coming down to Egypt in the time of famine:

62. *Kindly Daily Deeds*—"Yes, I do not care what our duties are, we can add a little pathos to them if we like; whatever be our lot we can add a little sentiment to our life. And what is life without sentiment? What are the flowers without an occasional sprinkling of dew? It may be a grand thing to sit on a high-stool and wait till the old man comes upstairs. But it is an infinitely grander thing, a 'lordlier chivalry' to come off the stool and go away to meet him a mile or two on the road. Your home will be a better home—I do not care how poor the cot—if you have a little sentiment in you, a little tenderness and nice feeling. These are things that sweeten life. I do not want a man to wait until there is an earthquake in order that he may call and say, 'How do you do?' I do not want a man to do earthquakes for me. Sometimes I want a chair handed, and a door opened, and a kind pressure of the hand, and a gentle word. And as for the earthquakes, why—wait until they come!"

IX.

ROBERT SOUTH.

It has been said of Henry Ward Beecher that in his younger ministry he saturated himself with the sermons of Robert South, and that he was more greatly indebted to him than to any other one source for his splendid diction, and for the free use of his imagination in the illustrative treatment of his discourses. One who has read largely of Beecher's sermons, and then comes to South's, can well believe that this is true, tho my own judgment would be that the pupil, if he were a pupil, has decidedly improved on the master. For while South is undeniably a great preacher, and his sermons are a rich storehouse for any earnest and intelligent sermonizer, they are by no means as brilliant and full of that sort of magnetic interest that absorbs and masters the reader as are the sermons of Beecher.

South is rich in two classes of illustrations.

I. I will speak first, not because it is most important, of the habit he has of dealing with historical allusions. He does this very effectively. In a few lines, or sometimes only by a phrase, he will open a window that will let in a flood of light on his theme. Let us look at a few examples. Take this instance where he is speaking of the unhappy returns of scholarship and literature in former times. He says of the author:

63. *Scholar and Patron*—"He numbers no flocks, tells no acres of ground, has no variety or change of raiment, and is not solicitous which, but what, he shall put on; he never aspires to any purchase, unless perhaps of some dead man's study; at the same time buying the relics of another's death and the instruments of his own. Hereupon he is put to the worst and the most discouraging of all miseries, which is, to be beholden and obliged. For what is Aristotle without his Alexander? Virgil without Augustus? Horace without Mæcenas? And other poets, like their own wreaths of ivy, they were always creeping about something for a support. A scholar without a patron is insignificant: he must have something to lean upon: he is like an unhappy cause, always depending."

On another occasion he is speaking of the price which the reformer must always pay; the certain opposition which any new thing in science, or in life, will arouse:

64. *Inventors*—"Yet, if a man ventures but out of the old road, and attempts to enlarge the borders of philosophy by the introduction of some new method, or the discovery of some unheard-of invention, some new phenomena in nature, what a tragical outcry is presently raised against him, all the world pecking at him and about his ears! How are Galileo and Copernicus persecuted, and Descartes worried by almost every pen!"

Speaking of the preparation of heart for true worship of God, he uses this classic illustration:

65. *Hector's Unwashed Hands*—"It was an excellent speech that Homer puts into the mouth of Hector, in the Sixth Iliad; and, spoken by a Christian to the true God, from a principle of faith, might savor of good divinity. When he comes from the fight, and being entreated by his mother to sacrifice to the gods: 'No,' says he, 'I dread to sacrifice to the gods with unwashed hands;' how much more should the Christian, to the true God, with an unwashed heart; 'for,' says he, 'it is not decent or fitting for a warrior, besmeared with blood and dirt, to present his supplication to God.' God has declared Himself a jealous God, and will be worshiped in truth; but as long as we have holiness in our tongue, and sin in our heart, we worship Him with a lie."

Speaking of the need of spiritual light and of the peril of spiritual darkness, he says:

66. *The Devil's Samson*—"As long as thou art destitute of this spiritual light and knowledge, thou art to the devil as Samson to the Philistine, without his eyes, thou

must go whither he will lead thee, grind in his mill, and undergo all the slavish drudgery of sin, that a malicious devil, that hates thy soul, can put thee to."

Discussing the subject of hypocrisy, this allusion is used:

"The sum of the hypocrites' creed and hope may be delivered in that of Tacitus; they first feign things, then believe them."

While on the subject of divine Providence he has this:

"Passengers in a ship always submit to their pilot's discretion, but especially in a storm; and shall we, whose passage lies through a greater and more dangerous deep, pay a less deference to that great Pilot who not only understands, but also commands, the seas?"

Speaking of our treatment toward one another, he has this striking reference:

67. *Thy Brother's Keeper*—"It is a sad thing for a man not to be safe in his own house, but much more in his own body, the dearer earthly tabernacle of the two. How barbarous a thing is it to see a Romulus imbrewing his hands in the blood of his brother! And he that kills his neighbor kills his brother, as to common bonds and cognation of humanity."

Talking of shallow devotion that lacks heart, he has this well-turned reference:

"Lip-devotion signifies but little. Judas could afford our Savior the lip, while he was actually betraying Him to his mortal enemies."

The way the devil fishes for men is strikingly illustrated in this paragraph:

68. *Bent of Sin*—"Sin plays the bait before him, the bait of a little, contemptible, silly pleasure or profit; but it hides from his view that fatal hook which shall strike through his heart and liver, and by which that great catcher and devourer of souls shall hold him fast, and drag him down to his eternal execution."

Discussing the question of heredity, he has this:

69. *National Sin*—"Hence we see that those of the same climate are usually disposed to the same sin. Whereupon some have presumed to set down the standing characters of several nations; so that the Grecians are false; the Spaniards formal, grave, and proud; the French wordy, fickle, and fantastic; the Italians lustful; the English mutinous and insolent to governors. And these characters, if true, seem to agree to these several nations, not only for one age, but successively in all generations: as waters of a river running in the same channel always retain the same color, taste, and breed the same sorts of fish."

II. The great majority of South's illustrations, however, are Scriptural. His favorite method of illustration is to take one Scriptural reference after another bearing on his subject; and after quoting the Scripture, to comment upon it. He will sometimes use from ten to twenty such references in a single sermon. He often does this with very great effect. For instance in a sermon on the text, "The hypocrite's hopes shall perish," he uses as an illustration the sentence in Job which compares the hope of the hypocrite to a spider's web, and he proceeds to turn this over and view it from all sides. He sees the analogy:

70. *Hypocrite*—"First, in respect of the curious subtilty and the fine artificial composure of it. The spider, in every web, shows itself an artist: so the hypocrite spins his hope with a great deal of art, in a thin, fine thread. This and that good duty, this good thought, this opposing of some gross sin, are all interwoven together to the making up a covering for his hypocrisy. And as the spider draws all out of its own bowels, so the hypocrite weaves all his confidence out of his own inventions and imaginations."

"Secondly, it resembles it in respect of its weakness; it is too fine-spun to be strong. After the spider has used all its art and labor in framing a web, yet how easily is it broken, how quickly is it swept down! So after the hypocrite has wrought out a hope with much cost, art, and industry, it is yet but a weak, slender, pitiful thing. He does indeed by this get some name and room among professors; he does, as it were, hang his hopes upon the beams of God's house. But when God shall come to cleanse and, as it were, to sweep His sanctuary, such cobwebs are sure to be fetched down."

Referring to the way a man stirs himself up to deeds by letting his imagination run riot, he quotes this sentence of David's: "My heart was hot within me, while

I was musing the fire burned: then spake I with my tongue." He takes this as an illustration for his theme, and comments in the following manner:

71. *Zeal*—"We see here the gradation by which this holy man's thoughts led his zeal up to its full height. In like manner, when an injury has passed upon a man, he begins to muse upon it, and upon this his heart grows hot within him, and and at length the fire burns, and then he speaks with his tongue; perhaps railing and reviling; and it is well if in the issue he does not also strike with his hand. The lion has not always such a present supply of fierceness as to fit him to fly upon his prey, till by the echoes of his own roarings, and the frequent striking of himself with his train, he has called up his drowsy spirits, and summoned his rage to attend his appetite, and so fully chafed himself into his natural fury; and then he is a lion indeed, and to meet him is death, and to behold him a terror next to it."

I have only room for a single other reference of this same kind. He is speaking of the things that make strife, and in an illustration he quotes the Scripture which says: "He that repeateth a matter separateth very friends." And this is his illuminating comment:

72. *Slanderers*—"The carrying of a tale, and reporting what such an one said or such an one did, is the way to sow such grudges, to kindle such heart-burnings between persons, as oftentimes break forth and flame to the consumption of families, courts, and, perhaps at length, of cities and kingdoms. The mischief such incendiaries do is incredible, as being indeed, for the most part, inevitable. And a vine or a rose-tree may as well flourish when there is a secret worm lurking and gnawing at the root of them, as the peace of those societies thrive that have such concealed plagues wrapped up in their heart and bowels."

X.

JOHN MCNEILL.

I shall never forget one week-day evening, some years ago, when I went into the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, in New York City, commonly known in those days as "Dr. John Hall's Church," to listen to John McNeill. "Thomas" was the subject of the sermon. It was over an hour long, and I look back to it as one of the most enjoyable hours I have ever known. It was not the sort of eloquence that lifts you up and sends nervous thrills up and down your spinal column, but it had a charm and a fascination that were altogether delightful. It brought the Scriptural characters that enter into that Bible story right into the altar around the pulpit, and you saw them as clearly and felt as well acquainted with them as you did with the homely, good-humored, shrewd Scotchman who was talking with you. I say talking with you, for there was absolutely nothing about it to suggest the conventional sermon. He made every man in the audience feel as much at home with him as if it were a personal conversation.

One of John McNeill's characteristics that adds to his power is his art of "saying things." He is past-master of that art, never to be despised, of saying a commonplace thing in a fresh, striking manner. It is very important, and many a prosy pulpit would begin to be magnetic and attractive if the preacher would use his head in trying to find some unusual manner of presenting a truth which needs to be frequently emphasized. In the illustrations which follow, I shall have in mind the bringing out this peculiar gift of McNeill's, which is well worth our study, and, within proper limitations, our imitation.

McNeill is preaching on the text: "David said in his heart, I shall now perish one day by the hand of Saul." He is discussing the "blues" and the things that get us into them. See how sharply he seizes hold of those opening words, "one day":

73. *"Blues"*—"There is a wonderful vagueness after all in this threatening, 'I shall now perish *one day*.' Oh, the meanness of the devil! 'One day.' If he would just come and tell me explicitly what day it is, and let me know the worst, and get ready for the funeral, and serve notices upon my friends that they may be there! But he says, 'One day,' 'Some day.' It is coming, it is coming. 'I will blot you out. I will destroy you. Some of these days I will be around. Don't you say "cheap" to either God or man. I am at the door, and I will have your blood some of these outings.' When, O devil? When, O world? When, O flesh? Tell us when it is to be. Give us the day and the date. I am a busy man myself, and my book gets very rapidly filled up with engagements, but really, this is an engagement I would like to attend. Tell us precisely when it is to be, that we may enter it in our book, and be sure to be there. Name the day! That is how to get at the devil of unbelief. He never can name the day. He is a big, blustering bravado and bully, forever talking big, vague threats, but you always find him out when you come to particulars."

Speaking of the proper view for us to take of the past, he says:

74. *Yesterday's honey*—"It is to-day that you are living. You have nothing to do with yesterday except to extract comfort from it. 'Out of the eater comes forth meat, and out of the strong comes forth sweetness.' Your yesterdays are like Samson's rent lion. Your yesterdays are turned into bare, white carcasses filled with honey. Fill your hands with honey and go on eating to-day."

Note this little paragraph as an example of a style that never can lose its interest:

75. *Trust*—"My last word is, trust in God. Our fears are liars; our hopes are stars that stud the sky till the day dawn, and heaven's morning breaks."

Here is an illustration in which imagination and a tender heart work together to make the truth clear and melt the heart of an audience:

76. *Lifter-up*—"I like that expression, 'Lifter-up of my head.' I know it means

to restore to honor; but it means this also. There is your child, my good mother, and your child has been bad, and you have chastised him. You have put the poor little bundle of wretchedness and crossness into a corner, and there it is standing, soiling all its face with hot and scalding tears. Then your heart relents; the extreme of misery tells upon you, for you are its mother, and blood is thicker than water. And you come toward the little thing, and, as you come nearer and nearer, the farther it creeps in the corner, and the lower it hangs its head. And what do you do? Instead of chastising it any more, you come quite close, and with one hand on the little one's shoulder, you put the other hand below its chin, and, literally you lift up the little face into the light of your own, and stoop down and kiss it. Did you ever think that that is what God wants to do with the poor weary sinner who has gone back and done shamefully?"

Talking about God's preserving us in the midst of trouble, he utters these striking sentences:

77. *Toothless Tigers*—"All your troubles will become toothless tigers to you. God will take the teeth out of them, the life out of them, the fangs out of them, the stings out of them."

Preaching on Ezekiel's valley of dry bones, and applying it to the spiritual condition of the church, he says:

78. *"A Bonny Corpse"*—"It reminds me of a memory as far back as I can go, the first time that I was ever in the chamber of death, when I heard the old gossips slipping through the room, whispering to each other, 'Did you ever see such a bonny corpse!' Ay, some people can see beauty even in a corpse. With us, I am afraid, spiritually, it contents us if only we get you there in your ranked rows, if only we can use you to a certain extent, altho it may need no single throb or pulse of real spiritual life. God help us, we are content, and we begin to talk about success, and achievement, and being triumphant. Not so Ezekiel. He says—and we can almost see him shake his head, and you can almost see him stop prophesying as he says, 'But there is no breath in them.'"

Discussing the help it is for us to work with the consciousness that we are in the presence of God, he illustrates with an incident from his old railroad days. He says:

79. *Superintendent's Eye*—"Shortly after I came on duty, one raw, bitter morning, at a ticket-collecting station, a heavy special train came in. The engine-driver jerked his thumb mysteriously over his shoulder as he drifted past, and the front guard, jumping off, said, 'Now, lads, look alive, the superintendent's aboard!' Ah! what an electric shock that gave us all. For to us, at that distant station he was only a name. And now our work must be done under his very eye! For there he was, 'the great unknown' actually out on our platform."

Preaching on the text, "What aileth thee, Hagar?" he gives this striking paragraph on the personal thought of God about us as individuals:

80. *God Knows Our Names*—"I can not get over that—that my name is known, your name. Where is your name, and number, and street, and address? The postman could not find it. Your friends have been writing to you for weeks, some of them for years, and they can not understand what is the matter, for there is no finding you. When you get lost in London you can not be found; the letters are returned to the Dead-Letter Office, scribbled over with all manner of 'Try this,' 'try that,' 'try the other place,' for there are a dozen streets of that name in London, and you can not be found in any of them. But what a gleam of hope in the darkness and loneliness of this howling wilderness, the angel of God calling out of heaven, naming you by name, sending a message that reaches your own very ear, and speaks into your own desolate heart. It is for you."

He is speaking about the importance of keeping the memory clean and pure for the comfort and help it shall be to us, when he uses this striking illustration:

81. *Divers into the Past*—"Oh for a holy memory! We need to use memory as the diver uses the diving-bell. There is a vessel which has gone down beneath the sea, but not in such depths that it can not be reached. And the divers come; they go down into the dark, sullen waters to that vessel, and they explore the hold, and fill the chains with whatever they can pile into them, and those overhead draw them up. Have you ever been there? It is a strange experience to be on board a

pontoon where the divers are working. The diver comes with all his peculiar dress; he steps on to a ladder and away down he goes completely out of sight. And I can not express how your flesh begins to creep as there comes up there from the deep, from the mysterious, from the hidden, from the unknown, up there comes from his hand, working away down there in the depths, treasures which were sunken, hidden, in one sense lost, in the hold of that sunken vessel. And you remember what the diver needs, that those up above should continually send down to him currents and streams of fresh air. Ah, let me not recklessly ask you to remember. Do not go down into the diving-bell of memory unless you are in continual communication with the fresh air of God's grace and mercy. For there is danger down there; there are slimy things away down there in the depths, bad, mephitic odors. It is quite safe, it is grand, it is helpful, if you go down carrying the upper world with you—the love of God and the in-dwelling of the Holy Ghost."

XI.

HUGH MACMILLAN.

Among all the popular preachers of our own time whose sermons are having wide reading, there is not one who presents the Gospel with more plainness and simplicity than Hugh Macmillan. Any intelligent child of ten years old, brought up in a Christian home, would be interested in, thoroughly understand, and enjoy his sermons. I do not recall any preacher, of any age, who has drawn so largely on nature studies to give the spice and zest, as well as the illustrations, for his sermons. Of course he has great warrant for this in the preaching of Him "who spake as never man spake." The birds, and the flowers, and the green grass, and the plowed fields, and the white harvests, as well as the fishing-boats and nets, the fish themselves, and all the panorama of hill and valley, of forest and field, of sea and sky, furnished illustrations for the first great Christian preacher.

Hugh Macmillan has followed this vein of nature-study with great success, and his work is suggestive for all of us. One might print a volume of these illustrations, instead of a chapter, but I can select only here and there from this sermonic garden.

Preaching on the text, "Or if he shall ask an egg, will he offer him a scorpion?" where he has raised the point that we often pray for things that would harm us, he tells this story:

82. *Praying for Thistles*—"There was an old Scotchman of the name of Sandy McKay, settled for many years in one of the western parts of Australia. Altho having been so long away from his native land, he still cherished an ardent love for it that seemed to grow stronger as he grew older. He thought he would die happy if he could see once more a real living Scotch thistle to remind him of the fields in which he used to herd the cattle when he was a boy, and of which he was always dreaming. He sent home for the seed and sowed it carefully and lovingly in his garden plot. It took kindly to the soil, and great was Sandy's joy to watch its growth till it produced its purple plume and down head. Proud thoughts of his country's symbol filled his mind. But alas! the downy seeds were carried far and near by the wind, and propagated themselves to such an extent that the plant became a greater pest in the Southern hemisphere than it had been in the Northern! It got the name of 'Sandy McKay's Curse.' And so how often do we pray for things, and long as ardently for them as the Scotchman longed for his national symbol in his exile, and when we get them they prove moral thistles that become a curse to ourselves and others!"

Any one desiring to follow Macmillan's example of using illustrations from nature will do well to take note of the care which he is at to know accurately the truth concerning what he undertakes to describe. Nothing can be more fatal to the preacher than to be careless about his facts in the use of illustrations from nature. Macmillan is preaching on God's care for the ravens, and His feeding them, and he discusses the necessity of this as follows:

83. *God's Care for Ravens*—"Many birds depend on the harvests of man. They may be said to sow and reap with the farmer, and are fed regularly as he is fed. Other birds have storehouses and barns. . . . The red-headed woodpecker of America conceals grasshoppers in cracks in old posts, laying them up in this manner for future supply. The Californian woodpecker stores acorns in decayed cavities in the trunks of oaks, and afterward feeds upon the grubs which grow in the seed. The butcher-bird has got that name because it sticks the little birds—which it makes its prey—upon the thorns of a prickly bush, to serve as a larder till it is hungry enough to require them. But the ravens have no such storehouses or barns. They can lay up nothing. Their food is a chance thing. And yet God feedeth them, in spite of their long fasts and the accidental, irregular nature of their food—feedeth them for a hundred years. It may be in this precarious and yet sure fashion; for the raven lives longer than man, and longer than any other bird. It has its own place to fill, and its own purpose to serve in God's world. . . . God feeds the ravens tho they are unclean birds, for He has a

purpose to serve by them in nature; so God will feed you tho you are sinners, ungrateful, forgetful of the hand that is feeding you, unworthy of the least of God's mercies, for you have a great purpose to serve in God's world."

Preaching a sermon on the text, "Who mind earthly things," in which he is urging upon his hearers the necessity of the upward look, he uses this illustration:

84. *Looking Earthward*—"The ancient Greeks had a curious fable about a bird called merops. It was a kind of eagle, but when it mounted upward, its head was turned to the earth and its tail to the sky. The Greek poets say that it was originally a man called Merops, King of Cos, an island in the Ægean Sea; his wife was one of the nymphs or attendants of Diana, and failing one day to pay the usual homage to her divine mistress, the wrathful goddess slew her. Her husband, who was devotedly attached to her, was filled with the deepest grief, and wished to kill himself in order that he might rejoin his wife in the world of shades, but the Queen of Heaven changed him into an eagle and placed him among the stars. The loving husband, notwithstanding this great change that had taken place in him, could not tear himself away from the familiar earth where his beloved wife was buried; and therefore, as he mounted upward to the stars, he kept ever looking down to the earth. The Greeks used this wise old fable as a symbol of persons who wished to get to heaven without foregoing all the good things of this world. There are many persons in our churches who are like that strange, fabulous bird, flying upward to heaven on the wings of their hopes, while their desires are ever turned toward the earth where their possessions are."

Discussing the way earthly things sometimes destroy the spiritual life, he brings out this singular and interesting illustration:

85. *Higher and Lower Nature*—"I have seen a bee with a fungus or mold growing out of its body. The seeds of this mold got into the open breathing-pores on the breast of the poor bee, and they grew up into a low kind of plant which fed upon its juices, hindered its flying in the air, and at last made it crawl upon the ground and die, and its body was filled with this strange mold. Thus, you see a remarkable example of animal life being conquered by vegetable life. . . . So the lower nature, when it gets the better of the higher, makes it its slave and compels it to do its bidding, until the degrading bondage becomes so irksome that one would give everything in the world to throw it off."

Seeking to explain how God helps a man to rule his own spirit, retaining his personal freedom, and yet dependent upon divine help, he tells this homely little story:

86. *Perfect in Weakness*—"I remember when sailing one day in a steamer, the captain's son, a bright little fellow of five or six years of age, was on board, and wanted to take the place of the man at the helm. The good-natured steersman, to humor him, put the spoke of the wheel into his little hand, which was hardly able to grasp it. But he was careful at the same time to put his own big hand on the child's tiny fingers, and took a firm hold, and moved the wheel in the right direction, and the boy was in high glee, imagining that he himself was steering the huge steamer. Now, so God deals with you. He puts His almighty hand on your feeble hand when you are ruling your own spirit, and makes His strength perfect in your weakness."

Illustrating the strength that comes to us when through God's help we overcome temptation, he says:

"It is an Eastern proverb that the strength of the foe we slay passes into ourself. When a man slays a tiger and eats its flesh, he is supposed to inherit the fierceness and courage of the wild beast. The principle is doubtless true in the moral world; for whatever sin or lust you slay, the strength passes into your own nature, and helps you to overcome a similar sin or lust when it assails you."

In a sermon on "Satan's Wiles" he has this brilliant illustration:

87. *Satan's Deceit*—"There is a kind of lizard which lives in the sandy deserts of Arabia. Its body is so like the sand that it can not be distinguished from it at a little distance; but it has on each side of its mouth a fold or skin of a very light crimson color, which the creature can blow out into the form of a round blossom, and in this state it looks exactly like a little red flower which grows abundantly in the sands. Insects are attracted to this curious object, mistaking it for a real flower that has honey in it for them, and they approach the mouth of the lizard without fear, when they are immediately snapped up. There is also an insect common in India which feeds upon other insects, and in order to catch them, puts on, like the lizard I have described, the appearance of the flower of an orchid. Its legs are made flatter and broader than those

of any other insect; they are colored a beautiful pink hue, and they ray out from the body of the insect exactly like the petals of a beautiful flower. Insects are deceived by this wonderful likeness to the blossoms which they frequent for the sake of their honey, and they come here without suspicion and are immediately caught by their treacherous foe. Now, this is the way in which my text tells us that Satan deceives those whom he wishes to tempt to their ruin."

XII.

FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON.

Among intelligent, well-read preachers no name is more highly honored in all the English-speaking world than that of Robertson, of Brighton. And yet Robertson was by no means widely known while he lived. Greatly loved and honored and admired by the people to whom he preached, little was known of him by the world beyond. But a single sermon was published during his whole life, and he left behind him perhaps not one sermon that was written out in full. He did not write his sermons before they were delivered. It was his practice to prepare them carefully without writing, and then after he preached them to make notes of them, and sometimes to write them out quite fully for the comfort or pleasure of friends who desired them. The volumes that have been printed since his death have been made up of these fragments. But what fragments they are! They have found their way to the ends of the earth because of the originality, the humanness, and sanity of them. One does not need always to agree with their theology to appreciate the immense value they have been to the ministerial world.

It will be interesting to glance at some illustrative examples from Robertson's sermons. Speaking of the limitation of words as a channel for the conveyance of truth, he says:

88. *Words are Coins*—"Words are but counters—the coins of intellectual exchange. There is as little resemblance between the silver coin and the bread it purchases as between the word and the thing it stands for. Looking at the coin, the form of the loaf does not suggest itself. Listening to the word, you do not perceive the idea for which it stands, unless you are already in possession of it. Speak of ice to an inhabitant of the torrid zone, the word does not give him an idea; or, if it does, it must be a false one. Talk of blueness to one who can not distinguish colors, what can your most eloquent description present to him resembling the truth of your sensation? Similarly in matters spiritual, no verbal revelation can give a single simple idea. For instance, what means justice to the unjust—or purity to the man whose heart is steeped in licentiousness?"

Illustrating the danger that the cares and riches of the world will smother the spiritual life, he puts it in this way:

89. *Giant under a Mountain*—"Many such a Christian do you find among the rich and the titled who, as a less encumbered man, might have been a resolute soldier of the Cross; but he is only now a realization of the old pagan fable—a spiritual giant buried under a mountain of gold."

Speaking of meditation and seeking to show that it is not only a passive but also an active state, he uses this striking illustration:

90. *Meditation*—"Whoever has pondered long over a plan which he is anxious to accomplish, without distinctly seeing at first the way, knows what meditation is. The subject itself presents itself in leisure moments spontaneously; but then all this sets the mind at work—contriving, imagining, rejecting, modifying. It is in this way that one of the greatest of English engineers, a man uncouth and unaccustomed to regular discipline of mind, is said to have accomplished his most marvelous triumphs. He threw bridges over almost impracticable torrents, and pierced the eternal mountains for his viaducts. Sometimes a difficulty brought all the work to a pause; then he would shut himself up in his room, eat nothing, speak to no one, abandon himself intensely to contemplation of that on which his heart was set; and at the end of two or three days would come forth serene and calm, walk to the spot, and quietly give orders which seemed the result of superhuman intuition. This was meditation."

Speaking of the personal path over which every sincere soul must travel in pursuing the Christian life, meeting obstacles that will seem new to him alone, he illustrates after this manner:

91. *Obstacles to Christian Life*—"We have heard of the pursuit of knowledge under

difficulties. The shepherd, with no apparatus besides his thread and beads, has lain on his back on the starry night and mapped the heavens, and unconsciously become a distinguished astronomer. The peasant-boy, with no tools but his rude knife and a visit now and then to the neighboring town, has begun his scientific education by producing a watch that would mark the time. The blind man, trampling upon impossibilities, has explored the economy of the bee-hive, and, more wondrous still, lectured on the laws of light. The timid stammerer, with pebbles in his mouth and the roar of the sea-surge in his ears, has attained correctest elocution, and swayed as one man the changeful tides of the mighty masses of Athenian democracy. All these were expedients. It is thus in the life religious. No man ever trod exactly the path that others trod before him."

Explaining the meaning of imputed guilt, he illustrates as follows:

92. *Breaking Laws*—"If, for example, you approach too near the whirling wheel of steam machinery, the mutilation which follows is the punishment of temerity. If the traveler ignorantly lays his hand on the cockatrice's den, the throb of the envenomed fang is the punishment of his ignorance. He has broken a law of nature, and the guilt of the infection is imputed to him; there is penalty, but there is none of the chastisement which follows sin. His conscience is not made miserable. He only suffers."

Illustrating the positive character of human nature and the impossibility of living a neutral life, he uses this figure:

93. *Energy Controlled*—"You can not give the pent-up steam its choice of moving or not moving. It must move one way or the other; the right way or the wrong way. Direct it rightly, and its energy rolls the engine-wheels smoothly on their track; block up its passage, and it bounds away, a thing of madness and ruin. Stop it you can not; it will rather burst. So it is with our hearts. There is a pent-up energy of love, gigantic for good or evil. Its right way is in the direction of our Eternal Father; and then, let it boil and pant as it will, the course of the man is smooth. Dispel the love of God from the bosom—what then? Will the passion that is within cease to burn? Nay."

Discussing the danger of the soul's being lost, he brings out very clearly that the highest things are in more danger of loss than those that are of less importance. He says:

94. *Light that Leads Astray*—"Be sure that it is by that which is highest in you that you may be lost. It is the awful warning, and not the excuse of evil, that the light which leads astray is light from heaven. The shallow fishing-boat glides safely over the reefs where the noble bark strands; it is the very might and majesty of her career that bury the sharp rock deeper in her bosom."

Speaking of Christ as man's Savior from the wreck and ruin in which sin had left him, he paints this picture:

95. *Christ and Humanity*—"Not half a century ago a great man was seen stopping and working in a charnel-house of bones. Uncouth, nameless fragments lay around him, which the workmen had dug up and thrown aside as rubbish. They belonged to some far-back age, and no man knew what they were or whence. Few men cared. The world was merry at the sight of a philosopher groping among moldy bones. But when the creative mind, reverently discerning the fontal types of living beings in diverse shapes, brought together those strange fragments, bone to bone, and rib to claw, and tooth to its own corresponding vertebræ, recombining in wondrous forms of past ages, and presenting each to the astonished world as it moved and lived a hundred thousand ages back, then men began to perceive that a new science had begun on earth. And such was the work of Christ. They saw Him at work among the fragments and moldering wreck of our humanity, and sneered. But He took the dry bones such as Ezekiel saw in a vision, which no man thought could live, and He breathed into them the breath of life."

Illustrating the conflagration caused by an evil tongue, he declares:

96. *Words Like Fire*—"It is like the Greek fire used in ancient warfare, which burnt unquenched beneath the water, or like the weeds which, when you have extirpated in one place are sprouting forth vigorously in another spot, at the distance of many hundred yards; or, to use the metaphor of St. James himself, it is like the wheel which catches fire as it goes, and burns with a fiercer conflagration as its own speed increases. . . . You may tame the wild beast, the conflagration of the American forest will cease when all the timber and dry underwood is consumed; but you can not arrest the progress of that cruel word which you uttered carelessly yesterday or this morning—which you will utter, perhaps, before you have passed from this church one hundred

yards; that will go on slaying, poisoning, burning beyond your control, now and forever."

Presenting Christ as the perfect flowering of humanity, he uses this beautiful illustration:

97. *Perfect Humanity*—"He who has never seen the vegetable world except in Arctic regions has but a poor idea of the majesty of vegetable life—a microscopic red moss tinting the surface of the snow, a few stunted pines, and here and there, perhaps, a dwindled oak; but to the botanist who has seen the luxuriance of vegetation in its tropical magnificence, all that wretched scene presents another aspect; to him those dwarfs are the representatives of what might be, nay, what has been in a kindlier soil and a more genial climate; he fills up by his conception the miserable actuality presented by these shrubs, and attributes to them—imputes, that is, to them—the majesty of which the undeveloped germ exists already. Now the difference between those trees seen in themselves and seen in the conception of their nature's perfectness which has been previously realized, is the difference between man seen in himself and seen in Christ. We are feeble, dwarfish, stunted specimens of humanity. Our best resolves are but withered branches, our holiest deeds unripe and blighted fruit; but to the Infinite Eye, who sees in the perfect One the type and assurance of that which shall be, this dwindled humanity of ours is divine and glorious."

XIII.

THOMAS CHALMERS.

Chalmers was one of the greatest preachers of his own or indeed of any age. His style, tho stately, is permeated by an all-consuming passion which defies the years to quench. While his sermons do not abound in illustrations of the more usual variety, they are constantly illustrated in a manner all his own. We can select from the vast storehouse of his printed works only here and there a sample of these luminous illustrations of his thought.

Speaking of the utter uselessness of an orthodox creed without spiritual vitality, he says:

98. *Lifeless Creed*—"The man's creed, with all its arranged and its well-weighed articles, may be no better than the dry bones in the vision of Ezekiel, put together into a skeleton and fastened with sinews and covered with flesh and skin, and exhibiting to the eye of the spectators the aspect and the lineaments of a man, but without breath, and remaining so till the Spirit of God breathed into it and it lived. And it is in truth a sight of wonder to behold a man who has carried his knowledge of Scripture as far as the wisdom of man can carry it—to see him blessed with all the light which nature can give, but laboring under all the darkness which no power of nature can dispel—to see this man of many accomplishments, who can bring his every power of demonstration to bear upon the Bible, carrying in his bosom a heart uncheered by any one of its consolations."

The next quotation which I shall make is typical of a large number of paragraphs in Chalmers's sermons. It presents before the hearer a supposed case. It is based on observation and experience, but the personal circumstances are withheld and it is put before the hearers as a supposition. He is illustrating the fact that men of the world, who resent the faithfulness of earnest preachers of the Gospel during the days of their strength and pride, desire just such men and just such a Gospel in the hour of their emergency. He says:

99. *Gospel in Emergency*—"Let us assure them that the time may yet come when they will render to this very Gospel the most striking of all acknowledgments, even by sending to the door of its most faithful ministers and humbly craving from them their explanations and their prayers. It indeed offers an affecting contrast. To all the glory of earthly prospects, and to all the vigor of confident and rejoicing health, and to all the activity and enterprise of business, when the man who made the world his theater, and felt his mountain to stand strong on the fleeting foundation of its enjoyments and its concerns—when he comes to be bowed down with infirmity, or receives from the trouble within the solemn intimation that death is now looking to him in good earnest: when such a man takes him to the bed of sickness, and he knows it to be a sickness unto death—when, under all the weight of breathlessness and pain, he listens to the man of God as he points the way that leadeth to eternity—what, I would ask, is the kind of Gospel that is most fitted to charm the sense of guilt and the anticipations of vengeance away from him?"

A favorite method of Chalmers is to incarnate Scripture teaching and cause the doctrines or truths of the Bible to attain the interest of personality in discussion. In a sermon in which he is emphasizing the radical difference between right and wrong, he says:

100. *Bible Contrasts*—"The Bible everywhere groups the individuals of our species into two general and distinct classes, and assigns to each of them its appropriate designation. It tells us of the vessels of wrath and of the vessels of mercy; of the travelers on a narrow path and on a broad way; of the children of this world and the children of light; and, lastly, of men who are carnally minded and men who are spiritually minded. It employs these terms in a meaning so extensive that by each couplet of them it embraces all individuals. There is no separate number of persons, forming of themselves a neutral class and standing without the limits of the two others. And were it possible to conceive that human nature as it exists at present in the world were laid in a map before us, you would see no intermediate ground between the two classes which

are thus contrasted in the Bible—but these thrown into two distinct regions, with one clear and vigorous line of demarkation between them."

When occasionally Dr. Chalmers bursts forth into descriptions of nature, his eloquence is something magnificent. Let this paragraph suffice:

101. *All Nature Glad*—"Let us conceive it possible for a moment that the beautiful personifications of Scripture were all realized; that the trees in the forest clap their hands unto God, and the isles were glad at His presence; that the little hills shouted on every side, and that the valleys covered over with corn sent forth their notes of rejoicing; that the sun and the moon praised Him, and the stars of light joined in the solemn adoration; that the voice of glory to God was heard from every mountain and from every waterfall; and that all nature, animated throughout by the consciousness of a pervading and presiding Deity, burst into one loud and universal song of gratulation. Would not a strain of greater loftiness be heard to ascend from those regions where the all-working God had left the traces of His own immensity, than from the tamer and humbler scenery of an ordinary landscape; would not you look for a gladder acclamation from the fertile field than from the arid waste where no character of grandeur made up for the barrenness that was around you? Would not the goodly tree, compassed about with the glories of its summer foliage, lift up an anthem of louder gratitude than the lowly shrub that grew beneath it? Would not the flower from whose leaves every hue of loveliness was reflected send forth a sweeter rapture than the russet weed which never drew the eye of any admiring passenger? And, in a word, wherever you saw the towering evidences of nature or the garniture of her more rich and beautiful adornments, would it not be there that you looked for the deepest tones of devotion, or there for the tenderest and most exquisite of its melodies?"

In a sermon on the "Mercantile Virtues," he has this paragraph:

102. *Godliness in Business*.—"A man may possess to a considerable extent the second-class virtues, and not possess so much as one iota of the religious principle; and that, among other reasons, because a man may feel the value for one of the attributes which belongs to this class of virtues, and have no value whatever for the other attributes. If justice be both approved by God and acceptable to men, he may on the latter property alone be induced to the strictest maintenance of this virtue—and that without suffering its former property to have any practical influence whatever on any of his habits or any of his determinations, and the same with every other virtue belonging to this second class. As residing in his character, there may not be the ingredient of godliness in any one of them. He may be well reported on account of them by men, but with God he may lie under as fearful a severity of reckoning as if he wanted them altogether."

In a remarkable sermon on the sayings of Jesus, "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much," he has this striking and illuminating paragraph:

103. *Small and Great Sins*—"Man is ever prone to estimate the enormity of injustice by the degree in which he suffers from it. He brings this moral question to the standard of his own interests. A master will bear with all the lesser liberties of his servants so long as he feels them to be harmless; and it is not till he is awakened to the apprehensions of personal injury from the amount or frequency of the embezzlements that his moral indignation is at all sensibly awakened. And thus it is that the maxim of our Great Teacher of Righteousness seems to be very much unfelt or forgotten in society. Unfaithfulness in that which is little and unfaithfulness in that which is much are very far from being regarded as they were by him under the same aspect of criminality. If there be no great hurt, it is felt that there is no great harm. The innocence of a dishonest freedom in respect of morality is rated by its insignificance in respect of matter. The margin which separates the right from the wrong is remorselessly trodden under foot, so long as each makes only a minute and gentle encroachment beyond the landmark of his neighbor's territory. On this subject there is a loose and popular estimate, which is not at one with the deliverance in the New Testament."

In a sermon on the "Love of Money," man as a trustee and as dependent upon God is clearly portrayed in this illustration:

104. *Money a Reservoir*.—"A sum of money is, in all its functions, equivalent to a reservoir. Take one year with another, and the annual consumption of the world can not exceed the annual produce which issues from the storehouse of Him who is the great and bountiful Provider of all its families. The money that is in any man's pos-

session represents the share which he can appropriate to himself of this produce. If it be a large sum, it is like a capacious reservoir on the bank of the river of abundance. If it be laid out on firm and stable securities, still it is like a firmly embanked reservoir. The man who toils to increase his money is like a man who toils to enlarge the capacity of his reservoir. The man who suspects a flaw in his securities, or who apprehends, in the report of failures and fluctuations, that his money is all to flow away from him, is like a man who apprehends a flaw in the embankments of his reservoir.

"Meanwhile, in all the care that is thus expended, either on the money or on the magazine, the originating source, out of which there is imparted to the one all its real worth, or there is imparted to the other all its real fulness, is scarcely ever thought of. Let God turn the earth into a barren desert, and the money ceases to be convertible to any purpose of enjoyment; or let Him lock up that magazine of great and general supply, out of which He showers abundance among our habitations, and all the subordinate magazines formed beside the wonted stream of liberality would remain empty; but all this is forgotten by the vast majority of our unthoughtful and unreflecting species."

XIV.

WILLIAM L. WATKINSON.

Among living English preachers there are few if any more interesting than the Rev. Dr. W. L. Watkinson, the honored ex-president of the British Wesleyan Conference. His sermons bring out the very core of the Gospel, are eminently sane, and his illustrative power enables him to let in the sunlight on the most obscure truths. Dr. Watkinson is a very witty man, and his wit comes out not only in his sermons and public addresses but in his conversation as well. A little while before his election as president of the Wesleyan Conference, some of his friends told him that the advocates of another candidate for the position were making capital out of Watkinson's delicate health. "They say," said his friend, "Watkinson is too feeble to be president. Why, he has one foot in the grave already!" A dry smile illuminated the pale face of the coming president, as he remarked, "It is the other foot that they are afraid of." He served his presidency with distinguished honor, and still lives to preach his brilliant and powerful sermons.

Dr. Watkinson's illustrative gift, always great, has been constantly developed until he has few peers in the handling of sermonic illustrations. Of course the great secret in the art of illustration is the power to seize hold on common things with which everybody is familiar and make them in some fresh, new way, illustrate spiritual truths. Watkinson has this power in a remarkable degree. Legend, pictures, histories, books of travel, the commonest facts of every-day experience all furnish him illustrative windows for his sermons.

Speaking of the origin of sin, he presents it in this way:

105. *Origin of Sin*—"The South Sea Islanders have a singular tradition to account for the existence of the dew. The legend relates that in the beginning the earth touched the sky, that being the Golden Age when all was beautiful and glad; then some dreadful tragedy occurred, the primal unity was broken up, the earth and sky were torn asunder as we see them now, and the dew-drops of the morning are the tears that nature sheds over the sad divorce. This wild fable is a metaphor of the truth; the beginning of all evil lies in the alienation of the spirit of man from God, in the divorce of earth from heaven; here is the final reason why the face of humanity is wet with tears."

Discussing the fact that suffering is a part of the lot of humanity and must sooner or later be recognized, he remarks:

106. *Suffering Shut Out*—"There is no screen to shut off permanently the spectacle of suffering. When Marie Antoinette passed to her bridal in Paris, the halt, the lame, and the blind were sedulously kept out of her way, lest their appearance should mar the joyousness of her reception; but ere long, the poor Queen had a very close view of Misery's children, and she drank to the dregs the cup of life's bitterness."

Illustrating the power of the Gospel to save, he seizes hold of this little bit of art criticism to make clear his meaning:

107. *Artist of Pain*—"The critics declare that Rubens had an absolute delight in representing pain, and they refer us to that artist's picture of the 'Brazen Serpent' in the National Gallery. The canvas is full of the pain, the fever, the contortions of the wounded and dying; the writhing, gasping crowd is everything, and the supreme instrument of cure, the brazen serpent itself, is small and obscure, no conspicuous feature whatever of the picture. The manner of the great artist is so far out of keeping with the spirit of the Gospel. Revelation brings out broadly and impressively the darkness of the world, the malady of life, the terror of death, only that it may evermore make conspicuous the uplifted Cross, which, once seen, is death to every vice, a consolation in every sorrow, a victory over every fear."

Speaking of the necessity for a radical change of heart, in order to produce pure life, he has this:

108. *Pure in Heart*—"But if we are to bless men effectually, we must get to the

fountain-head of their sorrows—the thought and imagination of their heart. As Jeremy Taylor says, 'You can not cure the colic by brushing a man's clothes.' No bettering of the lot of the individual will necessarily make his spirit sweet, contented, pure. Neither will the propitious environment make the virtuous and happy community. Eden, Sodom, Canaan, proved this in the old world, and there are plenty of proofs of it in the modern world."

Commenting on that catalog of evil things which Christ enumerates as dwelling in a sinful heart, Wtakinson uses this strong illustration:

109. *Birds and Emotion*—"An American naturalist tells us that the human brain is full of birds. The song-birds might all have been hatched in the human heart, so well do they express the whole gamut of human passion and emotion in their varied songs. The plaintive singers, the soaring, ecstatic singers, the gushing singers, the inarticulate singers—robin, dove, lark, thrush, mocking-bird, nightingale—all are expressive of human emotions, desire, love, sadness, aspirations, glee. Very beautiful, indeed, is it to find our brain full of sweet minstrels of the air; but, alas! Christ gives a sadder view of our heart, showing it to be 'the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird.' Fierce hawk, croaking raven, ravenous vulture, obscene birds, birds of discord, birds of darkness, birds of tempest, birds of blood and death—these are all typical of the heart's base passions; these all brood and nestle within, and fly forth to darken and pollute and destroy."

There follow six brief illustrations, all found in one sermon, one of the greatest sermons of modern times, on "The Transformation of Evil," the text being, "For Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light." These are by no means all the illustrations in this sermon, but any man with the homiletic instinct in him will at once see how a half-dozen illustrations like these in a single discourse would illuminate it. In the introduction we have this:

110. *Glamor of Vice*—"We shrink from the gorilla, the tiger, the wolf, the crocodile, the rattlesnake, the shark, the scorpion, the centipede, the hornet, the leech, the vulture—we are afraid of these creatures of loathsomeness and blood; and in a very similar way we shrink from the vices undisguised. But just as the Oriental superstitiously invests destructive beasts with a certain glamor, refusing to destroy the tiger, respecting the vulture as sacred, decorating the crocodile with jewels, consecrating shrines for serpents; so the vices attain a certain glamor in our eyes, becoming positively lovely, sacred, angelic."

Proceeding to show how evil is transfigured by imagination, he illustrates after this manner:

111. *Disguised Sin*—"How artfully intemperance has been metamorphosed into shapes actually delightful to contemplate! Teetotal songs thrill nobody, but the singing inspired by wine is as intoxicating as the wine itself. Bacchus marches accompanied by choicest songs, sweetest music, liveliest mirth. It is the same with war; poets, orators, historians have treated the battle-field so eloquently that the victories of peace look pale compared with the victories of war. We noticed a village the other day where the slaughter-house had been cleverly concealed by trees and evergreens; and the slaughter-house of the nations has been similarly hidden by flowers of rhetoric."

Following up the same idea that imagination often lends to evil things a fictitious splendor, he says:

112. *Attractiveness of Sin*—"Bates found on the Amazon a brilliant spider that spread itself out as a flower, and the insects, lighting upon it in seeking sweetness, found horror, torment, death. Such transformations are common in human life; things of poison and blood are everywhere displaying themselves in forms of innocence, in dyes of beauty. The perfection of mimicry is in the moral world, deceiving the very elect. Satan is transformed into an angel of light; his blasted brow is disguised by a wreath, his fiery darts seem glittering sceptres, the smoke of his torment goes up as incense."

Following up the same idea, he gives us this:

"A certain legend relates that one of the Biscayan mountains is accursed, and that Satan dwells there. The grass is withered, a sinister hue rests upon everything, the sounds are mournful, the mountain stands a dark phantom in the midst of bedecked nature. But this is not the method of evil. The mountain up which the devil took our Master, and up which he takes us, is bathed in purple; in its rocks gleam jewels, its

dust is the dust of gold, in its clefts spring flowers, and from its crest is seen the vision of kingdoms and the glory of them."

Showing how evil is transformed by society, he uses this historical reference:

113. *Sin's Secret Poison*—"The Duchess Isabella, wishing earnestly to obtain some object, was instructed by the crafty court astrologer to kiss day by day for a hundred days a certain beautiful picture and she would receive her wish. It was a sinister trick, for the picture contained a subtle poison which stained the lips with every salutation. Little by little the golden tresses of the queenly woman turned white, her eyes became dim, her color faded, her lips became black; but infatuated, the suicidal kiss was continued until before the hundred days were complete, the royal dupe lay dead."

Calling attention to the illusions so dangerous in the moral world, he illustrates with this interesting incident:

114. *Mistaking Water for Sky*—"A celebrated naturalist tells us that he one day saw a bird drowning in a lake, and he felt sure that the bird had mistaken the water for the sky; it was a bright, transparent day, the clear, calm lake reflected the sky and the whole landscape in its depths, and the bird, not discerning that the world below it was a world of shadows, was betrayed to its doom. So all the glories of the upper world appear inverted in the world of evil. The lofty, the pure, the beautiful, the bright, are all seductively reflected in the depths of Satan; they are exaggerated there, they are seen in surpassing magnitude and splendor; error seems some nobler truth, disobedience some larger liberty, forbidden things seem the sweetest flowers and mellowest fruits of Paradise."

FRESH ARROWS FROM MANY QUIVERS.

THE SENSE OF SIN.

115

The Rev. Reginald J. Campbell, who has taken Dr. Joseph Parker's place in City Temple, uses this striking illustration in discussion of "The Sense of Sin."

Was it not Mr. Gladstone who said that he had noticed since that day a change in the attitude of men towards sin? That humble-minded statesman grieved over this, and declared that the first thing that a preacher ought to do was to arouse in men this sense of sin. Dr. Dale said he feared the difference between the last generation and this was that men did not fear God, they speculated about Him. I am rather inclined to question the truth of the statement that the sense of sin is weakened. It may be that there are tens of thousands in London who care nothing about Christ, but I am quite within the mark when I say that there are more men oppressed with a burning sense of their moral guilt, though, maybe, with never a thought of God, than all the preachers put together could reach in a week. The sense of sin has changed its mode of expression, but it is not gone. It is real, and the need to which it gives rise is as great as ever. There sits in the City Temple this morning a man of high repute in the metropolis. He has everything that this world can give him, rolling in wealth, of great personal influence, with power over the bodies and minds of men. You admire his position, perhaps you envy him. I bid you not to. He is suffering the tortures of hell, and this is the reason why. Years ago he married a young wife who loved him above all others in the world, and he was willing to give her anything in return but kindness. He treated her cruelly, brutally, with coldness that is worse than hate. He broke her heart and killed her. Now he is drawing towards the evening of life, when he has obtained everything he ever tried for, he finds how little it is worth, and he wishes that the tender grace of a day that is dead might come back again to him. He is as much a murderer as any criminal who was hanged in England this week. The horror of the situation is this: whether there is any Christ, any Gospel, any God, he is doomed to this torture till the grave closes over him. His conscience has told him so, and nothing will rid him of that enemy. What do you call that but a sense of sin? Sin is not only a Bible word or a pulpit word; it is a newspaper word, a Stock Exchange word, a Fleet-street word. You know without the preacher's help what it is to suffer for sin, your own heart tells you.

THE FIGHT BETWEEN THE GOOD AND THE BAD.

116

An old Indian once asked a white man to give him some tobacco to smoke in his pipe. The white man gave him a loose handful from his coat pocket. The next day, the Indian came back and asked for the man. "For," said he, "I found a coin among the tobacco."

"Why didn't you keep it!" asked the bystander.

"I've got a good man and a bad man here," said the Indian, pointing to his breast, "and the good man say, 'It is not yours; give it back to the owner.' The bad man say, 'Never mind; you got it, and it's your own now.' The good man say, 'No, no! you mustn't keep it.' So I don't know what to do, and I think to go to sleep, but the good man and the bad man kept talking all night and trouble me; and now I bring the money back I feel good." Like that old Indian, white men and women have a good and a bad man within. The bad man is the temptations of the Evil One, and the good man is the conscience set in every human breast. They keep talking for and against, and our salvation depends on the good man's victory.

A recent writer tells of a western freight crew all of whom are Christians. Three of them are church singers. They are famous for their religion and their music. One evening when there had been a delay at a certain station, and many were cross and impatient, all were attracted by these three trainmen who began singing, "One sweetly solemn thought." Those who did not understand seemed amazed, for they instantly perceived it was being sung reverently. During the remainder of the trip the best of humor prevailed, even though four passengers had missed their connections by the delay.

One day, while switched at a little town, Fatty found an organ on the depot platform waiting to be expressed. He sat down, and began to play and sing a church hymn. In less than five minutes twenty people had gathered around, looking and listening in open astonishment. That a man in dirty work-clothes should sit down to an organ was surprising, but that a brakeman should sing a religious song reverently was simply astonishing.

The writer who tells the story says the influence of these men is remarkable. They do their work well, and sing as they go, and spread good-cheer over every train they handle. That is the way we all should live, sing as we work.

THE HINDOO BOY'S SERMON.

118

David says in one of his Psalms that one of the hard things he had to bear was the sneer of wicked and unbelieving people who said to him, tauntingly, "Where is thy God?" Here is the reply of Vadivelu, a servant boy, a converted Hindoo:

"My god can be seen by every one," said a Hindoo, who wanted to confuse and deride him; "for he is there at the end of the street. What is the use of a god you can't see?"

Then the boy asked a question in turn: "Have you ever seen the tax collector?"

"Yes, often," said the Hindoo.

"The Governor?"

"Well, rarely."

"Have you ever seen the great queen empress?"

"No; why should a poor villager like me ever see her?"

"Ah!" rejoined Vadivelu, triumphantly, "the little people you can see any day, but the great people seldom or never. We can see your gods on street corners, because they are such little ones; but Christ, our God, the Great and True, is in the heavens. We cannot see him now, but those who love him here shall see him hereafter."

GRIT AND GREATNESS.

119

Let every boy understand that grit is one of the greatneses. We must not give way to obstacles, but master them and make them serve us. Many are the stories of the boys who have climbed the mountain of honorable achievement by overcoming their weaknesses and gritting their teeth to go on in the face of difficulty.

A Swedish boy fell out of a window and was badly hurt, but with clinched lips he kept back the cry of pain. The King Gustavus Adolphus, who saw the boy fall, prophesied that the boy would make a man for an emergency. He did, for he became the famous General Bauer.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their color, and painted the white side of his father's cottage in Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist, Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings of his pot and brushes, easel and stool, and said, "That boy will beat me one day." He did, for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself: "Now, this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't

study so well after it. So here it goes!" And he flung the book into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

120

We often hear people say "I will forgive it, but I never can forget it." All such forgiveness is false. There really is no forgiving without forgetting. Here is a little story which illustrates very well:

"I am sorry to see that you and Hal are not as good friends as you used to be," said George Hartwell's father to the young lad one day. "Have you quarreled?"

"Not exactly, but he treated me in a mean, shabby way a while ago, and we've never been as good friends since."

"Wasn't he sorry afterward? Did he never ask your pardon? I thought Hal was unusually ready to acknowledge himself in fault."

"Oh, he said he was sorry, and he did ask my pardon."

"You surely did not refuse it?"

"Of course not, father, but then I can't forget, you know."

"The same old story, my son," said the father gravely. "What is pardon worth that still keeps the offence in angry remembrance?"

"Well," said George, excusingly, not answering the question, but making an objection, "it is very hard to forget."

THE CONVERTED BANDIT.

121

The Rev. George D. Coleman relates a most interesting story of the conversion of a Mexican bandit:

It was Sepeda who cut off the arm of the native follower of Stevens, Emiterio, when he raised it to emphasize his words that he would not give up his religion. After this deed he ran away for several months. On his return, when things had quieted down, he heard that services were still being held. This made him furious, and he armed himself with a new knife which he had had specially sharpened for the occasion, and, declaring that he would kill the whole lot at the first word of heresy he heard from them, he repaired to the meeting-place.

The services were being conducted by a poor Indian, who read the Scripture, and explained and commented upon it. As he looked up and saw Sepeda enter, saw his glowering look and his knife, he knew that he had come for trouble. The Indian silently prayed for help and protection, and seemed to be helped in choosing passages of Scripture referring to the shedding of innocent blood. He saw that Sepeda was being visibly affected, and began to praise God in his heart. After the service was over, Sepeda came to the front and asked for a copy of the Bible. He then turned to the congregation, and said: "I came here to kill as many of you as I could, but the words of this book are not what I had supposed them to be. I will take this book home with me and read it; and, if I find it is a bad book, I will return to settle my account with you, but if it is good, I will stand by it."

He remained at home one week, and except when sleeping or eating he never lost a moment from reading the Bible. The word of God soundly converted him to a knowledge of the truth in Christ Jesus. And he started off on a sixty-mile walk on foot to Guadalajara, where he surprised the congregation by walking up and asking of Rev. D. F. Watkins that he might be received into membership in the church. His reception into the church was a most solemn and impressive service; and, when Brother Watkins gave him the right hand of fellowship, he said, "As you have been a great persecutor of the church, I commission you as Paul was commissioned, to preach the gospel to this people." Sepeda was true to his commission, and became a most lovable Christian character and a powerful preacher.

SPIRITUAL FERTILIZERS.

122

A famous English gardener once heard a nobleman complainingly say, "I cannot

have a rose garden, though I have often tried, because the soil around my castle is too poor for roses." "That is no reason at all," replied the gardener. "You must go to work and make it better. Any ground can be made fit for roses, if sufficient pains are taken to prepare it." The same wisdom applies to the growth of spiritual graces. It is idle for any man or woman to say that good cheer, and forgiveness, and patience, and gentleness cannot be grown in their hearts because the soil is too poor. The soil must be made better. Heavenly fertilizers can be had free. Heaven is given away to human hearts, and if the soil in our soul gardens is poor, it is our own fault.

RACE SUICIDE AND LANDLORDS.

123

President Roosevelt, President Eliot, of Harvard, and other distinguished men have awakened great interest in the discussion of the fact that the more enlightened people are having but few children—so few, indeed, that the graduates of Harvard do not have enough children to equal the number of graduates. There is an interesting side phase to this discussion, and that is the question of housing large families. The query is pertinently asked: What boarding-house will receive them? What landlord will rent to them? The mother of half a dozen children will knock in vain at boarding-house after boarding-house, and will wear out her shoes before finding a landlord in our modern congested cities who will rent his property, even at an advance in the rental price. In fact, mothers of six or eight children have to condense the truth somewhat to find any refuge at all.

An illustration transpired within the past few days in an Eastern city. The mother might have paraphrased Wordsworth's lines, "Kind sir, we are seven," when asked as to the extent of her little folks. But, driven to something like desperation, she did say, "We are four." "She had been driven from boarding-house to boarding-house. No matter what generous prices she offered to pay, the keeper of the boarding-house waved her away indignantly. Seven small children! The words are enough to send the hardest landlady to the bottle, the smelling-salts bottle. 'Seven small children! Madam, this is a boarding-house, not a colony. Good-morning. Seven small children! We don't keep a babies' hospital, ma'am.' You can hear the doors slam and fancy the distress of that mother. It's hard lines to have a taboo or boycott laid upon you; to be homeless although you have the means of hiring a home; to be perfectly respectable and yet shooed away from every door you knock at; to be made to walk the streets with seven small children until they grow up. The wandering families deserve civic crowns, thanks of legislatures and congresses, honorable mentions, ribbons, pensions." What they do get is a cold shoulder. No children need apply. The fact is, about the only places available for the big family are the street, the moving-van or the bucolic landscape.

Here is a chance for Mr. Carnegie and other wealthy philanthropists to serve their time. Let us have flat-houses for large families at reasonable rates.

FROM CRYPT TO CATHEDRAL.

124

Longfellow, with true poetic insight, compares our earth life to a tarrying in the crypts of some vast cathedral. We can hear the organ above us, and the chanting of the choir. As some friend goes up before us, we catch a gleam of light streaming through the door. Shall we be afraid when our turn comes to mount the dark, narrow stair-case that leads us out of the crypts into the cathedral glory above?

THE CONVERSION OF A DETECTIVE.

125

The Rev. W. W. Pope has told in the *Christian Endeavor World* a remarkable story of his conversion.

I had been a detective for twenty-seven years, most of the time in government employ. I was an infidel, or thought I was; for I do not believe there are any real infidels. I had a friend who shared my views and whom I used to meet often to discuss infidel questions and to ridicule Christianity.

One day, as I went down to the station to take my train to the city, I met the daughter of my friend coming to meet me. She was greatly excited, and cried out to me, "Papa is dying, and wants you to come and see him."

Her words gave me a terrible shock; first, to think that my friend was dying, and, second, to know what to do under the circumstances. However, I hastened with her to the house.

As I went into the room of my friend, he held out his hand to me, and in a feeble voice said, "Dave, the doctor says I have got to die."

Thinking to quiet him with some commonplace remark, I replied, "Well, I suppose it is appointed unto men once to die."

That is all I intended to say; but, as I finished those words, the latter part of the verse came into my mind, "after this the judgment." It not only came into my mind, but it loomed up before me like a big, black thunder-cloud, and fairly froze my soul with terror as I realized what it meant. I shouted it out at the top of my voice, "And after that the judgment."

I did not do it purposely, but I seemed to be carried along by an irresistible power.

My friend seemed to realize the meaning of the words as I had done; and he, too, began to repeat at the top of his voice, "And after that the judgment," "And after that the judgment."

He was as frightened as I was, and he began to shout to me, "O, Dave, pray for me, pray for me."

He might as well have asked me to die for him as to pray for him, for I could not do either; but I called to his little daughter, who was in the next room and who was an earnest Christian, "Mary, come in here and pray for your father."

The little girl came in, knelt down at the bedside, folded her hands; and, lifting her voice to God, she said, "Father, I thank thee for this hour," and then she poured out her soul in prayer as only a Christian girl could do under the circumstances.

My friend soon died, and I went back to my home stunned and bewildered. For weeks I went around in a dazed condition. I was like a blind man groping in the dark.

I went down to the office, and reported for work. The chief said to me: "W—, you are sick. You have been working too hard. Go home and take a vacation for a few days, or weeks if necessary, and when you are better come back."

I went home, but could neither eat nor sleep. Those words that I heard uttered in the sick-room of my friend were ever before me, "And after that the judgment."

Finally, one day I went into the woods; and, taking my pistol, I laid it down on the ground, and, opening a Bible and kneeling down, I resolved that I would blow my brains out if I could not find peace with God.

As I opened the Bible, my eyes rested upon one of the promises; I think it was John 6:37, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

I grasped at it as a drowning man grasps at a straw, and I held on for dear life, pleading that one promise over and over again until God forgave my sins and spoke peace to my soul.

My deliverance was so wonderful that I could not keep it to myself, and so began telling it to everybody.

God so blessed my testimony that different ministers urged me to go into the ministry. I had received no college or seminary education; but certain ministerial friends of mine laid out for me a course of study which I pursued under their direction, and was soon ordained to the ministry, in which I have continued for many years. So far as I know, I am the only minister in the country who had his training as a detective.

THE GRACE OF DOING WITHOUT.

126

President Frost, of Berea College, among the Kentucky mountaineers, relates:

"When up in the mountains, fifteen miles from Berea, I asked the hostess if she

ever went to Berea, fifteen miles away, for shopping. 'No.' 'When you cannot get what you need at the little store down by the creek, where do you go?' I asked. The mountain woman answered, with a frank smile: 'I go without.' And it appeared that she had never been to any town or city in her life. It is brought home to the visitor in this region that the number of things people can do without is very great."

Phillips Brooks in one of his greatest sermons says that men and women may be safely judged by what they are able to do without. As a man goes up in the scale of goodness, he cannot do without prayer, and kind deeds, but he can do without a great many self-indulgences. But as a man goes down in the scale, he gets so he cannot do without drink, or cards, and other sinful indulgences, but he can easily do without prayer or kindness.

THE LAMB IS ANOTHER NAME FOR LOVE.

127

Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll, the editor of the British Weekly, in a great sermon on the "Lamb's War With the Beast," has this striking passage:

"In that Lamb love was shown stripped of the veils that hide. The love of the Lamb is the spring of our love, the love of Christ which no sin can weary, and no lapse of time can change, all redeeming, all glorifying, changing even death and despair to the gates of heaven. That love may win fresh triumphs in the wilderness through our love. It does not matter whether you preach to great audiences or teach little children, or visit poor women in the slums. It will matter very much if you do not love. You might preach with the tongue of an angel, and if you had not love, it would profit you nothing. It is love, the love that Christ kindles, and only that will endure the frequent ugliness and loathsomeness and thanklessness and corruption and backsliding you must meet with day by day. Before you can open the sealed fountain of life in a dead heart you must first prove yourself to be a friend. I read of one Sister who went and sat by the bed of a young girl suffering from small-pox. "I did it," she said, "to prove to her that I was her friend, and she believed it, and the rest came right." Yes, it is the personal relation that has the real influence. "All love," said the mystic, "is returned in measure," and no saying is more true. Oh, but it is hard to love sometimes, when everything that was lovable seems to have passed away. But this is never quite true. There is always something that is lovable. A great writer has told with infinite pathos of how a son recovered his father. The old man had been wild and wicked, and was far gone down to hell. There was something about him so repellent, so hopeless that the son sat beside him when he was in a drunken daze, and wondered how he could ever love him again. But as he watched he saw the mark of some mending of the threadbare clothes, some poor, pitiful attempt at decency, and that very little thing called back the waters of the far ebbcd ocean of feeling, and his soul rushed out. Yes, a pin's prick will draw the heart's blood, and something in the lowest feels after the higher, not always perhaps. Mark Rutherford tells us that though the desire to decorate existence is nearly universal even amongst the most wretched, so that the worst of mortals will put a flower in the room or an ornament on the mantelpiece, yet in the alleys behind Drury-lane this instinct, the very salt of life, was dead. It was crushed out utterly, a symptom which seemed ominous, and even awful to the last degree. Yes, and then we must fall back on the love behind us, the love that found us.

Come spread abroad the Saviour's love,

And that shall kindle ours.

THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF SIN.

128

The Rev. R. J. Campbell, of London, paints these striking portraits, illustrating the consciousness of sin:

This man started life high in the social scale. He has come down. He has flung away his opportunities, he forfeited the regard of his friends, maybe he has broken his mother's heart, and brought down his father's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. Mark

him as he sits near you, shabbily dressed, unkempt, hopeless-looking, the flash of his eye dimmed, his manhood gone. If you talk to him about sin he might be impatient; but if you tell him he has made his bed and must lie on it, he will bow his head in shame, for he knows that it is true. What do you call that? Is it not a sense of sin? Close by him sits another. You have pitied the poor unfortunate. But here is one you may pity more. He is cursed with success, because the foundation of that success was laid in falsehood. Years ago he got his first opportunity by telling a black lie. He has succeeded; but if he could put the clock back and cancel that lie he would gladly give up all his success. But he cannot; other people are concerned beside him, and to publish to the world what he is and what he was would be useless now. He has nothing to do with religion, for he will not play the hypocrite. But his remorse is eating out his heart. With another instance I may cease. There is another here who fights with an evil propensity the very existence of which is a humiliation. He won a victory this morning, but he knows that to-morrow the fight will have to be fought all over again. He is wrestling with a demon, the existence of which none of his friends suspect. Oh! pity the man with a vile and secret sin. His despairing cry of agony rises up—"Is there no help for such as I?" All these things may exist without much thought of God. It is a remarkable thing that men may be tortured by conscience without thinking from whence conscience comes. And yet when they do associate it with the thought of God they become at first more dreadful, and afterwards more hopeful. They say as poor David said after his great fall, "Against Thee and Thee only have I sinned." There is the first dawn of deliverance, though they know it not. If conscience be not always the voice of God, it certainly is in the cases I have named. Sin is a fact, and the consciousness of sin is His summons to the hearts of all men.

BLOTTING OUT SIN.

129

Here is one of Campbell Morgan's clear and helpful illustrations setting forth the simplicity of the truth that God will blot out our transgressions:

A boy ran in to his mother one day after he had read that promise. "I will blot out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions." And he said: "Mother, what does God mean when he says he will blot out my sins? What is he going to do with them? I can't see how God can really blot them out and put them away. What does it mean—blot out?" The mother, who is always the best theologian for a child, said to the boy: "Didn't I see you yesterday writing on your slate?" "Yes," he said. "Well, show it to me." He brought his slate to his mother, who holding it in front of him, said: "Where is what you wrote?" "Oh," he said, "I rubbed it out." "Well, where is it?" "Why, mother, I don't know." "But how could you put it away if it was really there?" "Oh, mother, I don't know. I know it was there, and it is gone." "Well," she said, "that is what God meant when he said, 'I will blot out thy transgressions.'"

My brother, are you troubled about the past? Are sins of the past haunting you to-day? I do not ask you to make a list of them—you cannot do it; but I ask you to remember that the list is made. The whole black list of sins is before thee, and there comes thy way to-day the Man of sorrows and of tears, the Man of suffering and of triumph, and he says: "I will blot out thy transgressions."

THE DOWNFALL OF A HERO.

130

If the grave charges of immoral conduct which were to be pressed against Sir Hector MacDonald, Major-General in the British Army, who recently committed suicide in Paris, rather than stand trial by court-martial, in Ceylon, were true, the sad case is only another illustration of the fact that men of leonine courage and indomitable resolution in the face of danger and difficulties may be extremely weak in their moral nature, or particularly prone to yield to some special form of temptation. General MacDonald did that almost unheard-of thing—worked, or rather fought, his way up from the ranks to a commissioned officer's position in the British Army, and, not only that, to

very high rank in the service. The son of a poor crofter in the Scottish Highlands, and in youth a draper in Inverness, he served nine years in the Gordon Highlanders, winning distinction in the Afghan War, and early coming under the favorable notice of Lord Roberts. He might be said to have been one of Lord Roberts' "boys"—and it was Lord Roberts who to the last proved to be his best friend, advising him to return to Ceylon and meet the charges against him, making what explanation he could. "Fighting Mac" was at Majuba Hill, where, still fighting, he was taken prisoner, served in the Nile expedition of 1885, which undertook the relief of General Gordon, led a brigade of Egyptian troops in 1898 at Omdurman and at Khartoum, and in South Africa succeeded the lamented Wauchope in the command of the Highland Brigade. His breast was covered with medals, and his body bore the scars of honorable wounds. He was made a "K. C. B." in 1900, and was one of King Edward's aides-de-camp. Yet this lion of a man, who in spite of his humble origin was the pride of London, in some way not specified yielded to the impulses of appetite or passion, and at the very last shadowed his bright fame with the clouds of shame, or at least of suspicion.

THE LETHARGY OF JOHN SMITH.

131

An English minister recently reviews a book which has caught the attention of England, and points out its interest to Christians. America, too, has multitudes of brothers to this same John Smith in all her cities. A powerful and painful little book lately published under the title "From the Abyss" sketches a typical working man, John Smith by name. The writer foresees a not distant day when by the help of the policeman and the Peabody buildings, the ape and tiger instincts will be eliminated in man. He thinks that lives now insurgent and unconfined will become confined and acquiescent, that the block-dweller of the future will pass from the great deep to the great deep, vacant, cheerful, undisturbed by envy, aspiration or desire. John Smith represents half-a-million people. He lives in a four-roomed cottage at Camberwell with a wife and five children and a lodger. Six days of the week he goes early to his work at bricklaying; he returns at night to his pipe and supper, and perhaps goes around to the public-house to hear the news. On Sunday he sleeps late, but he has Sunday dinner, a stroll in Peckham Rye, and he closes his day with his companions at the Blue Dragon. So long as work is good and pay regular, he does not lift his voice in complaint. Intellectual interest he has none. He will not listen to lectures. He will read a newspaper, but the news does not stir him. He cannot be galvanised into utterance. He drifts to his work daily, dumbly contented if work is easy and lucrative, dumbly resentful if it is not, but dumb always. To the churches he is practically invulnerable. He has no quarrel with religion, but what faith he has is merely in a Deity of universal tolerance. He is common-place, respectable, and fairly virtuous. Yet he is an immortal spirit journeying between two eternities through a world of tragical meaning, to the significance of which he seems destined to be blind. There are, we are told, in this vast city hundreds and thousands of such, and the trouble about them is not that they are unhappy, but that being what they are they, they should be so happy. Against this apparent death of the spiritual needs and cravings, against this life under the low sky, against this apparent numbness of heart and conscience, the Lamb wages His War.

WHAT CHRISTIAN WORKERS NEED.

132

A Sunday School class was listening to a lesson on patience. This was what came of it, at least in the minds of the more literal-minded children:

The topic had been carefully explained, and as an aid to understanding, the teacher had given each pupil a card, bearing the picture of a boy fishing.

"Even pleasure," said she, "requires the exercise of patience. See the boy fishing! He must sit and wait and wait. He must be patient."

Having treated the subject very fully, she began with the simplest, most practical question:

"And now can any little boy tell me what we need most when we go fishing?" The answer was shouted with one voice:

"Bait!"

There are many preachers and Sunday School teachers, as well as parents, who ought to take this story to heart. Indeed, every disciple of Jesus ought to be a fisher after men, and there is no use going fishing without bait, and bait that will attract the fish.

A WONDERFUL CONVERSION.

133

One day, nearly half a century ago, a gypsy wagon stopped before a doctor's door in a little Hertfordshire town. There was a sick child inside. The doctor went to the door of the cart and looked at her. His verdict was instant:

"Smallpox. Get out of the town at once."

Under the doctor's directions, the father drove his wagon to an unfrequented lane, where he set up his tent. He kept the wagon at some distance from the sick-room, and there he, the father, remained to care for the suffering child. In a few days another child became ill. The father took him, too, not allowing his wife to come near. She cooked the food for the sick ones, and wandered up and down the lane almost distracted with grief. In her anxiety she crept closer and closer to the wagon, where her sick children lay, and so, probably through her mother-love, exposed herself constantly to contagion.

One morning she knew that the fatal disease had found her, too. The father was desperate. He loved his wife devotedly, and had tried his best to save her. Day and night for a month he had nursed his children. Now the wife was dying. From the first there was no hope for her or the baby.

Sitting by her bed, the husband asked her if she believed in God. Once, years before, he had been in prison upon some charge or other, and had heard the chaplain preach from the text, "I am the good shepherd." He could not read, and there had been no one to help him, but the sermon had made a deep impression on him, and through all his subsequent years of wandering he had not forgotten it.

"Do you try to pray?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, "but always there comes a black hand before me, and a voice says, 'There is no mercy for you.'"

Her husband hurried outside that she might not see his face. He was so utterly alone in his terrible need! His wandering life had left him small opportunity to form any permanent friendships in any of the places he visited, and his race was never regarded with favor. Now, moreover, the terrible disease from which his wife was dying, and his children suffering, still further cut him off from human help. Then from the wagon he heard his wife's voice:

"I have a Father in the promised land.
My Father calls me, I must go
To meet Him in the promised land."

The feeble voice sang the words clearly.

The man ran back. "Where did you learn that?" he cried.

The dying woman lifted her eyes to his, all the trouble gone from them.

One Sunday, when she was a child she told him, her father had pitched his tent upon a village green. The children were going to chapel, and the gypsy child had followed them and heard them sing those words. To-day they had come back to her with a wonderful message.

"I am not afraid to die now," she said. "It will be all right. God will take care of my children."

A day or two later she died—quiet and unafraid.

No minister, teacher, or missionary had ever come near her life, but through a

child's song, heard twenty years before, the mighty Lord had met the seeking soul and given it peace.

The dying woman was the mother of the famous evangelist, "Gipsy Smith."

RESPONDED TO A TRUE NOTE.

134

In a court of justice a number of violins were lying on a table. The ownership of one of them was in question. It did not differ in appearance from the others, but one witness said he would know it among a thousand. "I would know it," he said, "even if I were blind." "How?" asked the astonished judge. "By its voice," replied the old man. "It would speak to me as no other violin can speak. It is speaking to me now." And, listening, he bent low until his ear almost touched the instrument, and he grasped another that lay beside it, and with his right hand swung the bow across the strings. A low, deep, throbbing, pulsing note broke the stillness of the court room. When it ceased, with hand uplifted, and with bow pointing to the table where the other instruments still lay, the old player waited expectantly. Across the room, faint, yet clearly audible, came the sweet, low, throbbing note, yet far richer, sweeter, and purer, as though some celestial master-player had swept the strings. "That," said the old man, "was the voice of the violin. It has a soul, and it has speech. But a false note, rude sounds, or mere discord will not open its lips. So whenever I strike a true note, if the old violin be in the room, or near at hand, it will always answer." So there are in our hearts some rare hidden qualities, that do not appear on the surface. From them comes to the listening ear words like the music of the spheres. It is their delicately attuned souls responding to the divine call.

JUST IN TIME.

135

An interesting story is told of a home missionary who had been sent to a discouraged and scattered community, where he found few who were not indifferent to his work, who came, in his house-to-house visitation, to the last dwelling within his extended parish, and there received a somewhat reluctant invitation to supper.

After supper he talked to the family of his work, and tried to awaken within them some interest in it, but found them cold and disinclined to converse on religious or any other subjects. It was evident that they wished him to go, and he went out into the night.

It was several miles back to the village, and there was no house between at which he thought he would be welcome, so he went on, and called at several houses, without finding one where he could stay overnight. Weary and disheartened, he prepared to spend the night out of doors. He knelt by the roadside and poured out his loneliness and sorrow in prayer, and then went on, saying to himself, "The Master spent long nights out of doors for me; shall I not be willing to do as much for Him?"

It was too cold to keep still, and he walked slowly on, till the road, now quite strange to him, brought him to a little railway village. It was now past midnight, and the villagers had long since gone to bed. There was only one light burning in the town, and that was in the railway station. The minister went inside and warmed himself by the fire. No one was there but the night telegraph operator, who, sitting alone night after night, with nothing to do but report the passing of an occasional freight-train, was glad of a companion.

"Waiting for the next train?" he asked. "She's forty minutes late."

"No," said the minister, "I'm not going anywhere. I'd like to sit by your fire till morning."

"Glad to have you," said the young man. "It's very lonely here, and I'm glad of company—that is, when they're sober."

"I shall give you no trouble in that way," smiled the minister.

"You're a preacher, aren't you?" asked the operator.

"Yes."

"Don't see many of them here. I used to see them at home—in God's country. I was brought up that way," said the young man.

As the night wore on, and the two men got acquainted, the boy, for he was little else, told his life story. He had had a good father and a good mother, although both were now dead. He had had a religious training, too, but had grown indifferent, and was now—the whole truth came out at length—on the verge of a great temptation, and at the parting of the ways. His new friend had come just in time to awaken the memories of a better life, and to help him to be a true man.

Morning came, and after a breakfast at the hotel, the missionary took his way, on foot, along the railway to his parish, back to the difficulties of his work. "But I thanked God every step of the way," he said, "for the providence that denied me a home that night."

PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.

136

Speaking of his experience in Brazil, a Bible colporteur says: "While we were waiting for a friend who had gone for provisions, there suddenly fell upon us a mob of about thirty or forty persons, armed with sticks, swords, and pistols. They surrounded us so quickly, it seemed as if they had dropped down out of the skies. They were raging wild with excitement, and we thought we would be murdered. I breathed a silent prayer to God for help and deliverance. I took the Testament and read John iii. 16, and then, for twenty minutes, standing with uncovered head in the burning sun, I talked to them of God's great love. The mob at once began to quiet down; some dropped their stones and sticks, others put up their swords and pistols, and all listened attentively. Many seemed deeply moved, and some, with tears in their eyes, came up, and, throwing their arms around us, said, 'How is this? We have never heard such things before.' There could be no doubt that God had sent His Spirit to deliver us and them. We had a glorious time."

YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND TO-MORROW.

137

Martin Luther's motto was, "Live as if Christ had died yesterday, had risen to-day, and were coming to-morrow." Lucy A. Bennett, studying this motto, has written some impressive verses on the thought it suggests.

Live thou as if but yesterday
Were seen earth's greatest wonder,
When Christ, the Victim-Lamb, expired
Amid Golgotha's thunder.
Live as if yesterday He died
To woo thee to His riven side.

Live, too, as if this very morn
He rose from death victorious,
And captive led captivity
In resurrection glorious—
As if the Lord, this very day,
Stood where the stone was rolled away.

And live as if the coming dawn
Would see the Lord descending,
Ten thousand thousand angels fair
His Majesty attending.
Yea, live as if to-morrow's light
Would bring Him to Love's longing sight.

Rev. Mark Guy Pearse tells us how Mr. Boardman one day passing through a large city called on an old friend who was a shot manufacturer. His friend asked him if he would like to have the world under his feet. Mr. Boardman understood that they should go to the top of the shot-tower, and at once fell in with the proposal. As they went out he saw a stone staircase winding up into the darkness, and began to mount the steps. "No," said his friend, "you are going wrong. You must go down here. That is the old way—dark, dusty, and full of cobwebs. You would find a door near the top that is nailed up now. You would only knock your head, get covered with dust, and have to come down again. This is the way." And he pointed to steps that went down.

"Going down is a strange way to get up," thought Mr. Boardman.

"Now, all you have to do is to sit still."

"But I can never get up by sitting still," said Mr. Boardman.

"Trust me, and you will see."

Instantly they began to rise. They were on a lift, and in two minutes they were high above the city, to find the world under their feet.

Trusting God and following Him, though He lead us down, will put the world under our feet.

GOD WITH HIS PEOPLE.

139

John Wesley's dying words were, "The best of all is that God is with us." We read in Genesis how "the Lord was with Joseph" in the palace and the prison alike. So in the Acts we read how Christ was with Paul and Silas in the dungeon at Philippi. They could not sleep, but they could sing. Fox, in his "Book of Martyrs," tells of more joy in Bonner's coal-hole and in the Lollard's Tower than ever was known in the palace of any king. The martyrs "felt a heaven of joy while in a hell of pain."

IN THE HANDS OF OUR GOD.

140

A naval officer being at sea in a dreadful storm, his wife, who was sitting in the cabin near him, and filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised with his composure and serenity that she cried out, "My dear, are you not afraid? How is it possible that you can be so calm in such a dreadful storm?" He rose from his chair lashed to the deck, supporting himself by a pillar of the bed-place, drew his sword, and pointing it to the breast of his wife, exclaimed: "Are you not afraid of that sword?" She instantly answered, "No." "Why?" said the officer. "Because," rejoined the lady, "I know it is in the hands of my husband, and he loves me too well to hurt me!" "Then," said he, "remember I know whom I have believed. And that He holds the winds in his fists and the waters in the hollow of his hands."

AN UNEXPECTED CONVERSION.

141

Canon Aitken, the well-known missionary of the Church of England, recalls an incident in the history of his own father's work in Cornwall. Signs of a spiritual revival were showing themselves in the parish, but nothing decisive had happened. One evening a little group of the "village aristocracy" were sitting together in the hotel of the neighboring town, when the talk turned to the revival.

"I say, Captain Jim," said one of the company to a prominent mine-agent, perhaps the gayest of the little circle, "I tell you what it is; when I hear of your being converted I shall begin to think that there is something in it."

The hearers laughed, save Captain Jim, to whose mind the assumption of his hopeless state came with a shock. A little later in the evening the company gathered in the village schoolroom were astonished to see Captain Jim walk boldly up to the front seat.

Mr. Aitken announced that hymn of Wesley's, wherein this stanza occurs:

"Convince him now of unbelief,
His desperate state explain;
And fill his heart with sacred grief
And penitential pain."

As he heard those words, Captain Jim "fell on his knees before all the people, with a cry for mercy on his life." He, the unexpected one, was the first fruit of an extraordinary revival: he lived thereafter a godly life, and died a few years ago, "in the full faith of a Christian."

SHOWING AFFECTION TO THE OLD.

142

A recent writer sets forth with beautiful clearness our opportunity to bless the aged:

There is a pathetic charm about old age. We are sure that nothing is so lovely as the saintly old grandmother occupying her accustomed place in the chimney-corner. There is something that entrances while we watch the silver-haired patriarch as he fondles his darling grandchild on his knee. They are the salt of the earth, the treasure in the home, the familiar figures in community life. And more than this love of others, there is coming a time in our own individual history when we shall crave the caresses and love of friends. Old age is more keenly sensible to neglect than at any other time. It is not intentional—no, we may commit this neglect amid our devotion to and attendance upon other matters. We forget, however, that the inward craving of old age conceives of no apologies and knows no reason why the old-time caress and fondling should be things of the past. It transmutes everything into neglect. Age softens the heart and the soul pines for the touch of the hand that would stroke the golden locks of a prattling child. Let's love them more than by a mere sentiment! What would we do without these saints? Amid these reveries, we recall the lines of Elizabeth Gould:

"Put your arms around me—
There, like that;
I want a little petting
At life's setting,
For 'tis harder to be brave
When feeble age comes creeping
And finds me weeping
Dear ones gone.
Just a little petting
At life's setting:
For I'm old, alone, and tired
And my long life's work is done."

THE TREE THAT SHOCKS.

143

There is a peculiar tree in the forests of Central India which has most curious characteristics. The leaves of the tree are of a highly sensitive nature, and so full of electricity that whoever touches one of them receives an electric shock.

It has a very singular effect upon a magnetic needle, and will influence it at a distance of even seventy feet. The electrical strength of the tree varies according to the time of day, it being strongest at midday and weakest at midnight. In wet weather its powers disappear altogether. Birds never approach the tree, nor have insects ever been seen upon it.

The true Christian has many of the characteristics of this unique tree. The Holy Spirit living in our hearts gives us divine influence for the blessing of others, and, like the tree, we only have power when our Sun shines upon us. If we let the midnight

of gloom enfold us, we lose our power. But it is our privilege to have the light and power always with us.

THE DOOM OF SELFISHNESS.

144

The path of a man's life who is ruled by self ever leads downward. Many who are determined to have their own way end as did the Prodigal Son, feeding swine. Speaking of Robert Burns, Robert Louis Stevenson said: "Whether as a man, a husband, or a poet, his steps led downward. He had trifled with life, and must pay the penalty. He died of being Robert Burns." To prevent such catastrophes in human lives, Christ would set up his throne in every heart. "I will come to you." And where He comes the life is purified, the character transfigured.

"In Him all fulness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine."

THE OBLIGATIONS OF WEALTH.

145

Miss Helen Miller Gould recently said concerning the obligations of wealthy young women:

"There is one obligation upon all persons, rich or poor. We are required to do out utmost to use wisely the gifts which God has granted us; we are expected to live for others rather than for ourselves. The possession of wealth is an undoubted aid in bringing about the happiness of unfortunate ones, and the possessor may reasonably be expected to carry on a larger work than a person with very limited means. It is also true, however, that spending money is only one way of meeting our obligations. I have known many consecrated men and women, almost penniless, who carried on a great work for the Master, and they accomplished more real good than those whose labor ended with the distribution of wealth. They used the talents which had been given them, and their hearts' interest was in what they did.

"It is not enough that we should distribute alms. We should be careful to see that our gifts reach the proper persons, and are not placed where they will accomplish more harm than good. Many well meaning people expend their money where it really isn't needed, while they ignore the urgent cases which they might discover before their very eyes. They are not true to their obligations. They are not commanded to distribute money, but to do good to others, and their possession of wealth should enable them to do good largely.

"It requires time and attention to use one's gifts to the best effect, and comparatively few are willing to give the necessary time. It isn't right that we should give to unknown charities without investigation, and yet to investigate will require many hours, perhaps. That is the hard part. It isn't pleasant in the beginning to refrain from calling on one's friends in order that we may look into some appeal for aid which has been made. Yet if we make those social calls and neglect the call of duty we are not true to the obligation to consider others before ourselves. We are failing to make use of the gifts which God has granted us, of our capacity for doing good. But after a time, when we have become thoroughly accustomed to thinking of others before ourselves, our greatest pleasure will be found in acts of charity."

THE READER'S PRAYER.

146

Charles Lamb once said that he felt more like saying grace before a good book than before meat. H. H. Barstow, receiving his suggestion from Dr. Henry Van Dyke's "Writer's Prayer," in "The Ruling Passion," gives us a suggestive "Reader's Prayer:"

Lord, let me never slight the meaning nor the moral of anything I read. Make me respect my mind so much that I dare not read what has no meaning nor moral. Help me choose with equal care my friends and my books, because they are both for life. Show me that as in a river, so in reading, the depths hold more of strength and

beauty than the shallows. Teach me to value art without being blind to thought. Keep me from caring more for much reading than for careful reading, for books than the Book. Give me an ideal that will let me read only the best, and when that is done stop me, repay me with power to teach others, and then help me to say from a disciplined mind, a grateful Amen.

A GOD IN DISGRACE.

147

In 1896, the year of the heated canvass between Bryan and McKinley, one of the amenities of the campaign was the spectacle of an infuriated Chinaman chopping his wooden idol to pieces with a hatchet in the middle of a New York street. His wrath arose on this wise: He had displayed in front of his laundry the yellow banner of his country, and a warm Republican persuaded him that in order to make the flag acceptable to American eyes, it should bear on one side the name of Mr. McKinley. The Chinese consented to the addition and a cotton placard was pinned on, bearing the name of the Republican candidate. Along came a Democrat, influential in the ward, and seeing the legend, went in, and through an interpreter, gave the Chinaman to understand that the banner was not complete without the name of Bryan, so down it came, and a strip of cotton cloth, bearing in black letters the name of the Democratic candidate, was fastened on the other side. A few hours later, the man servant of a leading local Republican made his appearance with the family "wash," and seeing the name of McKinley on the banner, congratulated the Chinaman on his good taste, left the bundle and was departing, when his eye caught the legend on the reverse of the Chinese banner. Wroth at such duplicity, he went back into the laundry, cursed and smote the Chinaman, gathered up the bundle of clothing he had just delivered and carried it across the street to a rival Chinese establishment. The poor Chinaman instantly grasped the idea that he had lost a very profitable customer. Of course the idol was responsible, so he jerked it from the laundry altar, kicked it into the street, spat upon it, and after covering it with mud, chopped it to pieces which he carried back into his place of business and thrust into his stove.

THE DEVIL AS A BLACKSMITH.

148

The Rev. Samuel Chadwick, one of the brightest of the English preachers, has a new suggestion on the uses of Satan in this world which he illustrates by the following anecdote:

"I have seen a blacksmith stand on one side of his anvil, while the striker with his sledge-hammer stood on the other. The blacksmith would turn the iron over and over, and touch it here and there with his little hammer, and the heavy blows of the striker would mold and shape it to his will. But I could never see the object of the little hammer until I one day asked the blacksmith, and he told me that with his small hammer he directed the blows of the striker, touching the iron to show where the blow was to fall. God uses the devil to hammer the saints into shape, and makes him sweat to perfect the saints for glory. Instead of murmuring and complaining at our trials and temptations we should thank God for them, for they are the necessary means for our perfecting."

"THE CLOAK HE HAD WORN AT MARENGO."

149

Dr. E. S. Tipple has published an interesting article concerning Napoleon, in which he says that for some reason the great warrior always kept the clothes he had worn at Marengo—the hat, the uniform, spurs, and sword. They were as sacred to him as the so-called relics of the saints are to the Catholic devotees. He often put on the old faded uniform, and wore it, as, for instance, on the occasion when he took Josephine to the field; and on St. Helena, when loneliness and desolation laid heavy hands upon him, and the ghastly forms of his former greatness haunted his waking hours and tormented his sleep, the sight of his old Marengo uniform alone brought a gleam to his eye, and the memory of his triumph on that bloody field gave at least a small measure

of comfort. And chroniclers of the last days at St. Helena take pains to record that, when the exalted hero of a hundred battles lay dead, they covered his feet with "the cloak he had worn at Marengo."

There is no doubt that Marengo is one of the most famous battles in history. The story of it will never grow old. The attack, the rout of the French, the coming of Desaix, those memorable words late in the afternoon, "The battle is lost, but there is time to gain another," the opportune cavalry charge of Kellermann on the flank of the Austrian column, the swift overthrow of the Austrian standards, and the flight of the Austrian soldiers, the complete triumph of Napoleon—all this is familiar. The real significance of Marengo is that it was a victory on the field of a former defeat.

"The battle is lost, but there is time to gain another." What a message of comfort and hope for many a soul, who, defeated often by some overmastering passion, has lost hope and given himself up to despair. What a rallying cry this for all who daily walk on old battlefields, covered over with broken pledges, good resolutions, and shattered ambitions.

Who of us has not sometimes felt: "It is no use trying; I can never conquer this bad habit, or that; I shall never get the better of my surly or impatient tongue; I can never master my temper; I may as well give up first as last"? No; remember "the cloak he had worn at Marengo." However strong the habit, however frequent the defeat, though shame and despair cry at us from a thousand inglorious fields, we can overcome temptations which have often worsted us, and master faults which have caused us to lower our colors. Let us join battle on the same old fields. There is time yet for victory before the sun goes down. The day is not yet lost. There is at least the eleventh-hour chance for every man. There is deliverance from every form of slavery, provided our confidence is in God. He is the ground of our hope. When Edward, the Black Prince, saw his enemies for the first time, he said: "God is my help; I must fight them the best I can." Through him, and through him alone, we shall triumph valiantly, and be masters, soon or late, of every field.

HUMILITY AND REVERENCE.

150

The Rev. George Winifred Hervey relates that long ago, while pursuing investigations in the Astor Library, New York, he used often to meet there Prof. F. B. Morse, the renowned inventor of the electric telegraph. Once he asked him this question: "Professor Morse, when you were making your experiments yonder in your rooms in the university, did you ever come to a stand, not knowing what to do next?"

"Oh, yes; more than once."

"And at such times, what did you do next?"

"I may answer you in confidence, sir," said the Professor, "but it is a matter of which the public knows nothing. Whenever I could not see my way clearly, I prayed for more light."

"And the light generally came?"

"Yes. And I may tell you that when flattering honors came to me from America and Europe on account of the invention which bears my name, I never felt that I deserved them. I had made a valuable application of electricity, not because I was superior to other men, but solely because God, who meant it for mankind must reveal it to some one, and was pleased to reveal it to me."

This utterance by a distinguished man of science reminds us again, as many similar utterances have done, not only that true greatness has no vanity, but that superior minds, as a whole, reverently acknowledge the Supreme. They who climb highest see farthest, and the light which comes from above shines the longest way.

LIGHT FROM ABOVE.

151

At the completion of one of the Amherst College buildings, when President Hitchcock first assembled his geology class in a new recitation room with sky windows, this

was his introduction to one of his best lectures: "Young gentlemen, all the light we have here comes from above."

IMPERILLED BY SUCCESS.

152

A significant story of "fisherman's luck" is told by a correspondent of a Philadelphia paper.

The sportsmen who go every year to Bayside, N. J., for the fishing, have been disgusted this season by their failure. One of them, however, who is an enthusiast in the sport, remained after the others left, in the hope of a catch. He had been watching the net for hours, when he saw the floats suddenly swish around under the impetus of a heavy body. He knew at once that a big fish was enclosed, and began to pull in with energy. Just as he had the net well in hand, standing in the front of the boat, the fish gave a heavy lunge and broke away for freedom. The fisherman was taken by surprise, and the sudden jerk threw him off his balance into the water. Happily, a companion saw his predicament and threw him a line, by which he was drawn on board. Then, with the aid of his rescuer, he caught the net with a hook and captured the biggest sturgeon of the season.

It was well for him that some one was near enough to save him, otherwise he might have lost his life in securing his prize. There are some who have lost their souls in that way. In trying to win a fortune, they have been drawn into sin, and have sunk beyond redemption. To all who are so tempted, the words of Christ should come like a warning voice: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

THE GLORY OF THE HUMBLE.

153

Charles M. Sheldon writes of a woman of his acquaintance as follows:

"She was just an ordinary woman, without much leisure or time for culture. She did not know the difference between an Ionic and a Doric column in architecture, and she was not 'up' on china-painting or the Roman emperors. But she brought up three children to tell the truth, to love God, to love their brothers, and to do honest labor with their hands and not be ashamed of it. When she died the papers did not notice it, but the Recording Angel said, as he reached for a fresh pen and turned over to a clean page: 'A queen is coming; get her throne ready.'"

Who of us does not know of more than one queen like that?

A CHILD'S FAITH.

154

Bishop C. K. Nelson, of Georgia, tells a pretty story of the simplicity of a child's faith in God:

The little daughter of an Atlanta man had been taught to kneel each night at her crib and repeat little prayers. When the family were leaving the boarding house in the mountains where they had spent the Summer, the child was told to say good-bye to the others in the house. This she did, and then insisted on going back to her room. Her mother followed, to see her daughter go straight to the crib, kneel down, and, folding her hands, say gravely:

"Dood-bye, Dod."

Then she was ready for her journey.

CAREFULNESS OF SURGEONS.

155

It is an object lesson in godliness to see a surgeon washing his hands after performing an operation, says The Chicago Chronicle. He works, of course, with sleeves rolled up to the elbow, so that the washing extends from the crazy bone to the tip of the finger nail. First, there is a hard scrubbing with plain soap and sterilized water. This is followed by a swabbing with tincture of green soap and sterilized water. Then comes a genuine scouring with equal parts of quicklime and soda in sterilized water, and finally a rinsing in solution (1 to 2,000) of bichloride of mercury. Without these

four separate washings no surgeon would think of venturing out to scatter germs of disease.

This ought to suggest to us the importance of keeping our own hands clean spiritually and morally if we are to deal wisely and safely with immortals who are influenced by us.

TRIUMPH OF WILL POWER.

156

Dr. David Gregg recently repeated a story illustrating Napoleon's undaunted will and his ability to command will power in others:

The army of France stood silent and still before a wide river over which it was necessary to throw a bridge.

"Measure this river," said Napoleon to the engineer.

"I cannot, Sire," was his reply, "for I have no surveying-instruments with me."

"You must." And Napoleon, who gave the order, was a man who never allowed his will to be thwarted. "You must, or lose your place."

Necessity was the mother of invention, and the engineer on the spot invented a method so simple that any one could apply it. He used the walking-stick which he carried in his hand. Sighting it to his eye as one would sight a gun, he drew a bead upon a spot on the other side of the river, and then, imagining himself a pivot in the centre of a circle and the line which he sighted the radius of a circle, he wheeled half around on his heel, keeping the walking-stick as though it were still drawing a bead. With his eye upon the spot to which the walking-stick pointed, he paced off the distance between him and it, and then turned triumphantly to Napoleon and said, "Sire, the distance is just fifteen hundred feet."

And it was exactly fifteen hundred feet, as the bridge afterwards demonstrated.

THE MARKET FOR SONGS.

157

A recent poet brings out clearly the world's longing for the voice that cheers and inspires. Tears are not sought after in the market, but there are many buyers for cheerfulness. Our singer says:

Oh! sing in the day-dawn, and sing in the night!
Oh! sing as the star-gleams emerge into light!
Oh! sing in thy sorrow and sing in thy mirth,
Evermore may thy music ennoble the earth.

No market is waiting for tears or for sighs;
Go stifle thy moanings! Go dry thy wet eyes!
Go bury thy troubles, deep hide them with care,
The world will not question if any be there.

Fling free on the ether thy happiest strains;
Thy harps on the willows give but doleful refrains.
Chanting only of blessings go journey along—
And the world will be sweeter for hearing thy song.

A TIME FOR TROUBLE.

158

A hard working woman whose ready help and abundant sympathy for the troubles of others make her the best of friends, lately gave her recipe for cheerfulness. "Why, it's no credit to me to keep cheerful," she said to a doleful visitor one day. "It's only that I have got into the habit of having all my uncomfortable feelings at one time. Mornings, after my husband's started off, I do the breakfast dishes before anybody else is likely to drop in; and if there's anything worrying me I just attend to it then. If I don't get it thought out enough, it has to go over until next day.

"You select a few minutes like that in the early morning when you're fresh, and

do up your worries for the day, and then put 'em out of mind, and you'll find it's the easiest thing in the world to keep cheerful the rest of the time and be ready to attend to other folks's troubles."

What a vast gainer the world generally would be if only people would tidy up their worries when everybody else is out of the way.

HARD HEARTS.

159

A bright preacher, speaking of the heart, recently said:

The heart is often the poorest organ of all. How many small hearts there are! A broad, catholic, generous impulse never visits them. How many cold hearts! Men sustain the relationships of life, and discharge all its duties, without a spark of the heavenly fire of a deep or tender affection. As Charles Reade describes one of his characters: "Meadows never spoke of his mother; paid her a small allowance with the regularity and affectionate grace of clockwork." How many have hard hearts! We might justly compare them with marble, only they are not so white. The hearts of men are not infrequently their most contemptible part; while every other faculty has been nurtured to its highest, those fine feelings which are the distinction of our humanity are starved.

CHRIST'S COMPASSION.

160

Rev. Campbell Morgan tells two Bible stories in this picturesque way:

Two men in the life of Jesus came to him—and one never can read the story of either without feeling how poor was the faith of each.

One said: "Lord if thou wilt, thou canst." Don't you see, he wasn't perfectly sure that the Master was willing, but he ventured on him. He came to him on a crutch, because he could not walk straight, and the crutch was a little "if"—"if thou wilt."

The other had to get another crutch, a crutch for the other side, and he said: "If thou canst do something for my boy, do it." And how did the Master deal with this man?" Did he say, "No, I cannot help you; your faith is not strong enough; you haven't confidence enough"? Not he. If a man got to him, he didn't care. It is better for a man to come with, "Lord, thou canst," "thou wilt," and "I believe"; but if you cannot come that way, come the other way. Come with your "if." "Lord, if thou canst make me clean, do it; only I come to thee."

"A MIDDLIN' MAN OF GOD."

161

The phrase occurs in a recent book, where one of the characters remarks: "But I'll tell you this: a middlin' doctor is a pore thing, and a middlin' lawyer is a pore thing, but keep me from a middlin' man of God." The words are quaint, but they embody, all the more strikingly from their very quaintness, the conviction of the average layman of our church, and other churches, as to ministerial mediocrity—"Keep me from a middlin' man of God." When a man needs a lawyer, he gets the best he can pay for—the man with most experience, most knowledge of law, most tact, and most influence. According as he gets the best, or the best procurable, he feels his case safe. When a man needs a doctor for himself, or some one loved better than self, he gets the man whose experience, whose skill, whose knowledge of medicine, and whose success in treating disease, give his patients the certainty that all that can be done will be done to palliate or to cure. So, when men need a minister—and they need a minister all the time—they naturally want the best they can get.

This applies equally as well to laymen. It is as bad to be a poor Sunday school teacher, or a poor church official as to be a poor preacher. How the church would blossom if every man and woman in it did their best.

POOR MEN WHO ARE TRUSTED.

162

That character is not a thing of salary, and that priceless honor is often hidden.

under the humblest clothes, is brought out very clearly in a recent magazine article discussing the multitudes of poor men who own priceless secrets.

On the Thames marshes there is a small cottage which hides the secret Russia offered £40,000 for a few years ago, namely, that concerning the situation of the submarine mines which guard the metropolis. The cottage is stationed among dozens of similar structures, and five men, who go to and from their daily work like ordinary beings, alone know which it is and how the electric switchboard it contains can be so manipulated as to sink a powerful fleet in ten minutes. Any of these trusted servants could sell his secret for a fortune without the slightest difficulty, and yet is content to toil for a pound or two a week and preserve an unbroken silence.

At a certain seaport on the east coast there lives a grocer who could let his premises to a European Power at a rental of thousands a year if he chose. The reason for this is that adjoining his cellars are the passages communicating with the mines which control the entrance to the harbor, and even he is not permitted to gratify his curiosity, for several sets of doors, fitted with secret locks, defy the intrusion of any unauthorized individual. The key to the mine chamber will probably be found attached to the person of a non-commissioned officer of the local garrison, for such priceless secrets are always intrusted to reliable non-coms. passing rich on half a crown a day.

A LIFE FOR A HAT.

163

A workman fell from the sixth to the first floor of an elevator-shaft in a great New York building. He fell head foremost, and was instantly killed. His hat was seen falling before him, and it is thought that he dropped his hat, reached over after it, and was struck into the pit by the descending elevator-cage. A life for a hat! Yes, and every day lives are thrown away for things more worthless even than that. A life for a glass of whiskey. A life for a pack of cards. A life for a bunch of cigarettes. A life for a dance in a ballroom. A life for a theatre ticket. "All that a man hath will he give for his life"—when he knows what he is about; but so few know what they are about! There is nothing in this world held so high as life—and nothing so cheap. Let every Christian know and teach the supreme value of life. It is the doorway to eternity. More than that, it is the guide-post for eternity; and whatever direction it takes, along that line we must forever go: down after a hat, or upward after God.

AN ARTIST'S CONVERSION.

164

The Bishop of Uganda was at one time a young artist. He was engaged in painting a picture, which he hoped would find a place in the Academy. It was the figure of a lovely woman struggling up a street in a wild, stormy night, the sleet driven by the wind into her face, a little baby at her bosom. And doors and windows were shut in her face. The picture was called "Homeless." As the man painted it and the artist's imagination filled his soul, it seemed to come to him as a living reality, and he put his brush down and said, "God help me! Why don't I go to lost people themselves instead of painting pictures of them?" Then and there he consecrated himself to God. He went to Oxford University, and in due course he entered the ministry.

After working in the slums of two of our cities, the conviction came to him that he ought to go to that part of the world where men seemed to be most lost. He came to the conclusion that East Africa was the place where he was most wanted. One day there came a message from the Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, asking whether he would be willing to be the leader of a party that was to go to Uganda.

In due course he was consecrated Bishop, and he has brought to his high post rare gifts of administration, and an enthusiastic love of souls.

GROUND TO POWDER.

165

A gentleman relates this incident which happened upon the St. Lawrence river:

Among the passengers on the boat was a loud and fluent talker who set up for an

atheist. He cared more for disseminating his opinions than for viewing the scenery; but especially broke forth at dinner, and occupied the time to the disgust of most of his hearers, asserting, among other things, that religion was an exploded superstition that men had outgrown; that in another fifty years Bibles, churches, and piety would be things of the outworn past. "They say," he said, fiercely, "that their Christianity shall become a mountain, and fill the whole earth. A stone growing! Yes, it will grow as much as any other stone," and so on. He looked about for the effect of his words, and met the eyes of a lady whose whole face expressed horror. He said, flippantly: "Miss, I seem to have alarmed you—you look frightened."

"I am," she responded, promptly, "for you. 'Whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken; but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder.'"

She did not wait for the effect of her words. They were spoken, not too loud, but with terrible intensity. With the last syllable, she sauntered out of the saloon. A profound silence fell on the company, during which our loud blasphemer slipped into his state-room.

Late that evening the gentleman who tells the story heard one of those men say to another: "Grind him to powder! What a fearful expression!" That Christian woman's testimony had not been in vain.

THE TWO PARTS OF PRAYER.

166

Modern science has many illustrations full of suggestion for the Christian. A recent writer finds one concerning prayer in Marconi's invention. He says:

When Marconi's receiver first took up the message previously agreed on, all the essentials of the system were established. Messages across the Atlantic could go both ways as well as one. So, we begin with a message from God, which had been previously arranged, and henceforth pray with the assurance that God hears. But do we as confidently expect to hear directly from God?

A Christian lady, whose name was not given, said to an acquaintance—a returned missionary—"Do you know the two parts of prayer?"

"I am not sure that I do," was the answer. "What are they?" "Why, if I have ten minutes for prayer, I take five minutes in telling the Lord what I have to do, and what I seem to need, and then I take five minutes to wait for my answer, and," she continued, "you would be surprised to know some of the wonderful things God has said to me."

A ship with a Marconi receiver in mid ocean, getting news from home, and warning of danger ahead! A heart in tune with the Infinite! What possibilities are here! I am acquainted with a working man, who after eating his mid-day lunch, spends the remaining minutes of the hour of rest in waiting on God. He says that at such times he hears and sees wonderful things of the Spirit. Why not? The prophet says, "I will stand upon my watch, and set me upon the tower, and will watch to see what He will say unto me."

OUR EOLIAN HARP.

167

There is a story of a German baron who made a great Eolian harp by stretching wires from tower to tower of his castle. When the harp was ready he listened for the music. But it was in the calm of summer and in the still air the wires hung silent. Autumn came, with its gentle breezes, and there were faint whispers of song. At length the winter winds swept over the castle, and now the harp answered in majestic music.

Such a harp is the human heart. It does not yield its noblest music in the summer days of joy, but in the winter of trial. The sweetest songs on earth have been sung in sorrow.

WHAT PRAYER IS.

168

Rev. Dr. O. P. Gifford has three telling illustrations concerning prayer in a dozen lines from one of his keen-cut sermons:

The Bible is an art gallery whose walls are hung with pictures of men at prayer. Men in all ages, under all conditions, have prayer. The body is bound to the earth by the force of gravity, mind goes out to mind in thought, heart goes out to heart in love, the soul goes up to God in prayer. There would be no civilization without gravitation, there would be no mental life without exchange of thought, there can be no spiritual life without prayer. Prayer is the soul's gravitation toward God, prayer is the soul's exchange of thought and life with God.

In prayer we do not so much seek to yoke God's will to the chariot of our purpose, as to find what God's will is concerning us and get strength to do it. We do not so much seek to get favors from God as to get God Himself. We bring our needs to Him that He may satisfy them or show us how needless they are; we bring ourselves to Him that He may fill us with Himself.

THE MAGIC OF KINDNESS.

169

A woman whose kindness and loveliness have made her a large circle of friends was, when young, the only homely, awkward one in a class of exceptionally beautiful girls. She fell into a morose, despairing state, gave up study, withdrew into herself and grew daily more bitter and morose. One day the French teacher, a gray-haired old woman, with keen eyes and a bright smile, found her crying:

"What is the matter, my child?" she asked.

"O, madame, I am so ugly!" the girl sobbed out.

She soothed her, and taking her into her room, said, "I have a present for you," and handed her a scaly, coarse lump covered with earth.

"It is round and brown as you. Ugly, did you say? Very well, we will call it by your name, then. It is you. Now you shall plant it and water it and give it sun for a week or two."

The girl planted it and watched it carefully. Green leaves came out first, and at length a beautiful golden lily.

"Ah!" said madame, significantly. "Who would believe so much beauty and fragrance were shut up in that ugly thing? But it took heart and grew into the sunlight!"

PRIDE BEFORE A FALL.

170

Six persons have recently perished in the Alps, all on the famous Wetterhorn, the peak which has a strong attraction for daring mountain climbers. Two of the travelers whose lives were lost were Englishmen, a clergyman and a civil service inspector. Each man had a guide, who shared his fate. The other two were a Scottish banker and his guide. A detailed story of the manner in which these two met their death was given to a local clergyman by another Scotchman, who accompanied them in their adventurous journey. He says that, steep as they found the mountain to be, that was not the source of the chief peril. They were in greater danger from the condition of the snow. The ascent was accomplished safely as the snow had frozen during the previous night. The scene from the summit was magnificent, and the two travelers, with their guides, stayed for some time resting and enjoying the view. When the descent began, the snow had become soft under the rays of the sun, and the journey was fatiguing. Less than half the distance had been covered when a cry was raised by one of the guides that an avalanche was coming. In two minutes the mass was upon them. It passed over them, throwing all down, and went rolling on down the mountain side. The man who has lived to tell the story hurried to the side of his friend, but found him dead, as also was the guide to whom he was tied. His own guide was unconscious. He was revived, but his head had been injured and he was delirious. From two o'clock until ten o'clock the one man sat there on a ledge of rock listening to the raving of the injured guide. At last a party of guides made their way to the scene of the disaster and carried the dead bodies and the two survivors, one of whom was almost dead, to Grindelwald. The traveler who tells the story says that

those eight hours of vigil on the mountain ledge were the most doleful he ever passed in his life. Happily for him, rescue came in time to save his life. It was an experience he will probably never forget. The death of two of his companions, and the injury to the other, must have impressed him with the folly of voluntarily incurring dangers which could bring no advantage. Wise is the man, who, not only in physical, but in mental and spiritual matters, can say with the Psalmist:

"My heart is not haughty, nor mine eyes lofty; neither do I exercise myself in great matters or in things too high for me" (Ps. 131:1).

THE CHRISTIAN LIKE A DIVER.

171

The Rev. Dr. H. H. Johnston declares that the Christian in the world is like a diver who goes down in the sea.

His life-work is in a world where the forces are alien, and tend to destroy his life. He is in that world, and yet not of it. His life is drawn from above, where his native air is supplied by a constant connection with the sources of supply. So long as that supply of life-giving air continues unbroken he is able to accomplish his task, notwithstanding the adverse conditions, and to realize his victory over opposing forces, because of his vital connection with the power and life from above. It is a life of constant faith, of constant dependence, of constant activity, while the time is given to work, for the night will soon come.

So ought it to be with the Christian. The mere statement of the case makes the truth apparent. It is a demonstration of the need of that habit which grows out of constant communion with God which brings the conscious, vital union with the Spirit of Christ, so necessary to every soul, and so certain to result in the precious fruit of victory over sin and achievement of duty with joy. It is living "risen with Christ," with the affections set upon the things which are above. It is the normal, blessed life of the child of God.

CHRIST'S SHEEP KNOW HIS VOICE.

172

A man in India was arraigned, some years ago, for stealing a sheep. He was brought before the judge, and the supposed owner of the sheep was also present. Both men claimed the sheep and had witnesses to prove their claim, so that it was difficult for the judge to decide to whom the sheep belonged.

Knowing, however, the custom of shepherds and the habits of the animal, he resorted to the following expedient. He had the sheep brought into court, and sent one of the men into an adjoining room, while he told the other to call the sheep and see if it would come to him; but the poor, frightened animal, not knowing the "voice of the stranger," would not go to him.

In the mean time the other claimant, in the adjoining room, growing impatient, and probably suspecting the nature of the experiment which was going on, gave a kind of "cluck," upon which the sheep bounded to him without a moment's hesitation. This "cluck" was the way in which he had been used to calling his sheep, and it was at once decided that he was the real owner.

This incident is a beautiful illustration of John 10:4, 5: "And His sheep follow Him, for they know His voice. And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him; for they know not the voice of a stranger."

A SUMMERTIME CONVERSION.

173

The editor of the Congregationalist tells the story of a most interesting conversion which is full of suggestion to Christian workers.

A company of summer campers sat together under the trees on Sunday as the sun was setting and sang songs and hymns. Under the influences of the quiet woods and the gathering twilight some thoughtful words were spoken revealing inner experiences and aspirations. Then one young woman, who was a stranger to most of the company, said she had resolved to live for Christ and that she took that occasion

to avow her purpose for the first time. Her statement was unexpected, for the gathering was informal and it was not a revival meeting; but it was in harmony with the spirit that had been awakened and it left an agreeable impression.

A gentleman present sought the young woman after the meeting dispersed and advised her to tell her decision to the pastor of the church she attended, on her return home, and to enter into fellowship with the church. To his surprise she flatly refused. She told him that she knew hardly any one in the church, that she was a working girl whom the people would not welcome into their society, that they were cold and indifferent and that the pastor had never shown any interest in her. The gentleman wrote a note to the pastor, mentioning the incident and commending the girl to his attention, and the matter passed from his mind.

Several months later the young woman called at his office. She told him she had a Sunday school class of young ladies, all of whom wanted to be Christians, and that as he had helped her at a critical time, she had ventured to ask his counsel how to guide those in her charge. She was animated and earnest, and her eyes kindled as she spoke of her interest in others, in marked contrast to the reserve and indifference she had shown in that first interview. "Why," said he, "you told me the people in the church looked down on you because you were a working girl, and that you could not feel at home with them."

"O," she replied, "that was because I didn't know them. When I came back home last summer, I found some of the people welcomed me. I went into the Christian Endeavor Society, and now I'm an officer in it. When I came to get acquainted with the people I found them delightful. I can't tell you how kind they are to me, nor how I enjoy working with them for the church. All my Sunday school class love me and they will all come into the church, I am sure. I want to show them how to work for Christ and I want to do more for him myself."

"WOULD JESUS CHRIST SELL OUT?"

174

A certain mining company was coming to grief. The shareholders would sustain very heavy losses. Among them was one much liked for his genial ways and kindness of heart. One who was in the secrets of the company determined to advise him to sell out. He went to see him and hinted that it would be to his advantage to sell quickly.

"Why!" asked Mr. N—.

"Well, you know, the value of the mines is greatly depreciated."

"When I bought the shares I took the risk."

"Yes; but now you should take the opportunity of selling while you can, so as not to lose anything."

"And supposing I don't sell, what then?"

"Then you will probably lose all you have."

"And if I do sell, somebody else will lose instead of me?"

"Yes, I suppose."

"Do you suppose Jesus Christ would sell out?"

"That is hardly a fair question. I suppose He would not."

"I am a Christian," said Mr. N—, "and I wish to follow my Master, therefore I shall not sell."

He did not, and soon after lost everything, and had to begin life again; but when men in that part want to point out a Christian they know where to find one.

GOOD ENOUGH FOR HIM.

175

Professor James M. Black, the well known singer and musical composer, tells the following little story:

"I think I met the prince of pessimists at Ocean Grove last summer. I went into the auditorium early, and as I had just arrived and felt rather lonesome, I went over and sat down by the only other person in that neighborhood. Feeling disposed to be

sociable, I entered into a little conversation with him, which was interrupted when Bishop FitzGerald rose to open the services. The bishop's full, round voice filled the place, and his earnestness moved me to express myself. As he sat down, I turned to my neighbor, and said:

"That is good; the bishop is the right man in the right place.' He looked very dubious, and, shaking his head, remarked:

"He does very well, but things don't go like they did when Stokes was here.' 'That so?' said I. 'No, not by a long shot,' said he.

"Then the preacher came on, and he took us all up on Pisgah's top, I thought; anyway, I felt good, and, turning to my long-faced brother, I exclaimed:

"That's fine; I could have listened another half-hour!"

"'Pretty fair, pretty fair,' said he, 'but he can't hold a candle to the men we used to have here.'

"I looked at him pretty hard, and thinks I to myself: 'What sort of a chap are you, anyway?' Then I reached for my hat, and straightened up and said:

"Come along down to the beach, I guess we want some sunshine.'

"Away we went, striding along the shore and drinking in the salt breeze, and I felt better and happier every minute. Standing on the sand and watching the big rollers chasing one another up the beach and breaking at our very feet, I exclaimed:

"Now, that's the grandest sight on earth! Can anything compare with that?"

"But my lugubrious friend was again shaking his head, and saying in doleful tones:

"It's nothing to what it used to be.'

"Well, I thought it was time for him and me to part company, so I said 'Good-morning,' and went off down the boardwalk alone.

"The bishop and the morning preacher and this old ocean were all good enough for me."

POETIC JUSTICE.

176

A baker living in a village not far from Quebec bought the butter he used from a neighboring farmer.

One day he became suspicious that the butter was not of the right weight, and, therefore, decided to satisfy himself as to whether the farmer was honest or not. For several days he weighed the butter, and then found that the rolls of butter which the farmer brought were gradually diminishing in weight. This angered him so that he had the farmer arrested on a charge of fraudulent dealing.

"I presume you have scales?" the judge said, inquiringly.

"Yes, of course, your honor."

"And weights, too, I presume."

"No, sir."

"How then do you manage to weigh the butter which you sell?"

"That's easily explained, your honor," replied the farmer.

"When the baker commenced buying his butter of me, I thought I'd get my bread from him and it's the one-pound loaf I've been using as a weight for the butter I sell to him. If the weight of the butter has been wrong he has himself to blame, not me."

A WOMAN'S CHEERFULNESS.

177

Ten men and a woman landed in New York on November 6, after a terrible experience. They had been on board a vessel of Nova Scotia, bound for Buenos Ayres. After leaving port, they had fair weather for thirty-five days, and had reached a point only fifteen degrees from the equator, when, without warning, their vessel was struck by a hurricane. It tore the sails to shreds and broke the masts, leaving jagged stumps twenty feet above the deck. The vessel was completely disabled and beyond control. Signals of distress were hoisted, and lights were burned at night, but they were not

seen. Twenty-seven days they stayed on the crippled vessel, which drifted helplessly on the waves. They then decided to abandon the ship. The remaining provisions, little more than bread and water, were put on board the boat that the storm had spared, and the little party set out, hoping to reach land. Ten days and nights they were exposed to the weather before the lookout gladdened every one with the cry of "Land ahead." It proved to be Grenada, the most southern of the Windward Isles. They were hospitably received, and were sheltered and cared for until a passing steamer called at Grenada and brought them to New York. The crew say that during that terrible time of suspense and hardship, the strongest sank in despair. They would have completely lost heart and given up the struggle had it not been for the cheerfulness and courage of the only woman on board, the wife of the captain, a lady only twenty-three years old, whose untiring devotion and unwavering hope gave courage to all. Even a strong man could have been better spared from the boat than she, who cheered and encouraged the others. So much can the small and the weak do in the work of the world.

God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty (I. Cor. 1:27).

"GOD DON'T CARE."

178

"See that young Arab curled up in the doorway? That's 'Wicked Jim.' Little more than a kid, but he's been in prison fifteen times. Foxiest little thief in the city. He's a case for you."

A policeman crossing a London street one chilly morning, met a city missionary and gave him this introduction to his new "case."

The missionary thanked his informant, and immediately walked over to the shivering boy.

"Good morning, Jim! Had your breakfast?"

"Nary a crumb."

"Neither have I. Come on!"

"What d' want o' me? I ain't been hookin' nothin'."

"Never mind. We'll go in here, and see if we are hungry. By and by we can talk."

The gentleman led his suspicious captive into a restaurant, where the sight and smell of good cookery very soon produced their expected effect. Seated with his new friend at a neat table in one of the alcoves, the ragged youngster expressed himself in a long whistle.

A hot breakfast and a few kind inquiries soon loosened his tongue; but he was shy of "Sunday-school fellers," and frankly said so.

"'Taint no use. All the perlice knows Wicked Jim. Can't anybody make me any better?"

"God can."

"He don't care."

"Yes, He does. He cares for all the Wicked Jims in the world. He brought things round so that I should happen along here and find you this morning; and He'll make a good boy and a good man of you, if you ask Him."

"There ain't no way for *me* to git a livin' but just steal."

"Tut, tut, my lad! Not so fast. We'll change all that. You give a good try yo'rself, and there's hands and hearts to help you up."

Warmed and fed, and presently washed and clothed at the mission—for his rescuer had no mind to let him slip away—the young vagabond looked in the glass and took his first lesson in self-respect.

It was a step toward character. He went higher when the honest ways to "git a livin'" were opened to him. The touch of love and goodness killed the notion that "God don't care."

During one of his English meetings a lady came to Dr. Torrey asking, "Can you talk with me? I have no assurance that I am saved."

The ever-ready Bible was turned over to John iii. 36. "Do you believe on Christ?" "I do not know." "Do you believe He died on the Cross, and bore your sins?" "I do not know." "Do you believe in His power to keep you from sinning? Have you asked God for Christ's sake to do this? Have you got a real faith in Christ, that leads to absolute surrender? Have you surrendered all to Jesus?" "I have." Then read, 'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life?' Who does that verse say has everlasting life?" "He that believeth." "Who says so?" "God." "Is it sure?" "Yes." "Very well, what is sure?" "That he that believeth hath everlasting life." "Do you believe on the Son?" "I do." "What have you got?" "Oh, I do not feel I am saved." "I did not ask you what you felt. Suppose you had committed a crime, that you had been condemned, and that you were awaiting execution. Suppose that the King pardoned you, and that somebody brought the pardon, signed and sealed by the King. What would you know?" "I would know that I was pardoned." "How would you know it?" "Because I saw the document." "Well, here is God's document, and it says, 'hath everlasting life.'" "After you had seen the King's document, suppose someone should say, 'Are you pardoned?'" "I should say, Yes, because the document says so." "Do you feel pardoned?" "Very likely you would not; it would be so new, so sudden, so good, that you could not realize it. You would say, perhaps, that you did not feel it, but you knew. What does this document say, 'hath everlasting life.' Does it say he that feeleth so?" "No." "He that believeth;" is that a description of you? Read your own name in 'hath.'" "Oh," she cried, "I see it. I see it."

THE PASSWORD.

180

The following story is told in the Advance:

"Mr. George H. Stuart, acting as the representative of the Christian Commission during the war, asked the colonel the password; he wished to go out of the lines. 'Chicago,' said the colonel. But the sentry said it was not the word, and came near shooting him in the night.

"He went back to the colonel, who said: 'What a fool I was! That was yesterday's word, I remember; today's is 'Massachusetts.' Mr. Stuart, after giving the right word, added:

"'And now my young friend, let me ask you if you know the password to Heaven?' 'Thank God, I do, Mr. Stuart,' he said; 'I learned it from you in a Sunday-school class, years ago, and, I trust, have acted on it: 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.'"

THE LOVE OF THE LAMB IS A MIGHTY LOVE.

181

An English preacher recently said:

Our love is so feeble, feeble even when it is strongest, unable to avert the pain, the sin, the doom from the dearest. Would God I had died for thee! Oh Absalom, my son, my son! The grief and remorse of that cry ring down the centuries even to this hour. We love, and our love cannot redeem them. Often it seems to us that power is loveless, or even at strife with love. But in the Lamb power is love, and in the end the Universe shall know it. We are not left alone to fight this battle. Behind us are the reserves of Heaven, and the grace which will hold us up as Christ held up to the end of the hard day.

Power is love—transports, transforms
Who aspired from worst to best
Sought the soul's world, spurned the worms'
I have faith such end shall be;

From the first, Power was—I knew
Life has made clear to me
That, strive but for closer view,
Love were as plain to see.

RAISINS FOR BULLETS.

182

When urging the need of force and power in Christian work, Dr. Talmage once illustrated the subject by relating the following incident:

When the Scottish Covenanters were at one time in battle, their ammunition gave out, and they were waiting for bullets. They expected a barrel of bullets. A barrel came down, but it was the wrong one, sent by mistake. It was a barrel of raisins. They knocked out the head of the barrel with intense eagerness, and then sat down in defeat.

"O sirs," said Dr. Talmage, "in the church of God at this day we want less confectionery and more of the strength and trust and power of the omnipotent gospel—we want bullets, not raisins."

A GRASP OF THE ALL-CONQUERING HAND.

183

Amid the stress of a great battle, the Duke of Wellington ordered a young officer to charge and take a most destructive battery crowning a hill. The difficulty of the undertaking was appalling. The officer looked toward the spot where the order would take him, then, turning to the Duke, said, "I can go, sir, if you will give me one grasp of your all-conquering hand." The grasp was given and he sped to his duty.

The Christian need never lack for such inspiration. The hand of the Captain of our salvation is ever within our reach.

THE COMING PROFESSIONAL.

184

Mr. Moody once related an incident illustrating how he was first led to realize how "professional" he was growing toward those less fortunate in life than he. He was sent for by the mother of one of his Sunday school pupils, who had been accidentally drowned. He went to the house and talked with the woman; told her he would see that a coffin was sent up, and that he would come on the day appointed to conduct the funeral. Then accompanied by his little daughter, he started for home. They walked in silence for a time, when the child said: "Papa, suppose we were very, very poor, and I had to go to the river every day to get wood; and suppose I should slip in and be drowned, wouldn't you be awful sorry?"

Mr. Moody says it was then and there that he awoke to the fact that he was getting "professional." Folding his darling to his bosom with a strong embrace, and lifting his heart to God in prayer, he turned and retraced his steps to the poor woman's door. On being admitted, he grasped that weeping mother's hand, wept as if his child and not hers had been snatched away by death, and got down to pray. This time professionalism was gone; now he really took a part in the "fellowship of her suffering."

HOW ONE MAN SAVED SIX HUNDRED.

185

Before the negro slaves in the British West Indies were emancipated, a regiment of soldiers were stationed near one of the plantations. A soldier offered to teach a slave to read, on condition that he would teach a second and a third, and so on. This he faithfully carried out, though severely flogged by the master of the plantation. Being sent to another plantation, he repeated the same there, and when at length liberty was proclaimed throughout the island, and the Bible Society offered a New Testament to every negro who could read, it was found that the number taught through this one man's instrumentality was no less than six hundred.

Gambling by means of "penny-in-the-slot" machines has become one of the most dangerous of all the traps set by the devil for boys and young people generally. Jeremiah has a prophecy which covers the case of these evil inventions:

"For among my people are found wicked men; they watch, as fowlers lie in wait; they set a trap, they catch men. As a cage is full of birds, so are their houses full of deceit; therefore they are become great and waxen rich. They are waxen fat, they shine; yea, they overpass in deeds of wickedness. . . . Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord. Shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?" (Jer. v. 26-29.)

THE ROSE CURE.

187

Roses as a cure for many of the little aches and pains of life, says The Chicago American, are advocated by those who believe our mental condition has much to do with our physical pains. It has been discovered that a rose will cure the headache. Its perfume soothes the nerves and the brain is rested by its color. Recline on a pillow of roses if you can. If you cannot do this, lie and look at a few of the flowers. Tie up your head with a rose perfume if you have it, and, like the famous London beauty, pull the flowers to pieces, sniff deeply the rose, let your eyes look long at the peculiar tint in its depths, and cure yourself. If you will give half an hour to this cure, you will find yourself much refreshed in every way.

So spiritual unrest may be lulled into quiet by coming into contact with the beautiful spiritual blossoms which grow in the garden of God's Word. If when we are restless, and troubled, we meditate upon God's goodness, and read the great promises, we shall inhale the divine fragrance that will give us peace.

NO STUFFING ALLOWED.

188

The pride of James Gordon Bennett, the elder, in the great newspaper he had built up was proverbial, and he had a particular aversion to anything that savored of disrespect on the part of his employes when speaking of its contents.

One of his editorial writers ventured to compliment him one morning on the general character of that day's issue.

"There was a lot of good stuff in the paper this morning, Mr. Bennett," he said.

"Stuff?" exclaimed the editor. "Stuff? What do you mean?"

"I mean the—the matter on the editorial page," replied the other, somewhat taken aback.

"Then say so," rejoined his chief, with a frosty gleam in his eye. "If you value your job, young man, never call anything that goes into the New York Herald 'stuff' again as long as you live."

That is a good illustration for the average man concerning his own life. We should do our best every time. The amount of padding that is put in robs many lives from being splendid, who might otherwise lead in usefulness.

A HAPPY FATHER.

189

An editor thus describes a father's meeting with his daughter at the train:

On the long platform of the great railway station stood a portly and prosperous looking gentleman waiting for an incoming train. His sleek appearance showed that he was careful of his clothes, and his air of well satisfied dignity did not encourage undue familiarity. As the train rumbled into place and came to a stop, a crowd of boarding school girls, with great chatter and many delighted squeaks, began crowding tumultuously from the cars and greeting with merry cries the friends who were waiting to welcome them home for the holidays.

Suddenly from the middle of the merry throng sprang a good-sized whirlwind. It rushed toward the dignified gentleman who was calmly waiting. Her dress suit

case flew one way and her umbrella another as she leaped upon him and clasped him about the neck with a hug which would have done credit to a cub bear. His hat flew off, his coat was torn open and he staggered under the impetuous force of the assault. Of the sleek and dignified person so lately standing calmly on the platform only a wreck was left. But he looked happy.

How much it means when the Psalmist says "Like as a father pitieth his children."

"WILL YOU BE THERE?"

190

A Sunday school superintendent in New York stopped a little boy on the street and asked him if he would attend his school. The invitation was refused. He asked him if he would not come to hear the music and again it was declined. He told him of the illustrated pictures and the attractive books and the boy only continued to decline the pressing invitation. The superintendent was turning away with discouragement when the boy cried after him, "Will you be there?" and when assured that he would, then said the boy, "I will come." It is a homely illustration but it teaches this lesson, that beyond the power of music or illustrated papers or books was the power of this enthusiastic Christian superintendent. It is when we are thus filled with the Spirit of Christ that the world will know that the Christ of Nazareth and Bethlehem is not a myth but a living power.

A HUSBAND WON BY PRAYER.

191

The late Rev. Henry Simon used to tell how once at Westminster there came into his vestry a woman whose husband was a disgraceful man, and poured out a story of sorrow and pain, chiefly for the sake of the minister's sympathy. Mr. Simon listened, and then asked his visitor if she remembered the Syro-Phœnician woman and the centurion whose servant was ill.

"Yes," she replied.

"Well," Mr. Simon continued, "do you not think that you and I may believe for this husband of yours?"

The two knelt and prayed for the man, and those who have heard Henry Simon know what that prayer would be.

The following Sunday evening Mr. Simon saw the man walk into Westminster Chapel, and take a seat in a corner. He came again and again, and finally asked to be admitted into the church.

Years after Dr. Davies, of Yale, first heard Mr. Simon tell this story, the two met again.

"Do you remember that incident?" the American minister asked.

"Oh, yes," was the answer, "and you will be pleased to know that the man and his wife are still on the rolls of the church at Westminster."

A GOOD WOMAN IN THE BACKGROUND.

192

In 1780, just 122 years ago, Robert Raikes, a good man of Gloucester, England, was spending much time and money in an effort to evangelize and reform the unfortunate inmates of English prisons, with meager and discouraging results. An earnest and practical little woman met him on a street in Gloucester, and calling his attention to the multitude of ignorant, wild and immoral children of the factory hands, seething and swarming on the streets said: "Mr. Raikes, instead of spending all of your spare time and money in trying to reform 'hardened jailbirds,' why don't you spend some of it in an endeavor to rescue these children before they become hardened criminals and the hopeless inmates of jails?" He was overwhelmed with astonishment that such a thought had never entered his mind before.

When Eli Whitney, experimenting with straight pins on the surface of a revolving cylinder, despaired of inventing the cotton gin, the good woman with whom he was

boarding, spoke three words which revolutionized the industry of our Southland and made "Cotton King." And those three words were: "Crook the pins!" It was a man's hand which Paul saw in a vision beckoning him to Europe, but in reality it was a woman who first welcomed and gave him European hospitality in her own house and home. It was Barbara Heck, who jerked a deck of playing cards from the hands of the backslidden Wesleyan preacher and startled and started him to preaching the Gospel on the shores of a new world and introducing Methodism in the Western Hemisphere. And it was the faith, education, prayers, and training of Susanna Wesley in the hearts and minds of her children which made Methodism itself possible.

BRIDGING A CHASM.

193

Dr. Alexander McKenzie, in one of his sermons, tells a pretty story of Louis Agassiz, the great scientist. As a child Agassiz lived in Switzerland, on the border of a lake. He had a younger brother, and one day, the two lads started to cross the lake. It was frozen, and the ice looked safe enough, but their mother watched them.

"The boys got on very well till they came to a crack in the ice, perhaps a foot wide. The mother could not call to them, although her heart failed her as she thought, 'Louis will get over well enough, but his little brother will try to step over and will fall in.'"

"As she watched, she saw Louis get down on the ice, his feet on one side of the crack, his hands on the other side, making a bridge of his body, and the little brother crept over him to the other side. Then Louis got up and they went on their way."

It was like that Jesus Christ bridged the chasm for us all.

"RIGHT UP TO DE HANDLE."

194

A gentleman relates his experience with a little colored bootblack only thirteen years of age. He says:

I could not help noting his right and just pride in his perfected work, and I said, encouragingly and approvingly:

"You certainly do good work, my boy."

"Yes, sah," he replied. "I loves to make 'em shine right up to de handle."

Now this poor black boy had in him a strong element of success in life combined with a high ideal. His ambition to make the shoes of his patrons "shine right up to de handle" was as worthy an ambition as that of the artist who spends his life in the endeavor to paint a great picture. The boy's highest reward was not the money I had paid him; it was the beautiful perfection of his work.

I felt interested in the boy who could take such pride in his humble occupation, and I said to him:

"I suppose that some day you will be having a bootblackening establishment of your own."

"Yes, sah," he said, "I is aimin' at dat very thing, sah; an' when I gits hit, hit'll be a place whar all de gemmen kin git de bes' shine in de city. Dat's what I is wurkin' fo', sah."

It was, after all, a high ambition because it was an eager striving for perfection in one's work. It was a higher ambition than that of the boy who longs to acquire great wealth for wealth's sake alone. I do not think that I shall ever forget that little black boy and his swelling pride in doing the very best work it was possible for him to do. He will rise to the full height of his calling, and that is all that God expects any of us to do.

SOULS IN DANGER.

195

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman uses this illustration in one of his recent sermons:

One morning at breakfast there was a cry of fire. The family rushed from

the house only to find that the house was burning slowly and that they could easily return and save some of the valuable furniture. One old sideboard in particular was an object of great value to them. The father, standing in front of the sideboard, pulled it and the boy behind it pushed with all their might. They got it to the door, but it stuck in the doorway and was so large that it filled it completely. The flames by this time were on the father and he must run for his life, but his boy was a prisoner. He stood outside the window and looked in and then did just what every father would have done: he took hold of the iron bars and, pulling with superhuman strength, it would seem, broke away the stone casing above and below, and saved his boy. It has always seemed to me that this was a good illustration of that concern which would fill every soul did we realize that men without Christ were lost.

I gave that illustration to a distinguished friend of mine and he said, "I will use it," and he did apparently with no effect. The more he enlarged upon it the more the people seemed to be amused. Walking home from the church at night with his wife he said, "Why was it that that illustration did not seem to grip anything?" and she said with a smile, "You forgot to say that the house was on fire." What a ridiculous thing it was for a father to be pulling away at the iron bars when the boy could easily have been liberated in some other way; and what a ridiculous thing it is for us to be in an agony about souls, to preach in season and out of season about rescuing souls unless we show that there is something from which they must be rescued.

THE INDEPENDENT SPIRIT.

196

She always had a good time, the other girls said of Jessie—said it half-enviously, some of them. Her home was an old-fashioned, rather shabby house, where the furnishing and style of life were of the plainest, but she welcomed her friends there cordially, and shared with them what she had without pretence or apology. She wore her plain clothes in the same way—prettily and daintily made, but inexpensive always—and made the most of whatever pleasures came in her way without regard to appearing in costly array.

"You seem to get as much satisfaction out of everything as if you were independently rich," said a discontented acquaintance one day. "I don't see how you can."

"Well, if I am not independently rich, I am independently poor, and I suppose that's the next best thing," laughed Jessie.

After all, it is the independence that counts rather than either the wealth or the poverty. The simplicity of standing for just what one is, without sham or pretence, lifts a burden of fret or anxiety, and leaves the spirit free.

KEEPING IN TUNE.

197

A musical instrument can only be kept in tune by keeping it in use. Our faculties get out of tune also by disuse. A great pianist said that if he failed in his practice even for one day, he noticed the difference in his playing; if for two days, his friends would be aware of it; and if he missed his hours at the instrument for three days the public would know it. The spiritual life is still more sensitive to lack of prayer and reverent meditation.

THE BLIND MAN'S REPLY.

198

The Rev. John Mitchell relates the following incident of a noted infidel who, traveling in a car in which a minister was seated, at once commenced an argument with the clergyman in a loud tone that could be heard all over the car. Among the passengers was a blind man, who for a time listened attentively. Seeing he was giving attention, the infidel turned suddenly to him in a pause in the discussion and said:

"Do you, sir, believe in a God, who has made this beautiful earth, and the sun

to shine upon it, and who has adorned the heavens with myriads of stars, and yet without any offense on your part, has deprived you forever of the power of beholding them?"

"I am surprised, my dear sir," replied the man, "that you should ask me such a question. I do believe in the existence of God as firmly as I do in my own, and I could doubt the one as easily as the other. There is, however, one thing that strikes me as being very peculiar in what you have said. When you reason of God you do not seem to be governed by the same principles as when reasoning about men and the common affairs of every-day life."

The infidel denied the inference, and the blind man continued: "Suppose, on reaching your home, and one entering your room, you find a lighted lamp upon the table—what will be your conclusion?"

"Why," answered the infidel, with a sneer, "I shall conclude that some one placed it there."

"Well, then, when you look into the heavens and see those innumerable lights of which you have spoken, why do you not come to the same conclusion, that some intelligent being placed them there?"

OWNERSHIP IN EAGLES.

199

Among the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico and Arizona there is a property right in eagles. Each clan claims ownership in several eagle nests, which may or may not be near the place where the clan lives. When the nests are distant from the villages where the Indians claiming them live, it has been found that the ancestors of these Indians came in former years from the localities where the nests now are, and they point to the fact that these nests are theirs as proof that they also, by inheritance, own the land round about them.

Driven into new locations by marauding Navajos and Utes, these Pueblo Indians have steadily contracted their occupied territory, but they still visit the old nests, as their forefathers visited them before the white man came to Mexico. Some of the Pueblo Indians, the Zunis, for instance, keep eagles in cages and treat them as domestic fowl, but the most of the tribes procure their eagles by taking the young from the ancestral nests. These Indians keep turkeys also, but neither turkeys nor eagles are kept for food. With the feathers of the birds the Indian decorates himself and his "prayer sticks" on occasions of religious ceremony. The various tribes respect one another's property rights in certain nests and the birds which are hatched in them, and a heavy punishment is provided for an Indian killing an eagle not his own.

Sometimes the nests are fifty miles from where the tribe lives, but investigation always shows that the tribe lived once where the nest is. Generations without number the eagle builds his nest in the same spot and rears his young there. So the title of the Pueblos reaches back into the twilight of American history. Those Pueblo Indians speak of their eagles as they do of their sheep, their dogs or their horses. Though the king of birds may be flying wild half a hundred miles from the Indian's abode, yet it is the Indian's eagle.

This custom reminds one of that splendid Scripture in Isaiah which promises that "they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles."

THE SHINING PROMISE.

200

A recent writer discussing the promises of the Bible, uses this comforting illustration:

If we write with lemon juice the words will fade, leaving no trace; but in exposing the writing to heat every word comes out bold and clear.

The promises of the Bible in like manner fade away and hide themselves till

we pass through the fires of affliction. We read those promises in the sunny hours of youth, and they do not have any special meaning to us. But when trouble comes, the passages that before seemed pale and dim as though written with invisible ink begin to glow with meaning. There is no commentator like experience, no teacher like sorrow. The promises look new to us when seen through our tears, as the familiar stars look new and strange when seen for the first time through a telescope. A wash of tears wonderfully clarifies the vision to see new meanings in God's Word.

Life's declining years, too, make the promises appear the plainer, just as night when the shades gather throws the firmament with its milky way into brighter relief. Then the twenty-third Psalm is written anew—anew in patience and hope, while through the gloom with its premonition of earthly parting that wraps about the life are seen with greater clearness "Thy rod and staff they comfort me."

COSTLY FORGETFULNESS.

201

Many persons have been obliged to plead guilty of forgetting to do a promised service, but few have paid so heavy a penalty for the lapse of memory as has been paid by a clerk in the postoffice of a country town in New York state. An elderly bachelor of considerable wealth resided at some distance from the town. He had a large number of friends whom he delighted to entertain at his hospitable mansion. A few years ago he made his will, in which he made several of these friends legatees to the extent of three thousand dollars cash. Among them was the postoffice clerk in question. A few months ago he was visiting the old gentleman, and, when he left, he readily undertook to mail a letter to a Chicago firm, which his host handed to him. It happened that the letter was important, and when the Chicago house failed to act on the instructions contained in the letter the writer was indignant, and denounced them. They replied that they had not received any such letter, but shortly afterwards wrote again, saying that it had just been delivered, and enclosed the envelope, the stamp on which showed that it had not been mailed until three weeks after it had been handed to the postoffice clerk. The old gentleman did not complain to his forgetful friend, but he promptly made a new will, in which the postoffice clerk's name did not appear among those of the legatees. It was a severe punishment, but the testator probably thought it was an indication that his friend was not so mindful of him as he should have been. Little things often serve as indications of character.

TWO WAYS OF DEALING WITH STRANGERS.

202

This story sets forth the two methods of conducting a city church, with remarkable clearness. The one will always be empty and the other always full. The one useless, the other useful:

A young man moved from a small village to a large city. He knew everybody and was active in the church in the place where he had grown to manhood. The first Sunday he spent in his new home, he was homesick for the village church, where he had worshiped and worked. He entered a large and beautiful church of his own faith within a few doors of his residence. Not a person recognized him. He took a seat by the door, and at the close of the service passed out without a word of welcome or greeting from any one. Sick at heart and deeply hurt, he related his experience, with tears, to his mother. She encouraged him to try again and to try somewhere else.

In the evening he sought another church of his own denomination many blocks away. As he crossed the street in front of the church he paused under the gaslight at the street corner trying to muster up courage enough to enter. A young man hurried to him and extended his hand, with a frank smile, spoke in a bright and cheery manner:

"You are a stranger, I see."

"Yes, sir," replied the country boy.

"I am glad to see you; come right in."

As they entered the door, the sidewalk watcher called another young man and said:

"Here's a stranger. See that he gets a good seat and is made acquainted with some one."

He then returned to his post on the sidewalk. The young man took the stranger by the hand and said heartily:

"You are welcome. Come with me."

An usher was called. The stranger was introduced. He was taken to a seat. A hymn book, open at the page of the hymn which was being sung, was placed in his hand. He was urged to feel at home and not hurry out after the service. At the close of the sermon the usher said:

"I see you have a good voice and like to sing; do you read music?"

"Yes, sir," replied the stranger.

"The young fellows in our church have a male chorus and I know they will be glad to have you join them. May I introduce the leader to you?"

Before a reply could be given, the leader was called and introduced. A cordial invitation was extended to the stranger to meet the young men and sing with them at their next rehearsal. The stranger went home with a glow in his heart that again brought tears to his eyes as he related his next experience to his mother, but they were tears of joy. As a matter of course, the stranger was welcomed, encouraged and captured. He is now one of the most active workers in the great church. It need not be said that this church is the religious home of a mighty army of devoted, enthusiastic young men who delight in doing what they can to fill every seat in the large auditorium.

A HEART FULL OF FIRE.

203

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon once related a story which illustrates the necessity of feeling in our inmost souls the truth which we would impress upon others. In relating the incident, Mr. Spurgeon says:

I stepped out, as one of the speakers was delivering a very pretty oration, and I went into a neighboring house to speak with a woman who wished to join the church. It was not in London. When I entered the house, there was the husband horribly drunk; he had got his wife up in a corner and was with all his might trying to beat and bruise her, and he was even tearing her arms with his nails till the blood freely flowed from her arms and face. Two or three friends rushed in and dragged him away. She said she had endeavored, in all meekness, to persuade him to allow her to go to the house of God that night, and the only reason why he ill-treated her was because he said she would always be going to that place of worship.

When I had seen that sight and looked on the poor, bleeding woman, with tears in her eyes, I went back into the place and spoke like a man who had got his heart and his whole body full of fire. I could not help it—I was all on flame against the sin of drunkenness, and sought, with all my might, to urge the members of the church to do all they could to scatter the light of the Gospel in a neighborhood which was so dark and black and filthy and abandoned.

And I think it would do all of us good when we are about to preach if we were sometimes to be dragged through some of the worst parts of London to let us see the wickedness of it. It would do our Sunday school teachers good, many of them, for they would then be more in earnest with their children, and I think it would do good to some of our old friends, who sit and sleep almost all the service through, and are never much more than sleeping partners in the concern. If they did but know how the battle was going on—how tough the struggle and how stern the conflict, they would wake up from their slumbers and go forth to the battle and

stand shoulder to shoulder and deal blow after blow against the common enemy of our Lord Jesus Christ and of the welfare of man.

CONSECRATING OUR GIFTS TO JESUS.

204

The Rev. G. Campbell Morgan has this striking illustration about Consecration:

If you have entered into this life of fellowship with Him, no single coin of your wealth or talent of your personality have you any right to call your own or offer Him a tenth of; the whole belongs to Him. And you have no right to hide the talent and say the Master is austere. Said a young man to me a little while ago in Chicago, "I have decided to follow Christ wholly, and consequently I have given up painting." I said, "You have no right to rob Christ of a gift God bestowed upon you in creation; get out your palette, bring back your brushes, mix your colors in the light of the heavenly vision, and fling a picture on the canvas for the sake of Christ." He who emptied heaven to redeem you asks but little when He asks that you should empty your whole life out in sacrificial service for Him.

ARE YOU A CHANNEL?

205

Dr. J. E. Carson, of New York City, said to his congregation one Sunday morning that every saved man was either a channel through which the Spirit of God was reaching the unsaved, or a barrier preventing the Spirit from doing His work.

One of the trustees of the church said to himself on the way home, "Am I a channel or a barrier?" That night he could not sleep, and cried out, "Oh, Lord, make me a channel!" Almost the first thought that came was that there were some men in his employ to whom he had never spoken a word about Jesus Christ. He confessed his fault, and told the Lord that if He would make him a channel he would speak to these men.

The first man that entered his office the next morning was his confidential clerk, who had been with him eighteen years. The merchant said, "Edward, haven't I been a good employer to you?" "Yes, sir." "Have not I treated you well?" "Yes, sir. Why, sir, what have I done," said the clerk, "that you are going to discharge me?" "Edward, I am on my way to Heaven, and I want you to go with me." Tears came into the eyes of both men as Edward took the merchant's extended hand, and said, "I will, sir." Doctor Carson afterwards received eleven men into his church because this trustee had consented to be a channel for the Holy Spirit.

WEAVING THE HAPPINESS ROBE.

206

There is a story of a dear, quaint old lady, whose days were full of kindness, and whose hands were seldom idle. She was showing some treasures of handiwork, and among other things brought out a soft, silken quilt, daintily stitched and finished.

"Why, auntie, you did not make this whole pretty slumber robe out of just those odds and ends of silk you were gathering?"

She nodded and laughed.

"There are bits enough in the world, child, to make almost anything we want, if only we are willing to save the bits and take pains to put them together," she said. "The reason for most of our doings without is that we want our material all in one piece—yards and yards of it so that we can lay on any pattern we like and cut it out easily. But it doesn't come that way usually. Strength, leisure, money, education—we seldom get any of them in the lengths we want, but putting the bits together will work wonders if only we learn how to do it. 'Slumber robe?' Is that the new name for this kind of quilt? Well, the happiness robe is made in the same way, out of the bright little odds and ends that come to us daily."

ONLY LOVING THEM.

207

A baby carriage stood in front of a small shop. In it slept a pretty dimpled baby. A drowsy puppy lay on the pillow, its black nose close to the baby's cheek. By

the carriage stood a ragged little waif, dirty, and but half-clad. She stroked in turn the baby and the puppy. A lady, passing by, noticed the strange picture—the beautiful baby, the little dog, the ragged child. The baby's mother was in the shop.

"Are you caring for these?" said the lady to the waif. A smile lit up the dirty little face.

"No, please, ma'am, I'm only loving them."

"I GAVE THEM MYSELF."

208

A successful mother, talking with a friend the other day, said:

Said a mother to me one day, "When my children were young I thought the very best thing I could do for them was to give them myself. So I spared no pains to talk with them, to read to them, to teach them, to pray with them, to be a loving companion and friend to my children. I had to neglect my house often. I had no time to indulge myself in many things which I should have liked to do. I was so busy adorning their minds and cultivating their hearts' best affections that I could not adorn their bodies in fine clothes, though I kept them neat and comfortable at all times.

"I have my reward now. My sons are ministers of the gospel; my grown-up daughter is a Christian woman. I have plenty of time now to sit down and rest and plenty of time to keep my house in order, plenty of time to indulge myself, besides going about my Master's business wherever He has need of me. I have a thousand beautiful memories of their childhood to comfort me. Now that they have gone out into the world, I have the sweet consciousness of having done all I could to make them ready for whatever work God calls them to do."

LOVE FOR THE MOTHER.

209

Margaret Bottome tells this beautiful story which has a message in it for many sons and daughters as well as fathers and mothers:

There are some pictures too sad almost to look upon, and one of these is to see a wife and mother who has laid her life down for her family, when slowly fading out of sight receiving at last the tenderness—the softened love tones of those most dear to her, for which she had hungered for many a long year. Still, better even so late than not at all; but do you not think with me, it is better to recognize our angels now? Will you not act on this suggestion? I met a beautiful woman the other day who reminded me of a time when at a seaside resort I gave a talk to young girls—this beautiful girl had just come to remain a week. I talked that day about our mothers, how much they were to us, and how we should miss them when they left us, for, of course, they could not always be with us, and how we should regret the little attentions we had missed giving them. This beautiful girl, an only child, took it all in; she said she could hardly wait for me to get through. She left on the next train for home, and startled her mother by her sudden return. Her mother exclaimed, "What is the matter?" "Oh, mamma," she said, "I have come back to be attentive to you. You won't die, will you, till I am a perfect daughter?" Long after that I met that mother on a train and she said to me, "I always thought I— was about as good as she could be, but from that day she returned from the sea that summer she was absolutely perfect." That mother has gone on and that daughter is now a mother herself, and she has not to regret that she was not everything a daughter could be to a mother. There are too many daughters who act as if their mothers were their servants. I am not talking to mothers just now, or I should say, be careful! What some might call your unselfishness may ruin your daughter, and she in turn, ruin others.

A WOMAN WHO LOST HER LIFE FOR HER JEWELS.

210

A melancholy incident was recently reported from Passaic, New Jersey. A large

brick house occupied by three families caught fire. It was discovered early in the morning before any of the inmates had left their beds. It started in the basement and spread from front to rear before they were awakened. When they heard the alarm they found that the way of escape by the stairs was cut off, as they were already blazing. They went to the windows in the front, and their eyes were soon gladdened by seeing the fire engines come to the scene. The firemen reared their ladders against the house and began taking the people down one at a time. The safety of all seemed assured, and indeed it was thought at first that every one had been rescued; but, later, one of the ladies remembered that while they were waiting for their turn at the ladder, her friend ran to her room to save her watch and rings, which in her hurry she had left behind. She thought she would have plenty of time to go and return before the ladder was taken away. She was, however, not among the saved, and as the house was then a seething mass of flames, it was vain to think of rescuing her from death. Her charred body was found among the ruins after the fire was extinguished. Everyone can see that she was foolish to imperil her life to save her jewelry; but how many there are who, like the young ruler, are committing the infinitely greater folly of imperiling their souls rather than lose their property.

He went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions (Matt. 19:22).

THE WEIGHT OF THE ROPE.

211

That great geologist, Professor Agassiz, was in the habit of going through the mountains of Switzerland accompanied by his attendants, who would let him down the side of the great precipices by means of a rope and basket, that he might carry on his work of discovery. They were always instructed to weight him before the descent began so that they could be sure of his being safely lifted up at the end of his day's work.

But one day the descent was deeper than ever, and they let out all the rope fastened to the basket. When the day's work was done and the signal was given to let him up he could not be raised, and it was necessary for the attendants to make their way up the mountain and secure additional help. When the professor was at last raised, they found out that the reason why they could not lift him was because, while they had tested his weight as he stood in the basket they had forgotten to take into account the weight of the rope.

It is thus that it becomes a difficult thing for one to be a Christian after he has constantly refused to accept God's mercy, for every time he refuses, at the next invitation he must pull against the last refusal. "Today if ye will hear His voice harden not your heart."

A MODERN HERO.

212

A young banker, a member of the Church of Christ, was called upon to respond to a toast at the State Bankers' Association banquet, in Indianapolis. He was asked to speak on behalf of the rising generation—the younger bankers of Indiana. He did so in a very honest, manly and straightforward manner. At the close of his speech he proposed to drink a health to the older bankers of the state, whose wise counsel and kindly consideration had so aided the younger men in their efforts; and there in the presence of 200 guests, the wealthiest and most fashionable of Indiana's people, who had been sipping costly champagne and Rhine wine from thin and delicate glasses, this young business man, in his maiden speech, dared to say: "I propose that we drink a health to the older bankers of the state, and that we drink it in clear, cold, pure water!" Every glass was raised, and as they drank pure water, every guest felt the force of the object lesson. It took courage to teach that lesson, but it was well taught.

This beautiful story from the southern mountains teaches the old, old lesson of the power of goodness incarnate in a human life:

A young minister was traveling on horseback through a mountain district. One day he noticed groups of people coming from every direction, many of them having evidently walked a long distance. It was not Sunday, yet these people were dressed in Sunday garb, and everywhere was the deepest solemnity. In response to the inquiry if a protracted meeting was going on, a mountaineer answered:

"Naw, mister, but Miss Margaret's dead."

"Miss Margaret?" the stranger asked, inquiringly.

"You'uns don't know Miss Margaret? She was the best woman ever lived an' she's dead." There were tears in the man's eyes.

"Are all these people going to the funeral?"

"Deed they is, mister; it'll be the biggest funeral ever seen in these parts."

Deeply interested, the minister attached himself to one of the silent groups, and passed on with the long procession. It was a never-to-be-forgotten scene.

The meeting-place was a plain, rough school-house. The cheap, plain coffin, the poorly dressed throng, were all forgotten as the stranger gazed upon the still face of the girl lying in her last sleep. It was not a beautiful face, but it wore, even in death, a look of high resolve and self-forgetfulness that thrilled the looker-on to the depths of his soul. The throngs that gathered round, beheld that fact with streaming eyes.

Who was she? What was she? Only the teacher of that humble, mountain school. She had come, a stranger, among these rude, ignorant people. For the love of Christ she had labored in season and out of season to teach the children, and also their elders, the better ways they had never known. Before she had been among them six months, the houses were in better repair, and kept in a cleaner, more home-like fashion. The rough manners were softened; kindness and neighborly love were manifest as never before, the Bible became a well-read, beloved Book. Many a soul had been led to Jesus by her simple words, and her beautiful, unselfish life.

And now she was dead, leaving her flock bereft. Not one in all that company was her kindred, save as they were brothers and sisters in Christ Jesus. Never was Queen more truly mourned. Never granted truer honor, than this humble, quiet girl, who entered one of earth's dark corners, made it glorious with the knowledge of Him, who is the "Light of the World."

A GREAT PAINTER'S CONVERSION.

One of the most wonderful conversions in modern times was that of J. J. Tissot, the great painter who died in 1902. He was a man of fashion and frivolity, and immensely popular as a painter. This is Tissot's account of his conversion:

"It came about in a mysterious way—one that I do not pretend to understand. I was then painting a series of fifteen pictures, to be called 'La Femme a Paris,' representing the pursuits of the society woman of the gay capital. At that time it was fashionable to sing in the choir of some great church, and I wished to make a study for my picture, 'The Choir-Singer.' For this purpose I went to the Church of St. Sulpice during mass, more to catch the atmosphere for my picture than to worship. But I found myself joining in the devotions, and as I bowed my head and closed my eyes I saw a strange and thrilling picture. It seemed to me that I was looking at the ruins of a modern castle. The windows were broken, the cornices and drains lay shattered on the ground; cannon-balls and broken bowls added to the debris. And then a peasant and his wife picked their way over the littered ground; wearily he threw down the bundle that contained their all, and the woman seated herself on a fallen pillar, burying her face in her hands. Her husband, too, sat down,

but, in pity for her sorrow, strove to sit upright, to play the man even in misfortune. And then there came a strange Figure gliding towards these human ruins over the broken remnants of the castle. Its feet and hands were pierced and bleeding, its head was wreathed with thorns, while from its shoulders fell an Oriental cloak inscribed with the scenes, the Fall of Man, the Kiss of Judas. And this Figure, needing no name, seated itself by the man, and leaned its head upon his shoulder, seeming to say, more by the outstretched hands than in words, 'See, I have been more miserable than you; I am the solution of all your problems; without me civilization is a ruin.' The vision pursued me even after I had left the church. It stood between me and my canvas. I tried to brush it away, but it returned insistently.

"IT WAS THE CHRIST.

"I went out of the church in a dream. Here, I thought, is a grand theme; here is a picture. I tried to put aside the thought. I must finish my series; I have no time; I am not a man to paint sacred pictures. Still, I could not return to my usual work. The vision I had seen possessed my eyes by day and by night. In time I was seized with a fever, and even when I recovered the vision still dwelt within my soul. I had to paint it. I did it—it was the picture called *Inward Voices*—but I fell short of my ideal, as men always must. But still I gave shape to the vision of Him who died to succour all, even the lowliest of men and women.

"After this it was impossible to return to society pictures. I determined to paint Christ Himself as I thought He ought to be painted. There seemed to me something lacking in all the pictures intended for Christ. They were powerful, they were affecting, but they were types of the Christ of the sixth, the tenth, the fourteenth, the sixteenth century, but not one of the real Christ of the first century, the Christ who made the centuries. I decided there was but one way to reach Him. I must go to the Holy Land. No sooner did I make the resolution than I departed; and then came the supreme struggle. 'How can I dare,' I said to myself, 'I, the painter of follies, to approach that holiest of subjects, THE Redeemer?'

"I CLEANSED MY HEART,

I laved my soul with purity, I felt new strength and a firm resolve. When at last I set foot on the sacred soil," M. Tissot continues, "when I looked upon the scenes consecrated to Christendom for all time by the Presence, I often found tears in my eyes, my hand shook, I had to pause to recover my self-control."

THE RECEPTION INTO HEAVEN.

215

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman has this introduction to his sermon on "The Twelve Gates":

When La Fayette last visited this country the people gave him a royal reception. A fleet of vessels went out to meet him, the band played "Hail to the Chief," and the national music of France, and it is told that he was unmoved.

As he came ashore land and water trembled with the power of artillery. Old soldiers saluted him as they shouted his welcome, and he was still unmoved. With waving banners and under triumphal arches he was taken to Castle Garden, where most of the great men of the nation were gathered together to give him greeting, and he was still not moved. But when he had taken his seat in the great amphitheatre, and when the curtain was lifted he saw before him a perfect representation of the place in France where he was born and brought up, and when he saw the old home so filled with tender memories, the home where his father and mother had lived and died, it is said that the great man was touched, and, bowing his face in his hands, he wept like a child. If I could only draw aside the veil which separates the seen from the unseen, so that you could behold that city which hath foundations, there would be no need for me to preach, for in the very thought of heaven you would be almost overwhelmed.

Archdeacon Sinclair puts in a very beautiful way our privilege of loving and serving our fellowmen because they belong to God:

Who is there among us who has not some little secret drawer or box with careful lock, and sometimes we steal alone to our room, and unfasten that little hiding-place which looks so common, and take out some treasure which is perhaps more precious to us than gold. What is it? Only perhaps a little lock of hair, only a withered violet, only possibly a faded packet of old letters, quite out of date, only perhaps a little baby's shoe. Yet there are old voices and memories connected with those slight things which make their value to us quite inestimable. And as we look at them the sunny scenes come back of the days that are no more, and there is a magic in them which surpasses the wand of the magician. We love them for the sake of that dear one to whom they once belonged, to whom we feel they still belong. So should it be with the things that belong to God, the men whom He has created in His own image. They belong to Him, they are His, they speak to us of Him, they are living witnesses to us of His love and providence and care. Him we cannot see, but we can see the human creatures whom He has made. Them we must love, because we love Him. Them we must pity, because He pities them. Them we must think for, and feel for, and pray for, and labor for, because He, our tender heavenly Father, is working for them, too, and slumbers not nor sleeps in His care for their souls and bodies.

A WELCOME LIFE-BOAT.

217

News of a fatal wreck comes from Point Arena, Cal. The people on that part of the coast noticed, a few days ago, that boards and boxes and other wreckage were being washed in fragments upon the beach. There was nothing to indicate the wreck of a vessel besides these articles, but there could be no question that they had come from some ship that had been broken up not far away. A terrific storm was raging and the sea was so high early in the day that it was impossible to launch a boat from the shore. Toward evening it slightly moderated, and two men, at imminent risk of life, volunteered to go out and see if there were any lives in peril. Their boat was driven back twice and almost swamped, but eventually they succeeded in reaching the scene of the wreck. It was a perilous work and their families and friends declared it was suicidal, but they were brave men with heroic hearts and strong arms and they persevered while those on shore watched and prayed for their safety. After an absence of about two hours they returned with two men whom they had found upon a raft. The rescued men told a sad story of death and disaster. They belonged to the steamer Casper bound from San Francisco for Usal. Shortly after midnight she struck on a reef, and a few minutes afterwards capsized. Her entire crew of fifteen men were washed off. The two men were near together, and when some wreckage floated near them they drew it together and roughly lashed it. They climbed upon it, and for over fourteen hours had drifted until rescued by the brave lifeboat men. The raft had kept them from drowning and they were very thankful for it, but they were glad to leave it when the lifeboat came to them. So it is with people who are striving to save themselves by their own righteousness. When salvation through Christ is offered to them, they gladly cease their struggle and trust themselves to him.

"O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me? * * * I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord (Romans 7:24, 25).

A RAILROAD MAN'S PRAYER.

218

The story is told of an old railroad worker who was converted, and became an earnest Christian. Not long afterwards, his pastor asked him to lead in prayer.

Naturally the language of his calling, which has been on his lips for so many years, came to him in his address to God, and this is the way he worded it:

"O Lord, now that I have flagged thee, lift up my feet from the rough road of life and plant them safely on the deck of the train of thy salvation. Let me use safety lamp known as prudence, make all the couplings in the train with the strong link of thy love, and let my hand-lamp be the Bible. And, Heavenly Father, keep all the switches closed that lead off on sidings, especially those with a blind end. O Lord, if it be thy pleasure, have every semaphore block along the line show the white light of hope, that I may make the run of life without stopping. And, Lord, give us the ten commandments for a schedule; and when I have finished the run, on schedule time, pulled into the great, dark station of death, may thou, the Superintendent of the universe, say, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant; come and sign the pay-roll and receive your check for eternal happiness.'"

WHEN THE TIDE CAME IN.

219

Winifred A. Iverson has a beautiful poem comparing the coming in of the tide, lifting the ships on its bosom, to the coming of the Holy Spirit into our hearts. It is full of spiritual instruction:

Black and foul the harbour lay,
While no waves their way could win;
But it gleamed, transformed and gay,
When the tide came in.

Motionless the vessels lay
Locked the harbour-mouth within;
Stranded there, and thus to stay
Till the tide came in.

All my life disordered lay
Graceless and begrimed with sin;
Oh! the change, that hour of day
When God's tide flowed in.

At its ease my small craft lay
Cramped a narrow space within;
But it pulsed and sped away
When God's tide flowed in.

* * * * *

Yea! the Holy Spirit came,
His renewings to begin;
Leaving nothing quite the same—
Thus God's tide flowed in!

PRaise GOD THE LORD.

220

In some parts of the Alps it is not unusual for the shepherds to use their famous horns, for a purpose other than that of making the ordinary calls. When the sun is setting, a shepherd, on a peak, may put the horn to his mouth and shout, "Praise God the Lord." The message rings through the mountains, and is re-echoed from the neighboring heights. Another shepherd will respond with the same words, and the shout of triumph, "Praise God the Lord," may pass from mountain to mountain, for perhaps a quarter of an hour during the period of sunset. If in their happy surroundings, the Alpine shepherds can shout for joy, small wonder if the shepherds of Bethlehem returned from seeing the Saviour, glorifying and praising

God, even as the host had said, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward man."

LACK OF CHRISTIAN ENTHUSIASM.

221

A minister, speaking recently at a public meeting, referred to a deacon he had known while in a country pastorate. He was a worthy man, but quite devoid of enthusiasm in religious matters. When, however, a Parliamentary election was pending, he busily canvassed the whole district, and, on the day of the poll, drove a number of electors from a neighboring village. In political affairs the deacon was filled with excitement, while in religious matters he displayed no enthusiasm whatever. To visit the polling booth he placed his trap at the disposal of all the villagers, though it never occurred to him to assist the old folk to God's house. If we were but to place some of our muscular or business enthusiasm at God's service, His work would make more progress.

THE MOUTH FILLED WITH PRAISE.

222

When William Carey was in India, one of his most notable converts was a "holy" man of Calcutta, who had not spoken a word for four years. His self-imposed silence was on account of a vow he had taken, not to open his mouth. Dr. Carey induced him to read some tracts on Christianity, and he was persuaded to renounce his vow and make use of his God-given speech. When we have been led to Christ, and have seen Him, then it is we should find our voices.

THE SAINTS NOT ALL DEAD.

223

Rev. Dr. J. S. Gilbert has this interesting series of illustrative suggestions about modern saints:

A boy applied to a city merchant for a situation. Incidentally he mentioned that he attended St. Luke's Sunday-school.

"St. Luke?" said the merchant. "Does he carry on the Sunday-school?"

"Why, no," answered the boy, with evident disgust at such deplorable ignorance; "the saints are all dead."

The boy's mistake was a common and not unnatural one. In a literal sense it is true. One must be dead before he can have a place in the formal and official calendar of saints. But not all the saints have been canonized; nor are they all dead. There are saints of whom the world has never heard, and in whose honor no church is ever likely to be named—men and women who are bearing heavy burdens and wearing unseen the crown of thorns. No halo surrounds their brow, no poet sings their praise, and no artist glorifies them in marble or upon canvas.

There is the mother broken in health and spirits, with a family of little ones to care for, and having a dissolute and worthless husband. God alone knows how hard she toils and how much she suffers. There is that poor, patient, bedridden sufferer, year after year bearing her burden of pain, and growing sweeter and stronger all the while.

Far out on the frontier is the home missionary, on meagre fare and with threadbare coat, preaching the Gospel in rough mining camps and small settlements, while the faithful wife at home mends and patches, pinches and saves, that there may be fire upon the hearth and food upon the table.

Our idea of sainthood is different from that of former days. The old-time saint was mostly intent upon saving his own soul. He fled to the desert, dwelt in a cave, and dozed and dreamed the hours away, and the more dirty and wretched his personal appearance the greater degree of sainthood was he supposed to have attained.

The modern saint is one who serves and gives his life and thought for others. Many such may be found. Every paper records some heroic act of rescue, some noble deed of benevolence. There is the Red Cross nurse upon the field of battle, the Sister of Charity moving about in the quiet ward, the engineer who gives his life that the passengers may be saved.

No, the saints are not all dead.

The great Dutch steamer "Spaarndam" had been but a few days out, with her head set for New York, when Gretna Burkmeier fell dead in the steerage cabin, leaving Joseph and little Ursula entirely alone. Their father had been dead for two years, and now this healthy-looking young mother, who was going to the New World for their sakes, to give them a better chance in life, had been taken, too.

She must have had a feeling that her life might end suddenly, for on the very first day of the voyage she had said to Joseph and Ursula: "If I am taken from you, little ones, put your trust in the Heavenly Father, He will come and be your friend."

Now, indeed, she was gone, and the children trustfully waited for the Heavenly Father to come to their help. He was coming, though the "Spaarndam" was in sight of New York before His help came. And then it was not through a great white angel, as Ursula, at least, had expected, but by the kindness of one of their fellow-passengers, a woman with eight children of her own, who was following her husband to Lansing, where he had made a little start.

"Come with me, my dears," she said to the orphans; "where there are eight mouths already, two more will not matter much. The house-father is a good man; he will not scold—at least, not much—when he sees what I have done." And the children went willingly with their new mother.

"I say, Tom," said the captain to his first mate, "how much Bible have you got stowed aloft?"

"Not as much as might be," answered Tom, looking surprised. "What sarmon can I fetch ye capt'n?"

The captain jerked his thumb back to the little orphans sitting among their new brothers and sisters.

"That's the kind that's going to hear Him say, 'I was a stranger, and ye took me in.' You mark my words, Tom; if you're on hand up there yourself, you'll find my words come true."

THE TESTING TIME.

225

"It is wonderful how much of our goodness is due to the lack of temptation," said a wise woman recently. "We plant our little virtues in some warm soft soil, some atmosphere of comfort where they are sheltered from storm and stress, and they grow into hothouse luxuriance and beauty. We never doubt their vigor or genuineness until something deprives them of their shelter and leaves them where the blasts of trial beat upon them.

"I thought myself a strong, reasonable, self-controlled woman, just and tolerant toward others, sweet-tempered and unselfish. Oh, no, I never said so, of course, but that was the estimate of my friends, and I secretly accepted it. There was little trouble in living up to it in the dear home atmosphere of love and appreciation.

"But when a sudden change came to my life, when I was where half-veiled distrust took the place of the old tender loyalty, where petty jealousies and clashing interests made themselves felt, and many things that had long been considered mine of right were called in question, then—ah, well! I discovered that there was a deal of bitterness, morbid weakness, anger, and selfishness, left in my composition. I was weak in ways I had not deemed possible, and scarcely less bitter than the change in outward circumstances was the revelation of myself."

GOD OUR ALL.

226

Some unknown poet puts strongly in these lines the completeness of our life if we fully trust God:

Be Thou the well by which I lie and rest;
Be Thou my tree of life, my garden ground;

Be Thou my home, my fire, my chamber blest,
My book of wisdom, loved of all the best;
O, be my friend, each day still nearer found,
As the eternal days and nights go round!
Nay, nay!—Thou art my God, in whom all loves are bound!

A HERO OF THE SEA.

227

Not long ago there lived in Gloucester, Mass., a captain of a fishing smack, who was the brave hero in the following story:

An ocean liner crossing the Banks in seas that swept the decks sighted a fishing vessel with the flag flying union down—everywhere the recognized signal of distress. The captain looked at the vessel through his telescope, and saw no signs of life. It was freezing cold, and the waves rolled in gray mountains which threatened to crack a boat into splinters before she was fairly lowered. The captain thought a while, and looked out on the sea and figured his chances of getting to the distressed fisherman.

He called his crew, rang the engineer's bell, and made ready to lower a boat. The crew listened to what he said about the danger, but declared themselves ready to try it. Then the captain looked again through his telescope. He rubbed his eyes in astonishment. The flag on the fisherman, which, a little before, had been flying union down, was now flying from the masthead, union up.

Here was a strange thing. There was still no signs of life on board the distant vessel. The captain thought hard, and spoke again to the crew. They were still for going.

So they put off in a boat, the first officer, and the second mate and men at the oars. The liner meanwhile had gone off her course nearer the smack.

When the boat drew near the strange fishing schooner, the chances of boarding her seemed slight. The sea pitched the ship's boat high on a shaking peak of water, then slammed her heavily into a chasm between two tottering walls.

In justice to his men the officer in charge of the boat proposed that they put back. On the deep hulk that lurched a hundred yards from them was nothing to indicate a living man was there to be saved or left to his fate. But the crew and the mate urged that they should try to make fast and swing on board. If that flag had been changed, a live man's hand had changed it.

So they pulled nearer, and keeping free of the dark hull that tossed and rolled and threatened to smash them, they flung a rope over the rail, and one by one clambered on board.

They found the captain and the crew lashed to the masts, frozen unconscious, took them off, and got them safely back to the steamer. Some of the men were dead, but the captain and several of the crew came to life.

When the captain of the fisherman was able to speak, they asked him about the flag which had been first upside down, then righted. This was his simple explanation:

He had reversed the flag to summon help. Then when he felt himself going and saw how mad was the sea, he thought that if any came to save him, they would run too great a risk; so with the last ounce of strength he had righted the flag again to prevent good seamen from losing their lives in a vain effort to save his.

A SONG IN THE NIGHT.

228

The following exquisite lines were composed by the late Miss Sophia Kenyon, a devout member of Central Presbyterian church, of Joliet, Ill., who for ten years before her death was confined to her room a helpless invalid. At times she suffered the keenest torture from her disease, and it was after a night of peculiarly severe pain that she wrote this wonderful hymn of faith. Interpreted by the heat of the furnace out of which they came, the verses must commend themselves to the reader as a singularly serene and beautiful triumph of Christian trust:

I lay in my still darkened chamber,
And close to my pillow sat Pain;
The gloom of great darkness enframed her,
Her heavy hand pressed on my brain.
I shrank from that firm grasp so cruel,
And in bitterness prayed for release,
But that presence so dread pressed still closer,
And my troubled heart found not His peace.

Then waves black as midnight engulfed me;
I sank in the depths of despair,
When arms, strong and tender, upheld me,
And I knew that the Father was there;
That arms everlasting were 'neath me,
My refuge, the Lord, the Most High,
My strength, the Lord God, the great Healer
Who hears every sufferer's cry.

Pain still keeps her vigil beside me,
But fear of her presence has fled;
That face that once seemed to deride me,
Now bears not those features so dread;
For a pierced hand the curtain has lifted
That o'er her so darkly had lain;
In the light of his love she's transfigured,
And I know her—the Angel of Pain.

A message she brings from the Saviour
Who suffered that I might be free,
Of strength that's made perfect in weakness,
And grace all-sufficient for me;
Of rest in his arms for the weary,
Of love passing knowledge of men,
Sweet peace, though life's path may be dreary,
Blessed hope of his coming again.

WALKING BY FAITH.

229

Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis opens a sermon on "The Pathos of God's Love" with this illustration:

Helen Kellar, blind, deaf, and dumb, is now publishing her biography. Thanks to her wise teacher, the girl has at last escaped from her dungeon. For many years her spirit was buried alive, entombed, not in stone, but in flesh. The body was a living sepulchre, with opaque walls that shut her spirit in. During those awful years she ate, she slept, she wakened—no more. From time to time she made signals, but no answer came from without. From time to time she thought she detected signals coming in to her, but she knew not how to interpret them.

At last, in the Providence of God, little Helen Kellar was placed in the charge of a teacher unique for skill. When the child was hungry he gave her the orange. Then putting his fingers on her throat, and putting her fingers on his throat, he spelled out the word. When the child was thirsty he gave her drink and then with the fingers of the one on the throat of the other he spelled out the word water. When the child fell, bruising herself, with his fingers he sent this dispatch.

"I LOVE You,"

and quickly with her fingers on his throat, the child spelled back her answer, "And I love you."

Then later, Helen Kellar passed into the charge of a lady, to whose wisdom and instruction the whole world owes a debt. One day she told Helen Kellar through her fingers that there was a nerve in the ear for hearing, but that something had deadened her nerve in infancy. That, although all seemed silent to her, yet there were soldiers marching through the streets, keeping step to the sound of martial music.

Because your optic nerve is dead, you must not be sceptical about the great realm of sight and color; and because your auditory nerve is paralyzed, you must not say there is no realm of sound. And the child answered, "I understand, and I believe." One day the friend brought Phillips Brooks, the great preacher, to her. And through her teacher, Phillips Brooks told Helen Kellar that

GOD WAS VERY NEAR TO HER,

her Father Unseen, who loved her, and would never let go of her hand, either in life or in death. And the child answered: "I have often felt Him. He comes like warmth, but I did not know before what to call Him." And from that day the girl went swiftly from one realm of knowledge to another realm. She passed from kingdom to kingdom. Her tomb began to enlarge. Great windows were opened up. At last she walked forth, free; she understood the signals from without; she answered these signals from within. For a long time she knew only in part; she saw, as it were, through a glass darkly. But she believes now in the great realm where sweet sounds dwell, in the upper realm where wondrous sights called clouds and mountains and stars are. Now from the view-point of her experience, I will ask Helen Kellar to read the text: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

A FIGHT FOR SELF-MASTERY.

230

The story is told of a student addicted to drink that after he had controlled himself for six years, he was tempted at the table of a friend beyond the power of his resistance. He hurried to his room in despair as he felt the thralldom of the old appetite. He vowed in agony that he would not again be enslaved. He shut the door, and turned the key, and cast the key away, that he might not be able to go forth and yield to the desperate power which assailed him and sought to destroy him. And so he fought the raging demon within, and kneeled, his face to the very floor, and prayed and groaned all the night long. Early in the morning two companions came, and, breaking through the door, exclaimed, as they saw him, "What have you done?" For his nails had in his agony lacerated his face, and it was reddened with blood. But he stood before his friends a victor. His was a splendid example of self-mastery, of restraint, of self-control, of self-government. It was a terrific battle, but he conquered, and lived the conqueror. He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city.

THE FOLLY OF DISCONTENT.

231

There is a fairy tale which tells how a swarm of bees had made their hive in the hollow trunk of a tree:

The oldest of the bees was never contented, because it always wanted to be a boy.

It used to say, "Oh, dear! the fairies are always supposed to be kind. Now, if they are, why don't they come to me and change me to a boy? I am really tired of always working, and a boy does nothing but play."

One day a fairy did come, and, as he knew that the bee was never contented,

it asked him what he would like to be. "I would like to be a boy," he said, "because they have such good times." When he said that he was a boy.

He was getting ready for school, but he did not know his lessons. "Oh," said he, "I wish I was a bee again; then I would not have to be bothered with lessons." When he came from school he found the same fairy which had changed him into a boy.

"Oh, dear!" said he, "I wish you would change me into a bee again, because a boy has to be bothered with lessons." And he was changed into a bee again.

Since that time he has always been a bee, and never complained about it.

HEROIC STUFF IN HUMAN NATURE.

232

Here is a story which comes to us from among the Northern Indians:

A young Indian hunter of Moose Factory set out with his wife and two children for the winter hunting grounds in the forest south of James Bay. When chopping, the hunter injured his leg. The wound proved stubborn. Wrapping her husband in robes on the long toboggan sleigh, the squaw placed the younger child beside him, and with the other began tramping through the forest, drawing the sleigh behind. The drifts were not deep enough for swift snow-shoeing over the underbrush, and their progress was not half so speedy as the hunger that pursues northern hunters like the Fenris 'Wolf of Norse myth. The woman sank exhausted on the snow, and the older boy, nerved with fear, pushed on to Moose Factory for help. Guided by the boy back through the forests, the fort people found the hunter dead in the sleigh, the mother crouched forward unconscious from cold, stripped of her clothing, which was wrapped round the child she had taken in her arms to warm with her own body. The child was alive and well. The fur traders nursed the woman back to life, though she looked more like a withered creature of eighty than a woman barely in her twenties. She explained with a simple unconsciousness of heroism that the ground had been too hard for her to bury her husband, and she was afraid to leave the body and go on to the fort lest the wolves should molest the dead.

Surely people who are capable of heroism like that are worthy of the best religious instruction we can send them. It ought to be a joy to furnish well the missionary who goes mining after such souls.

EASY TO DO MISCHIEF.

233

A boy of fourteen or so stopped to buy a banana from a push-cart, and then, as he went leisurely along, he peeled it and threw the skin on the sidewalk. Quick as a flash a tall, broad-shouldered young man just behind him stepped forward, took hold of the boy's coat collar, and, turning him round, exclaimed:

"Do you know what you are doing? You're putting danger in the way of fifty people who will pass this spot in the next five minutes. Kick that banana skin into the gutter, and never be guilty of such a thoughtless act again. Somebody might have broken a leg from your carelessness."

The boy, with a surprised look, stolidly obeyed, and went on his way, when the restraining hand was removed, with a new idea, it is to be hoped, in his head, and a new resolve in his heart. He "didn't think," of course, when he did the deed, but he ought to have thought, and we ought to think every day whether we are putting stumbling-blocks or danger in our neighbor's way.

And what an improvement might be made in our streets and the cars, omnibuses, and ferry-boats if every one tried to keep them clean, instead of adding to their dirt and untidiness.

A gentleman says that he started to tear up a letter and throw the pieces on the floor of the elevated cars one day, when the thought came to him: "What right have I to do this, and cause the expense and trouble of some one to pick up the pieces?"

If we follow the law of Christ in serving one another, "in honor preferring one another," we shall be watchful not to trouble others.

SOWING AND REAPING.

234

An evangelist tells this story:

"Twenty-two years ago I was preaching in Chicago with Mr. Moody in a large wooden tabernacle. Thousands of people crowded the building nightly. One evening a man came into the building and got beautifully saved. He went away as happy as could be. He came back the next night and I saw him in the audience and he looked the most pitiable of all the persons in that great building. At the conclusion of the service I went down the aisle and shaking his hand said: 'My dear friend, you are troubled because you are doubting your salvation. He said: 'Mr. Inglis, you are mistaken. I know I am saved, but I have a great burden on my heart. Let me tell you my story: Some months ago I forged a note for \$75,000 and I am at this moment a fugitive from the law. Now what would you advise me to do?' 'Go back and give yourself up. I answered at once. 'I will,' he said. He then shook hands with us all and left the building. He took the first train for his native city and went straight to his house, threw his arms about his wife and told her of his conversion and his purpose. He then went upstairs and kissed his sleeping children. He next walked over to a police station and gave himself up. He was convicted without delay and sentenced to twenty-five years imprisonment in the penitentiary. The last I heard of him, sixteen years had rolled away and he was still confined in the prison. My friends, becoming a Christian did not save that man from the penalty of the law and the consequences of his sin. And I want to tell you, my hearers, and it may shock some, that though God forgives us fully when we repent, the sinner cannot escape the results of previous evil-doing. A drunkard, or any other terrible sinner, bears about through life a ruined body. Oh, my hearers, let us learn to hate sin and to realize its consequences."

"I MUST NOT COMPLAIN."

235

Six years before his death, Sir Walter Scott, the great English novelist, through the failure of his publishing house, was thrown into a debt of \$600,000. He could have compromised with his creditors, who would gladly have accepted his personal share of the debt, but his sense of honor would not permit this. "Every pound must be paid!" he declared. Thus, at an age when many would have said, "I must have rest," he plunged anew into work, and, pen in hand, toiled on through the six years, from twelve to sixteen hours a day, giving to the world meanwhile some of his best books. At last the day came when the final pound was paid, and Sir Walter was a free man, with unstained honor. But his health was ruined; he could not longer walk; his hand had become enfeebled so that he could not easily grasp his pen. In his inability to do so, toward his last day, he sank back in his chair in tears, and recovering himself, said to his daughter, "Put the pen in my hand again!" They did so, but the hand refused to hold it. The life-work of the great hero was done! But he exclaimed, "I must not complain!" And complain he did not. His ambition was realized, and he had given to the world a legacy that should gladden it for ever.

A DEBT WE CANNOT PAY.

236

The Red Cross Society gave a meal to a North Dakota Regiment of Veterans coming back from Manila, during the Philippine Insurrection, on its arrival in San Francisco. Some of the first ladies of the city served the tables.

"Did you get enough to eat?" asked a beautiful society girl, beaming with cordiality upon a private soldier.

"I should say so," he answered, rising. "That's the finest meal I've had since we started."

Then, as he looked at the pretty girl, he fumbled in his pocket and held out a coin towards her.

"What is that for?" she asked, a bewitching smile dimpling her lovely face.

"Why, to pay for this spread," replied the soldier in an embarrassed way.

"O, we don't charge for this," she assured him. "This luncheon is given by the Red Cross."

"Ah—," he stammered, and his embarrassment deepened. "We—el, you just take this anyhow, and buy some gum or something," and he pushed ten cents into her unwilling hand.

Her father is a millionaire, and this soldier's pay is fifteen dollars a month. She hesitated over the situation a second. She would hurt the young fellow's feelings if she refused his money. So she accepted it, with a graceful nod, quickly saying:—

"But you must let me give you some flowers." Then, as she pinned a boutonniere to his lapel, she dropped a five-dollar gold piece in his pocket, and turned to hide her tears at the thought of her unpaid debt to these boys in blue.

If that is a natural and proper attitude toward the soldier who fights for us as well as himself, what ought our love and gratitude to be toward Him who came from Heaven to die for us?

"GOD IS HERE."

237

A minister was talking with a young man who was attending a school where the moral influences were not good. He told him about a certain Christian college, and finally induced him to go there. Later there was a great revival in this college, and the young man was converted. Having occasion to attend a convention in the town, he met the young student. Warmly greeting him, the minister asked:

"Well, how are you getting along in your religious experience?"

Tears came into the young man's eyes (for he had been deeply moved in one of the recent revival meetings, and, in a choking voice, he replied:

"God is here."

"God is here!" What better thing could be said about a Christian college? Comfortable buildings, cultured faculty, modern apparatus,—all that must be had, but in addition, let students feel: "God is here."

FIDELITY TO DUTY.

238

The heroism of the war correspondent is often commented upon; but the occasional brave doings of a reporter for a city paper are not so widely known. Here is a story from Paris, which certainly cannot be overmatched for sublime loyalty to duty:

One day a riot was apprehended, and a reporter, Donzelot, was sent to the Pantheon to report the events in that quarter. Already the stones were flying, and the lawless mob had begun to tear up the streets and barricade them.

One of Donzelot's friends saw him as he was running by, and said to him:

"What are you doing here? Run and save yourself!"

Donzelot made no reply, and again his friend urged him to leave so dangerous a spot.

"I am not going to move," he said; "but as you are going, kindly take this copy along with you to the paper; you will save me time."

An hour passed, and the disorder was at its height. The mob had already begun to clash seriously with the authorities. Suddenly the National Guard fired a volley, and Donzelot fell, his breast pierced by a bullet. A surgeon rushed up to him.

"Are you hurt?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Donzelot, "seriously, I think, I cannot use my pencil."

"Never mind your pencil," returned the surgeon, sharply; "the question is to save your life."

"Don't be in a hurry," returned Donzelot, quietly. "To each man his own duty. Mine is to get the story, and you must help me. Here, write at the foot of this post-script: "3:20 p. m.—At the fire of the troops three men fell wounded and one was killed."

Why, which one was killed?" asked the doctor.

"I am," replied the reporter, and he fell back dead.

WHENCE AND WHITHER?

239

The police at a station in Williamsburg, New York, had to deal recently with a singular case.

A man with a big sand cart and a team of horses came to the station-house in a dazed condition. He said he was from Poland, but he had been several years in this country. He had gone to work for a contractor, whose name he could not remember. He had been sent to a sand-pit, where the wagon was filled with sand. Thence he drove to another part of the city, where some houses were being built, and there he had dumped the sand. He was driving back to the sand-pit for another load when he seemed to lose all knowledge of his route and of what he had to do. He had driven until dark in the hope that he would see some familiar landmark, or that his memory would return. Some one in whom he confided had advised him to apply to the police and had shown him the way to the station. He had not been drinking, but he could not remember where he was going, nor where he came from, nor where he lived. The police kept him at the station for the remainder of the night, feeling sure that inquiries would be made for him in the morning. His condition is extraordinary and calls for medical attention. It is not often that we hear of such a case; but it is not at all uncommon to find people who in the far more important matter of the soul are similarly ignorant as to their origin and destination, but think only of present indulgence.

Let us eat and drink for to-morrow we shall die (Isaiah 22:13).

PUTTING YOURSELF IN THE OTHER'S PLACE.

240

If each were able to put himself in the other's place what envy, jealousy and complaining would be avoided. The truth is that nearly all our misunderstandings and harsh judgments are caused by our failure to act on this truly Christian programme. St. Paul exhorts us to think not of our own things alone but also of the things of others. Were this injunction generally obeyed it would soon be discovered that the place we are in is probably as good as, and possibly better than, the one belonging to our neighbor, and which we would claim, if we could. A French officer, riding near his troops, heard a soldier say: "It is very easy for the general to order us forward while he rides and we walk." The officer dismounted and compelled the soldier to get on the horse. Passing through a ravine a bullet from a sharpshooter struck the rider and he fell dead. Then the officer, turning to the troops, said: "How much safer is it to walk than to ride?"

"KEEP THY HEART."

241

Dr. Wayland Hoyt tells the story of a godless sea-captain who sailed into a mission station on the Pacific, and the missionary sought speech with him on religious subjects. The captain answered: "I came away from Nantucket after whales. I have sailed round Cape Horn for whales. I am now up in the North Pacific Ocean after whales. I fear your labor would be entirely lost upon me, and I ought to be honest with you. I care for nothing by day but whales, and I dream of nothing by night but whales. If you should open my heart, I think you would find the shape of a small sperm-whale there." That sea-captain's life was as his heart was.

GOD'S IMAGE DEFACED.

242

A suit has been brought in Paris by the famous artist, M. Gerome, against a picture-dealer, for damages. The artist finds in the possession of the dealer a picture painted by himself, which he says has been altered since it left his hands. He contends that the picture has been spoiled, and that persons seeing it in its present condition, and hearing that he painted it, would form a low opinion of his genius. The picture repre-

sented a scene under the light of the setting sun, with the rising moon shedding a soft gleam over it. The moon has been painted out and the light is that of mid-day.

In Paris art circles the dispute is being watched with intense interest, because it is held there that the painter alone has the right to sanction a change in his work. It seems probable that the artist will win his case, and so there will be a new limitation to the rights of property.

It would be well if men realized that there are similar limitations to their rights in themselves. In how many men is the image of God defaced and His purpose in creating them thwarted!

MEASURING DAY.

243

A young girl mingled in her dreams a sermon on "growing unto the stature of a perfect man" with the story of King Frederick of Prussia, each of whose famous guardsmen must come up to a certain stature. In her dream she came to measuring day, when every person's growth in grace must be measured. An angel stood with a tall golden rod fastened in the ground by his side.

"Over it on a golden scroll were the words, 'The Measure of the Stature of the Perfect Man.' The angel held in his hand a large book in which he wrote the measurements, as the people came up on the calling of their names. The instant each one touched the golden measure a most wonderful thing happened. No one could escape the terrible accuracy of that strange rod. Each one shrank or increased to his true dimensions—his spiritual dimensions, as I soon learned—for it was an index of the soul's growth which was shown in this mysterious and miraculous way, so that even we could see with our eyes what otherwise the angel alone could have perceived."

GOING INSIDE OR PASSING BY, WHICH?

244

Some years ago, says a traveler, I made a tour through England for the purpose of visiting cathedrals and churches. Of all the noble buildings with splendid architecture, wonderful furnishings and rich historic associations, the most distinct and abiding impression was made by the smallest and most insignificant. Its entrance door opened directly from the pavement of a busy street. On the wall behind the chancel was the figure of Christ on the cross, and above it the sentence in red letters: "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?"

The impression of that hour has never faded from my mind. The sound of the footfalls outside the open door seemed like the march of the army of mankind passing thoughtlessly by the greatest revelation ever made, constantly being made, of the fathomless love of God for men in the sacrifice of Jesus Christ.

There is the secret of the attractiveness of the church. It is through individual experience of the meaning of that Figure on the cross that men come to learn the meaning of brotherhood and to get "inside" the church.

THE NEED OF GUNPOWDER.

245

It is said of the Rev. Archibald Brown that, when staying at a certain popular watering-place, he made the acquaintance of a minister who, though a very able man, had unfortunately a slow and hesitating delivery, which certainly did not add to the numbers of his congregation or the power of his preaching.

Mr. Brown pointed out his defect to him in a characteristic way.

Well, Mr. Brown," said the minister in question, one day, "I am, you see, just off to speak at such and such a meeting."

"Will you let me give you a little advice?" said the famous preacher.

"You know how greatly I should value it."

"Well," said Mr. Brown, "before you start ask your wife to sew some gunpowder into your coat-tails, and then get one of your deacons to follow you round the platform with a lighted match."

The minister saw, of course, the meaning of this jocular advice, and, it is to be hoped, profited by it.

WELCOME TO HEAVEN.

246

Dr. Pierre, returning to France from India after a long journey, said that his men when they came in sight of their native land were unfitted for duty. Some of them wistfully gazed upon the land they loved. Some of them shouted, some prayed, some fainted, and it is said that when they came near enough to recognize their friends' on shore that every man left his post of duty, and it was necessary for help to come off the land before the vessel could be anchored in the harbor. Oh! the joy of thus entering heaven. Welcome from the gates, welcome from our friends long gone, welcome from every angel in the skies. The joy, the joy of one day sweeping through the gates!

GOD OUR MOTHER.

247

A little girl once followed the workmen from her father's grounds when they went home to their dinner, because she was very fond of a kind old man who was one of them. When he looked from his door he saw her sitting on a log waiting for him, and invited her to go into the cottage. She looked in, saw the strange faces around the table and hesitated. When he urged her, she raised her sweet face and inquired:

"Is there any mother here?"

"Yes, my dear, there's a mother here," he answered.

"Oh, then I'll go in; for I'm not afraid if there's a mother there!"

Her child's experience had told her she could place confidence in a mother's sympathy. A home may be small and mean, but if it is the shrine of a mother's love it is a happier place than a palace would be without this blessed presence.

What infinite comfort there should be for us in the promise that "Like 'as a mother comforteth her child," God is willing to comfort and bless us.

OUR INFLUENCE OVER OTHERS.

248

Dr. Polemus H. Swift tells of a preacher who came into the pleasant but guileful city of New York on his vacation. "Here," said the preacher man, "I am far from home, and they who go about the streets and into places of public amusement will know me not. Hence I will betake myself to the theatre and enjoy myself in peace." A few days later the preacher was accosted on the train by a young man who said to him, "Are you not a minister of the Gospel?" The preacher acknowledged that he was. "Did you not preach in my home town, the village of—, last Sunday night?" the young man asked. The preacher answered that he had. "Ah!" said the young man, "and I saw you last Wednesday night in the fifth seat from me at the theatre. I never want to hear you preach again, for I have no confidence in you, even though I am not a professing Christian."

The message of this illustration is as important and as valuable to the layman as to the teacher.

RESPECT YOUR OWN MISSION.

249

During one of the visits to St. Petersburg made by the great pianist, Liszt, the Czar Nicholas invited him to a soiree at the Winter Palace, and in the course of the evening personally invited him to play. The author of "Famous Pianists" describes what happened.

Liszt sat down to the piano and commenced one of his own Hungarian rhapsodies. The Czar, as soon as the music was well started, entered into an animated conversation with one of his generals, talking in anything but a subdued voice. Liszt had always exacted exclusive attention from his audiences, no matter of what exalted social elements they might be composed, and, noticing the conversation, he played on for a minute or so, when he suddenly came to a full stop and rose from his seat at the instrument.

Although he had paid no heed to Liszt's performance, the Czar missed the sound of the piano, and sent one of his chamberlains to ask the artist why he had ceased playing,—was he indisposed, or was not the piano properly tuned?

Liszt's steely gray eyes flashed with righteous indignation as he replied, "The Czar well knows that whilst he is speaking every other voice—even that of music—is bound to be mute!" He then turned his back on the official and left the room.

The Czar took the reproof in good part, and sent Liszt a valuable present the next day. Moreover, the incident seems to have made a lasting impression, for whenever Liszt's name was mentioned, the Czar spoke of him with cordial admiration as a musician who not only respected himself, but had the courage to insist upon respect being paid to his art.

A JAPANESE DEFINITION OF PRAYER.

250

A native Japanese, in Bethany Church, Philadelphia, gives this unique definition of prayer and its answer: "They remind me of two buckets in an old fashioned well; while one was going up, the other was coming down."

WHY HE FAILED.

251

"Why did you not give that boy a position?" someone asked of a merchant who had refused a lad's application. "Because he borrowed ten cents from my boy once, at school, and never returned it," was the answer. "A little thing like that shows what a boy is more than a dozen recommendations." Was the judgment harsh, or wasn't it fair, after all?

EIGHT HOURS PRAYER A DAY.

252

An English preacher recently told this story of Luther and his habits of prayer:

The great Apostle of the Reformation, moving in stirring times, riding upon the storm, writes to one who knew him well, "I am so busy that I cannot get on without eight hours a day spent in prayer to my Master." Are we to understand that Martin Luther could take eight hours apart from his work? because, if so, the conditions of his busy life were very dissimilar from the conditions of yours. Nothing of the kind.

Work shall be prayer if all be wrought
As Thou wouldst have it done,
And prayer by Thee inspired and taught
Itself with work be one.

But there was this difference between Luther and some of you: Before his thoughts became purposes, before his purposes became deeds, they were referred to the Master of all; his communion with Him was sweet; he spake with Him, face to face, as a man speaketh with his friend; and, therefore, it was that it might be said of him as it was said of John Knox by the Regent Morton, "He never feared the face of man, so familiar was he with the face of God."

SHE WAS SO PLEASANT.

253

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the poet, once related a little incident as occurring in his own life, which had no little effect on him:

"Many years ago," he says, "in walking among the graves at Mount Auburn, I came upon a plain white marble slab which bore an epitaph of only four words, but to my mind they meant more than any of the labored descriptions on other monuments: 'She was so pleasant.' That one note revealed the music of a life of which I knew nothing more."

FRUIT IN OLD AGE.

254

Here is a beautiful story illustrating the truth of the Psalmist's promise concerning righteous old age that it shall bear fruit and flourish till the last.

Mr. Jennings had passed his three score and ten, and had come to a time of en-

forced inactivity. A long illness kept him for months in bed, and when he recovered he had dropped out of the procession; every one recognized his breakdown as the unmistakable sign that his days of work were over. Mr. Jennings was not altogether happy. He almost resented the fact that the church and the community could get on so well without him; and it seemed hard that his manly vigor, carried on finely into old age, should waste in unwilling idleness, with nothing to look forward to but final helplessness and death.

"I stay at home and pray," he said, "but I can do nothing to answer my own prayers. I can't get out to the services, and I have little chance to influence anyone for good. The world has gone on while I have been resting by the way, and I can't catch up."

Mrs. Jennings comforted him, and the aged pair sat down together, making the most of each other's companionship, and daily praying for the Lord's work, which was going on without them.

One morning the two old saints finished their breakfast, read their chapter in the Bible, and knelt down, according to their custom, to thank God for their blessings, to ask His guidance and care for the grown-up and scattered family, and His benediction on the work which others were doing, and in which they no longer had a share.

While they were on their knees, a ladder rose against the open window, and a man began to ascend. The old couple were a little deaf, and prayed on. The carpenter, who had come to repair the roof of the bay window, ascended two rounds and stopped. He stood for a minute, at least, undecided whether to go up or down or to stay where he was; then he descended quietly and stole away.

A little way from the house the carpenter sat down in the shade and waited. The prayer was not a short one, and its tones still came to him. He recalled the words which he had heard on the ladder, and his eyes filled with tears; he brushed them away, but they came again; he thought of another grey-haired old couple, now dead, who never failed, while they lived, to pray to God for an absent son.

He remounted the ladder at length, but the accents of that prayer rose and fell in his ears with the tapping of his hammer; and when Mr. Jennings came out and leaned on his stick and inquired about the repairs which the roof needed, the carpenter felt as if he had received a benediction.

All this was eight months ago. A few days ago Mr. Jennings's door-bell rang, and a man entered and said: "I am the carpenter who repaired your roof last spring. I had truly Christian parents, but I entered the army and led a sad life. I had not been to church nor heard a prayer for years. I heard your prayer when I put up the ladder. For eight months, by the help of God, I have lived a new life."

Then the old couple knelt down again, and thanked God for an unexpected answer to their prayer.

DEAN FARRAR'S MOTHER.

255

The influence of prayer on the part of a Christian mother was strikingly exemplified in the life of Dean Farrar. It began when he was a boy at home. The Dean tells us that his mother's habit was every morning, immediately after breakfast, to withdraw for an hour to her own room, and to spend the hour in reading the Bible and other devotional books, and in meditation and prayer.

From that hour, as from a pure fountain, she drew the strength and sweetness which enabled her to fulfil all her duties and to remain unruffled by the worries and pettishness which are often the intolerable trials of narrow neighbors. He says he never saw her temper disturbed, nor heard her speak one word of anger or calumny or idle gossip, nor saw in her any sign or sentiment unbecoming to a Christian soul. Her life was very strong, pure, rich, and full of blessing and healing. And he says it was all due to the daily morning hour spent with God in the place of prayer.

A citizen of St. Louis, Missouri, had a thrilling experience. He had become despondent, and determined to commit suicide. Early in the morning, while it was yet dark, he jumped into the river. The shock of the icy water worked a quick change in his intentions, and he struggled desperately to get back to the shore. A large ice-floe passed near him, and he struggled to get upon it. It carried him slowly down the river, striking other floes of ice on its way. The man, fearing that he would be thrown off if he stood up, flung himself prone on the ice, trying vigorously to retain his hold upon it. He could not see the shore, and had lost the points of the compass, and was unable to tell whether he was floating out or toward the shore. The slush ice, and many other big cakes surrounded him. As he grew more numb with the cold, he began to lose hope of reaching the shore. He simply clung to his icecake, now and then crying out feebly for help. For three hours he was on the ice. When broad daylight came, he saw that by extremely careful work he could make his way to the solid ice, his cake having become lodged against other chunks in such a manner that there was a precarious bridge. He slowly crawled over the grinding ice-floe, and reached the solid ice near the shore. Upon land again, he sank to the ground exhausted, and there he was discovered by a policeman, who took him to a place of shelter. How strange that he made such great effort to save the life that only a short time before he was so ready to fling away! How many there must be, who are throwing away their souls, who will in the end similarly deplore their folly and long for the salvation which now they despise.

Ye know how that afterward, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected; for he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears (Heb. 12:17).

GIVE YOUR FLOWERS NOW.

257

"If I should die, John, I suppose you would spend a good deal of money for flowers."

"Why, yes, Anna; but whatever put that into your head?"

"Oh, nothing, only I thought that ten-dollar wreaths and fifty-dollar anchors wouldn't make any difference to me when I'm dead, and just a little flower now and then while I'm living would mean so much to me."

"Just a little flower, now and then, while I'm living." The reply of the young wife is eloquent of the heart-hunger of thousands.

Why do we withhold the appreciative word, the loving look, the fervent handclasp until the pulses are stilled, the eyes closed, the ears unheeding? Why wait until flowers can no longer give pleasure to shower them upon our near and dear ones?

We can make the present beautiful if we will; we can gild it with loving, tender acts and gracious words. Now is the time to gladden the hearts of those about us. Now is the time to give the "little flower." To-morrow it may be all too late!

THERE MAY BE NO "NEXT TIME."

258

"I think she regretted it afterwards," said the young girl thoughtfully. "She said it should be different next time, but then," with a little sigh, "so many things haven't any next time."

What a truth that is which we forget in our flimsy little contritions and penitences! We regret, we will act differently another time, we soothingly whisper to complaining conscience, when there is no next time. The day our selfish mood spoiled for ourselves and others has no exact counterpart; it will not come again. The place where our help was needed has slipped by; the eyes that turned to us in vain appeal have looked away again. The hurt we gave has healed, but no next time can ever take the scar away.

It is a blessed gospel which bids us turn from "yesterday's sorrow and yesterday's

sinning," and make the most and best of to-day; it is all there is left for us to do. But our to-day will not bring us what yesterday offered, nor will to-morrow repeat to-day. Let us be very careful of the many things which have no "next time."

THE VALUE OF A SOUL.

259

Rev. F. B. Meyers has this strong paragraph, with its two striking illustrations concerning the wisdom of winning souls as an investment of energy.

It is a wise thing to win a soul, because of the rapidity with which soul-saving accumulates. Sow a seed in the ground, and it will bear thirty; each of those will bear thirty; and each of those, thirty; so that in three generations you can almost count a million. It is impossible to estimate the result of the winning of one soul. The immediate outcome may be but a struggling blade or ear, but ultimately from the full corn in the ear, when sown again in other souls, will come harvests that shall shake like Lebanon.

There was a year in the little church at Blantyre when but one convert was welcomed to the Lord's table, but that lad was David Livingstone, and as he was sown in the soil of his much loved Africa, he has become the seed germ of that mighty ingathering of souls which is being garnered into the heavenly store-house.

A young Sunday-school teacher, a poor seamstress, one Sunday gave to a rough street arab a shilling to induce him to go to a Sunday-school. That boy, Amos Sutton, was converted, went to work as a missionary among the Telugus, and after twenty-five years ten thousand converts were won in a single year.

There is no work so enormously productive of good results as the turning of a sinner from the error of his ways and winning one soul for God.

CHURCH FELLOWSHIP.

260

Dr. R. S. McArthur tells this story, which illustrates the folly of exclusiveness which is often apparent in churches among people who really have a desire to be social:

Two gentlemen with their families occupied neighboring pews. One Sunday morning one of them said to the pastor: "How I wish that the white-haired gentleman, who sits behind me, would speak to me, as I am a stranger in the congregation." The pastor replied: "Only last Sunday that gentleman remarked, 'How I wished the brother in the pew in front of me would speak to me.'" The fact is that the one who first expressed the desire for acquaintance and who supposed he was especially a stranger, had been six months longer in the congregation than the other. They were soon introduced and they then found that they were both from the same Southern city and that both knew scores of common friends. They often laughed afterward at their own stupidity or timidity, or both. In all our churches there are men equally stupid or timid, or both. How foolish it is to "stand on ceremony" in this way! In God's house and in relation to God's people, why can we not have sanctified common sense? Let us be ready to entertain strangers and often, indeed, we shall entertain angels unawares.

THE GOADS OF DISAPPOINTMENT AND TROUBLE.

261

A recent speaker well says that:

"Seldom is perfection of any kind attained, or even sought, without the goads of disappointment and trouble. When Jenny Lind, the most admired of the famous vocalists of her time, at the age of twenty-one went to Paris to train her voice under a great teacher, her first trial was an utter failure. 'You have no voice left,' was the master's judgment. Never before and never after did she know such mental suffering. But she would not be discouraged. She studied hard for many weeks, urged on by the keenness of her disappointment, and at another trial she was accepted as a pupil and began her brilliant career. To this bitter discipline at the beginning she attributed her final success. And this which is true of artistic genius is just as true of personal and national character. If our life is easy and happy, we are apt to be selfish and

content; but in suffering and disappointment and danger we learn our imperfections, new ideals dawn before us, great aspirations stir within us. Many a selfish life has been ennobled by grief and become a fountain of benefactions to others. Seldom has there lived any hero or saint who would not confess that he owed whatever greatness he had attained to experiences of struggle and sorrow. Even of Jesus it was said that he was 'made perfect through suffering.' Both individuals and nations have been called to bear suffering and sorrow, so that they might awake to higher aims, until at last they have won the fulfilment of their noblest aspirations in being permitted to do something for the benefit of their fellow-men, and thus have entered into their true glory."

THE GAMBLER'S KINDERGARTEN.

262

A converted gambler and former saloon-keeper recently made a profound impression in an Ohio town in an address at a Sunday afternoon service in the course of which he said:

"I have been in the public-house business, with gambling room attached, for the last four years, and claim to know something about what I am going to tell you. I do not believe that the gambling den is nearly so dangerous nor does anything like the amount of harm as the social card-playing in the home. I give this as my reason: In the gambling room the windows are closed tight, the curtains are pulled down; everything is conducted secretly, for fear of detection, and none but gamblers, as a rule, enter there, while in the parlor all have access to the game, children are permitted to watch it, young people are invited to partake in it. It is made attractive and alluring by giving prizes and adding high social enjoyment."

"Where does the gambler come from? He is not taught in the gambling dens. When he has played in the parlor, in the social game in the home, and has become proficient enough to win prizes among his friends, the next step with him is to seek out the gambling room, for he has learned and now counts upon his efficiency to hold his own."

LACK OF CHRISTIAN HOSPITALITY.

263

A celebrated clergyman was to preach one Sunday in a village church, and a large and fashionable audience assembled.

Sitting alone in a pew near the front was an old countryman, dressed in rusty black. Two fashionably-dressed ladies came in and paused at this pew with an evident air of ownership. The old man did not observe them, and one of the ladies touched him on the shoulder and said, haughtily:

"Excuse me, but this is *our* pew!"

The old man nervously arose, stood aside for them to enter, and then resumed his seat in the end of the pew. The ladies appeared ill at ease and finally spoke to the usher, who at once said to the old gentleman:

"Shall I find you another seat, sir?"

"This is all right," was the audible whisper. "I can see and hear well here."

"But this is a private pew," said the usher.

"Oh!" returned the old man, and then to the lady next him he said, "Excuse me. I have been accustomed to free seats in the Lord's house," and rising, he followed the usher to the rear.

At that moment the preacher entered, and after a silent prayer his gaze wandered over the congregation, and suddenly his eyes lighted up. Then he motioned and spoke to an usher, who went to the rear of the church and escorted the shabby old gentleman to a front seat. Then a whisper spread, "That's the minister's father."

Fancy the feelings of those two fashionable women when they discovered that they had treated their minister's father so discourteously, and yet they ought to have had greater shame and sorrow that they had failed in hospitality to the brother of Jesus Christ.

An English preacher has this illustration:

A French professor, a man of a good deal of spiritual insight, was asked: "Professor, what is your thought about it? Why do you suppose Jesus Christ anointed the eyes of that man with *clay*?" "Oh," said he, "I don't know, unless it made him a little more willing to *go to wash*."

Well, may not that be a chief reason? There is much in it. You know our Lord often puts us into a position by His providence wherein, because of our new straits, or discomfort, or embarrassment, we become willing to take some other needful step; and if it were not for that trial, or sorrow, or humiliation, we never would advance a step. Of these providences, often so dark, trying, and troublous, how often we say, "Oh, if God had not sent that upon me!"

But that very event is the one condition indispensable, on which the Lord leads us to take some further step.

THE MAGNETISM OF LOVE.

265

One of the writers of the day tells of a plan which has lately been proposed and successfully employed for raising the cargoes of sunken vessels.

A huge electromagnet, operated from the deck of a vessel is lowered to the submerged cargo; and if it be of a character subject to the influence of magnetism, it is attracted and lifted by this power, and thus easily saved.

There is a power from on high which came to seek and save that which was lost. Down in the murky depths of the waters of sin, this magnet of love draws to itself sinful souls and lifts them by its power to the bright sunlight and pure air above. Not by any virtue or power of their own—simply by the love that passeth understanding, and the saving power of the divine Redeemer, they are uplifted from the depths and made to stand among the rescued ones of the Lord.

And not only are these saved, but through that clinging touch and that close companionship, the saved ones are filled with the same magnetism of love that will enable them to help in raising others with whom they come in contact; so long as they keep close themselves to the love that sought and found and raised them up.

WON BY BOLDNESS.

266

We are told in the Acts of the Apostles that when it was that the people saw the boldness of Peter and John that they were impressed with the genuineness of their Christianity. The same boldness has the same influence yet. It was in this way that the venerable Emil Frommel, for so many years Pastor of the Garrison Church, in Berlin, and a favorite Court preacher to the Emperor William I, exercised a singular fascination over men. He fired the soldiers' hearts in camp and on the battle-field and military audiences crowded the Garrison church. Neither hereditary nor military rank deterred him from faithful rebuke of their sins. Having learned that a set of officers had begun regular gambling at the house of one of their number, he made a call there late one night. The servant who waited at the door was at a loss what to do with the pastor. Brushing past the frightened man, Dr. Frommel strode toward the room from which there came the sounds of revelry.

Throwing suddenly the door wide open, there he saw a table surrounded by a brilliant company of officers engaged with wine and their cards. Without other greeting, he stepped to the table and said: "Gentlemen, I have heard of the gambling here. I have not come to preach to you of its sin and the misery it brings. If your eyes do not behold the wrong and your hearts have not been softened by the ruin it has caused, my words will not avail." He laid his hand upon the pile of gold. "Here, I take this with me; I will spend it for the poor;" and he vanished as he came. But his brave faithfulness aroused admiration in this circle. They gave up gambling and sought his friendship.

FORGOTTEN PROMISES.

267

A well-to-do deacon was one day accosted by his pastor, who said:

"Poor Mrs. Green has no fire. Can you not take her some wood?"

"Well," answered the deacon, "I have the wood, but who is to pay me for it?"

The pastor replied, "I will pay you for it, on condition that you read three verses of the forty-first Psalm before you go to bed to-night."

The deacon consented, delivered the wood, and at night opened the Word of God, and read the passage:

"Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will preserve him and keep him alive; and he shall be blessed upon the earth; and thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies. The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing; thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness."

A few days afterward the pastor met him again.

"How much do I owe you for that wood?"

"Oh," said the now enlightened man, "do not speak of payment; I did not know those promises were in the Bible. I would not take money for supplying the widow's wants."

A YOUNG WOMAN'S TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

268

A young man recently declared that the most effective temperance lecture he ever heard in his life was preached to him on a New Year's day by a young woman who had never spoken in public in her life. On being pressed for an explanation, he said:

"I was visiting my cousin, John Levins, and we set out to pay a number of New Year's calls. It is not the custom now, as formerly, to set out wine before guests, but it is still done sometimes. Our second call was at a princely home where the lovely daughter greeted us, smiling and beautiful, a very queen among women. There was also an elegant assortment of choice wines which the father pressed upon the guests. 'Did you come to see papa or me?' was always the question asked of each guest, and, so far as I know, there was but one answer, 'We came to see you.' 'My guests touch no wine,' she said. 'I have other refreshments provided for them.' The wine glasses stood untouched, the fair young girl flitted to and fro among her guests, ministering herself to their needs. The father gracefully acquiesced and finally had the glasses removed.

"Did you ever witness anything so effectual as that?" said Cousin John, as we started up the street together.

"Never," I answered. 'No temperance lecture ever touched me like that quiet speech, "My guests touch no wine." God helping me, it is the last time the glass shall ever touch my lips.'

EASIER TO BARK THAN TO WORK.

269

A dog hitched to a lawn mower stopped pulling to bark at a passer-by. The boy who was guiding the mower said: "Don't mind the dog; he is just barking for excuse to rest. It is easier to bark than to pull this machine." It is easier to be critical than correct; easier to bark than to work. Anybody can grumble, but it takes a great soul to go on working faithfully and lovingly.

A CONDUCTOR'S NEGLIGENCE.

270

The widow of a conductor on the Delaware, Lackawana and Western Railroad has lost a large sum of money by the decision of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York. Her husband was killed in a rear-end collision while sitting at his desk in the caboose of the train. The lower court gave her substantial damages for the loss she sustained by her husband's death. The higher court, however, said that while the heirs of an ordinary passenger might be entitled to damages if

he had been killed, the heirs of this particular conductor had no valid claim. It was his duty when his train was stalled to send a flagman back along the track to stop any trains that might be coming on the same line of rails. He omitted to do so, and in consequence the next train, being unwarned, dashed into the train in which the conductor was sitting and killed him. No one else was killed. The court held that his death was due to his own failure to observe the rules of the company, and his heirs were, therefore, not entitled to compensation. Thus, the conductor's negligence not only cost him his life, but prevented his family getting the compensation for his death that would have been paid to the heirs of any other man who might have been killed. Still more serious are the consequences of negligence in the things of the soul. How many there are who have lost the salvation put within their reach, not so much by absolute wickedness as by neglecting to accept God's offer.

Let us therefore fear, lest a promise being left us of entering into his rest, any of you should seem to come short of it. (Heb. 4:1.)

NEAR A FOG HORN.

271

A Bostonian, well known in select musical circles planned last spring for the erection of a summer cottage on one of the beautiful islands off the southern coast of Massachusetts. The site selected commanded an unobstructed view of the ocean and the regular channel for shipping, and a pleasant grove offered the necessary shade. Nature and art had combined to make the spot an ideal one for the man of music. To add to the picturesque scenery, a pretty white lighthouse stood on the hill above, not a hundred feet away, whence revolving flashes of light gave warning of a dangerous coast to vessels in the dark.

This was the site selected and a cozy little cottage was built by order of the music man. On the christening night a dense fog enshrouded the island. The occupants of the cottage had retired, slumber expectant, when a dull boom, boom, boom drove thoughts of sleep away and brought the scared, would-be sleepers to the windows.

The first impression was that a vessel in distress was signalling for help, but investigation showed that the sound proceeded from an innocent looking building on the lighthouse grounds, within fifty feet of the newly built cottage.

It was a huge steam foghorn, peeping above the roof, which had for years been sounding warnings, as an auxiliary to the lighthouse, but unknown to the Bostonian, who had unwittingly placed himself in the lion's mouth.

Some people go through the world as a fog horn, always foretelling gloomy things and banishing peace and good-cheer as far as their influence can reach. What are you, a lighthouse or a fog horn?

WHY LAFAYETTE GAVE UP THE THEATRE.

272

The New York Journal of November 2, 1778, records the following pleasant incident, well worth recalling nowadays when Americans are preparing to erect in his own land a memorial to the gallant Frenchman. Would that all Christians were as ready to obey the higher law in this matter as Lafayette the lower one! Here is the quaint old record.

The theatre being open laft evening, the Marquis de La Fayette being in company with his Excellency the Prefident of Congrefs, asked him to accompany him to the play. The prefident politely excusing himself, the marquis preffed him to go. The Prefident then informed the marquis that Congrefs having that day paffed a refolution, recommending to the feveral States to enact laws for the fuppreffion of theatrical amusements, he could not poffibly do himfelf the honor of waiting upon him to the play. "Ah!" replied the marquis, "have Congrefs paffed fuch a refolution? Then I will not go to the play."

A railroad brakeman of Los Angeles, California, recently wrote the *Ram's Horn*, of Chicago, this account of his conversion:

I see you have the testimonies of saved policemen and saved conductors, and so I give you the experience of a saved brakeman whom God has blessed and kept for twelve years.

Long ago while spending three days in Los Angeles, I passed a band of men and women on the street, singing and praying, testifying to the power of God to save from sin. I saw by their shining faces that they surely had the joy they were telling about. Then the Holy Ghost said to me, this is what you need, and the tears began to flow from my eyes, a thing that had not occurred for years, I having been on the road since 1869, and being with all kinds of men, where I heard nothing good but plenty of the bad.

After a long struggle of twenty-one days, the Lord saved me and said, "Go and sin no more." This was one Sabbath morning quite early. I went out on the high hills north of Los Angeles to have it out with God all alone. I walked very carefully, so afraid was I that some one would see me. I crawled under a low bush or brush and hid as much as possible.

I had just paid the last cent I had for a testament. No one in the state knew me. My dear wife and three children were in Lincoln, Neb. I opened the book and I was praying God for forgiveness of sins when my eyes, full of tears, fell on the words found in Acts 9:11: "For behold he prayeth." And behold, my burden fell off. Joy came in. It was as real as anything I ever experienced in my life. I jumped to my feet, praising God. I did not care now how many heard me. I had found Him of whom the prophets did write. Since then I am often on the street telling men there is a way out of sin.

The Lord blesses me so in my daily railroad work that sometimes when I arise to call out the station I am compelled to study a moment to get the station in mind or I will say, "Hallelujah" or "Glory." I have been the instrument through Christ in bringing many to Him. I praise God for His goodness to me. He has saved my wife and two children, who are now a man and woman. How good He is!

I could tell you of many instances where He has blessed me in street work; how men knelt at the curb-stone asking God for mercy, and then got up and threw whiskey-bottles and cards and tobacco on the street and became sober and good citizens; how I offered to pray in the coach with a backslider, and when he saw I would do what I said he would not yield; how in helping a lady on the train as the train was moving, I said, "Sister, if you come as near missing Heaven as you did this train you will be in a terrible fix." Some time after, when she was on the train she recognized me and said those words would be remembered throughout her life, for she was on the train for glory! Bless His name.

INTEMPERANCE MEANS INCAPACITY.

274

A boy lay on the sands of West Africa, under a burning sky. He was a Christian lad, though with a black skin, for he had heard the great message of the missionary and had heeded it. To him came another lad, who said, "Makshi, drink this, it is good;" holding out a cocoa-nut shell full of fiery gin. Then Makshi took the shell and did a daring thing. He turned the shell upside down and poured the horrid liquid on the sand. For a moment a fierce light gleamed in the eyes of the other black boy, but he choked his wrath down and laughed at Makshi for a fool. In another minute a voice was heard calling out, "Come quickly! A lion has stolen one of the goats!" Makshi and his companion rushed off in response to the summons, seized their spears, and with two other black boys, some years older than themselves, went hastily on the tracks of the lion. But close on them followed two men with guns; for what could spears do against a lion!

In his ardour, Makshi soon outstripped his fellows. He was a nimble fellow, fond of leaping and running, and before long was a considerable distance ahead of the rest of the party. Suddenly, he was brought to a standstill with a shock. He was looking for a lion, but little expected to come face to face with the terrible beast so quickly. And now he regretted his temerity in running on alone. The lion had already begun to eat the goat, which it had carried under some palm trees. Makshi turned and ran, and for a few moments he heard nothing of the lion, but presently he could hear it beginning to pursue him. Running for his life, Makshi was quickly overtaken, and could almost feel the animal's breath on his back, when, in succession, two shots rang out, and with a terrible roar the lion fell mortally wounded.

"Oh, how you did run, Makshi!" said the black boy who had offered the drink to him in the cocoa-nut shell. "Ah, I know I ran for my life, but if I had drunk your gir. I could not have run so as to escape," was the reply.

FIRE IN THE PULPIT.

275

Mrs. Margaret Bottome says that a Ritualistic clergyman asked her at dinner one day what would draw the people to the church, and he added, "I have spent a great deal of money out of my own pocket to have the finest music that could be obtained, but there are not many more that come to the church. What would you advise?" She replied, "Fire in the pulpit." "Fire in the pulpit?" he said with the utmost astonishment. "What do you mean?" "Did you ever see a fire without a crowd around?" she remarked. "Will not the cry of fire make people go?" "Yes," he said, "but what did you mean by fire in the pulpit?" She saw he did not think of Pentecost, and she said, "Didn't St. Peter draw a large congregation after the baptism of the Holy Ghost fell upon him, was he not baptised with the Holy Ghost and with fire?" "Ah, yes," he said, "Pentecost! I did not think of that."

DIVINE GENTLENESS.

276

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman relates this touching story:

At the Winona Bible Conference last summer, the Rev. E. J. Bulgin, D. D., the evangelist, told of a man in Chicago whose wife became insane, and yet he loved her as never before and gave up his business to give her tender care. The neighbors complained of her shrieking and he moved to a new neighborhood, built a large house, put a great fence about it, only to have other complaints given to him which of course he could not heed, for his wife whom he loved was under his own care. One day the physician came to him and suggested that he take her to the mountains where she was born, possibly the mountain scenery, the music of the birds and the flowers she used to love would bring back again her old mental power.

The journey was made but with disappointing results, and the broken hearted husband set his face towards Chicago without his cherished desire being granted him. But when they reached their city home she fell asleep. Sitting by her bedside he scarcely stirred for fear he would arouse her, for she had had no natural sleep for months. She slept on and on until the night was passed and then she opened her eyes to look with clear vision into his face and say, "Where have I been all this time?" and he said, "You have been away on a journey but now you have returned to me." "And where have you been all this time?" she said, and his answer made with sobs was, "I have been sitting by your side waiting and now you have returned to me." This is but a poor picture of God waiting by the sinner's side and seeking to woo him while He waits, but some day the sinner will open his eyes and see his Lord and then in the memory of all His patience and persistence he will say with David in the text, "Thy gentleness hath made me great."

TRANSFORMED FAULTS.

277

In one of the famous collections of rare curios to be found in the museums of New York City there is a very fine specimen of Chinese carving in jade—a tiger

crouched ready to spring, with glaring eyeballs of wonderfully natural appearance, which look as though cut from a different material and cunningly set in the animal's head. Yet such is not the case. The unknown artist found in his piece of jade two white spots surrounded by reddish circles—flaws which a less inventive workman might have thought unfitted the material for use. But he, instead of casting the stone aside as worthless, saw in those blemishes the possibility of two fierce eyes, and straightway set about transforming them into something unique and valuable.

A similar instance is found in the story of an Italian worker in precious stones to whom a gentleman took an onyx to be carved. The stone was a remarkably fine one, perfect in all but one place where it had a peculiar brownish, mottled appearance. The owner was fearful that this flaw would interfere with the carving of the stone, but the old lapidary smiled, and said, "Leave that to me." When at last the cutting of the stone was completed, the gentleman was delighted to see upon it the beautiful figure of the goddess Diana standing upon a leopard skin. The blemish of the stone had become its crowning beauty.

These instances bring to us the thought that in some such way as this the faults of our human natures shall, under the direction of the Great Artist, be transformed into graces, traits of character which give to the individual his greatest worth. The hot, hasty temper which is always getting its owner into trouble, once surrendered to the ruling hand of the Master, becomes a powerful force to move things in the right way. The idle disposition is roused from its indolence, and becomes genuinely eager for service. The suspicious nature learns to think no evil. The uneasy, exacting character becomes one zealous to accomplish much for others. The impatient one is transformed into gentleness, and the proud spirit no longer "glorieth in the things of itself."

Only under the Master's hand are these transformations possible. Then shall we not hasten to place ourselves where the blemishes of our nature shall be changed into beauty? Shall we not gladly surrender the worthless, that it may be made exceeding precious?

A CHILD'S VOICE.

278

A traveller tells this beautiful and touching story:

It was midnight when the northern train rushed into the station at C—, usually so bustling, but now comparatively deserted.

There was a delay of some minutes, but no one got out. Many of the travelers were half asleep. Others were settling themselves comfortably in their wraps and rugs, preparing for the long night journey before them.

Suddenly the silence was most painfully broken by a loud, harsh voice from one of the carriages beginning to roar out a profane and ribald song. What the words were, I am thankful to say I do not know, but they were bad enough to horrify every one who heard them.

All the passengers were shocked and indignant. They would gladly have silenced the vile and insolent singer, but how was this to be done?

Hark! Another voice is heard—sweet, clear and childlike; the voice of a little girl, distinctly singing the words:

"Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings."

Only a few notes were sung when the hint was taken, and another voice joined, then another, and another. Manly basses and tenors threw in their deep tones with all their strength, and soon a full and powerful volume of song to the glory of God—"the voice of a great multitude"—poured forth, and the voice of the profane singer was heard no more.

Joyful with an angel's joy must that happy child have been, as, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, she murmured: "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory, through Jesus Christ, our Lord." And deeply moved was many a heart, as they joined in this triumph of good over evil, of love and reverence, over scorn and hatred, of Christ over Satan. Surely, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise."

GOLD AND POTATOES.

279

An American once visited Thomas Carlyle in company with Professor Tyndall. During the dinner he told Carlyle that he was a practical geologist, especially concerned in mining pursuits.

"What do you mine for?" he asked.

"Gold and silver," I replied.

"Gold!" he exclaimed. "You mine for gold! That's a good-for-nothing pursuit. The biggest gold nugget ever found was never half so useful to the world as one good mealy potato."

THE STONE WITH A FLAW.

280

I find this story in a recent sermon:

I went one day to a jeweler's to buy a beautiful stone, and I found one that, with its brilliancy and beauty, seemed almost perfect and I said, "Yes, I will take it." Fifteen years ago that was. The jeweler brought me out another, a little larger, and he said: "Here is another stone at the same price, but there is a little bit of a flaw in it. It can only be detected by a microscope; nobody will ever know. Won't you take it?" I resented it with tenfold indignation—giving a stone with a flaw to one to whom I had given my heart. And to-day that stone glistens on the finger of one who is very dear to me; but it is not the stone with a flaw.

And yet, dear friends, every service that I bring to Him whom I ought to love dearer than life itself has many a flaw in it, and there is no flavor of sacrifice, and there is no expensiveness of cost; I am not pouring out my life for Him, and yet He poured out His life for me. When I look into the heart of God I find there is no spared treasure in Heavens' house; Heaven gave it all for my redemption. There is one song I cannot sing without emotion. Ten or fifteen years ago it entered into my life. It is this:

I gave my life for thee;
My precious blood I shed
That thou mightst ransomed be
And quickened from the dead.

I gave, I gave My life for thee;
What hast thou given for Me?

I suffered much for you,
More than My tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell.

I've borne, I've borne it all for thee;
What hast thou borne for Me?

HOW CLOUDS SHOULD BE WORN

281

This little poem speaks for itself. Oh, that we might live its philosophy!
"The inner side of every cloud

Is bright and shining.
I therefore turn my clouds about
And always wear them inside out.
To show their lining."

A HEART-WINNING DEED.

282

Two young men of the world attended the church of which the Rev. Russell H. Conwell is pastor, in company with their young lady friends. One evening the young folks fell to discussing Rev. Mr. Conwell. The young ladies declared that their pastor was animated by the best of motives, but the converts to the beer-keg declared, "Conwell is like all the rest of them—he is in it for the almighty dollar." It was of no use for two simple, Christian-hearted girls to argue with omniscience, and the question was dropped. One stormy winter's night, as these two young men reeled out of a saloon at twelve o'clock, they heard a voice saying:

"My dear child, why did you not tell me before that you were in need? You know that I would not let you suffer."

"That's Conwell," said one of the young fellows.

"Nah! get out," replied his companion; "what's the matter with you?"

"I tell you that was Conwell's voice; let's follow him up."

Through the blinding snow they could distinguish the tall, masculine form of the pastor of Grace church with a large basket on one arm, and leading a little girl by the hand. Keeping a sufficient distance to avoid recognition, the young men followed to a home of need the man whose spoken word in the great Temple had failed to lead them to believe in him who "went about doing good," but whose ministry to a needy family at midnight brought the tears of sincere repentance and a cry for mercy. Those young men became consistent members of Grace church, and vie with others in devotion to their pastor.

WITH CHRIST IN THE BOAT.

283

Some time ago a little class in a Sabbath school, having finished their lesson, were looking earnestly at a print in a children's paper they had just received. It represented Jesus with the disciples on the sea of Tiberius. The wind had risen since they left the shore, and was swaying the sail almost in the water. A very high wave was lashing against the prow of the frail boat, and threatening the next moment to sweep over all.

One of the boys said, earnestly, "What a dreadful storm! You can almost hear the thunder. I'm glad I was not there."

Little Ally looked up from the paper and said, "I should like to have been in the boat."

"You would like to have been in such an awful tempest?" asked the first speaker, in surprise. "Why?"

"Because Jesus was there," said Ally.

There is a hymn which says:

"With Christ in the vessel,
I'll smile at the storm."

STREETS PAVED WITH GOLD.

284

Some time ago the authorities of the town of Altman, in the Cripple Creek district, Colorado, were paving the streets with rock from the waste dump of the Pharmacist Mine. Some of it looked so well that samples were taken at random and assayed, and the returns showed an average value of \$20 in gold a ton. As a result, men began hauling away the street surface, until stopped by the police. The Pharmacist Company has ceased giving away the dump, and is hauling it to the reduction mills. Wealthy as this country is, it has not yet arrived at the point when it can afford to pave the streets

with ore that contains gold. The precious metal can be put to a use that will do more good. When in that glorious time yet to come on this wearied, troubled world, there ceases to be need of money, it may be used for street paving, as in that city which the Seer of Patmos saw in vision descending out of the heavens to the earth, in which there was neither poverty nor sin.

And the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass (Rev. 21:21).

INTERESTING "FOLKS."

285

A young girl talking with her grandmother in a spirit of discontent recently said, "I wish I had something to occupy my leisure—something in which I could get thoroughly interested, I draw and paint a little, and did a good deal of it at one time, but one gets tired of filling one's home with amateurish pictures, even though they are one's own. My music is very much on the same order. One year I studied law, and really enjoyed it for a while, but there was no object in keeping it up. It's the same way with most pursuits."

"Did you ever try getting interested in folks?" asked her grandmother, quietly.

She was a plain little woman in a print dress, and Miss Gabrielle did not consider the suggestion seriously.

"Oh, I could never be a philanthropist, if that's what you mean," she answered carelessly.

The grandmother did not explain; it would have been useless. But she knew what Miss Gabrielle and many another like her spent a lifetime without knowing—that an interest in humanity is all that makes any pursuit worth while. Wealth, art, learning, are worth attaining only for some benefit they are to bestow, and an interest in "folks" is all that makes even life itself enjoyable or valuable.

A MAN WHO LEFT HIS MARK.

286

In one of her lectures, Frances Willard told the story of a young nobleman who found himself in a little village away off in Cornwall, where he never had been before. It was a hot day and he was thirsty, and his thirst increased as he rode up and down the village streets seeking in vain for a place where something stronger than water could be had.

At last he stopped and made impatient inquiry of an old peasant who was on his way home after a day of toil.

"How is it that I can't get a glass of liquor anywhere in this wretched village of yours?" he demanded, harshly.

The old man, recognizing his questioner as a man of rank, pulled off his cap and bowed humbly, but nevertheless there was a proud flash in his faded eyes as he answered quietly:

"My lord, something over a hundred years ago a man named John Wesley came to these parts," and with that the old peasant walked on.

It would be interesting to know just what the nobleman thought as he pursued his thirsty way. But what a splendid testimony was this to the preaching of John Wesley! For more than a century the word that he has spoken for his Master had kept the curse of drunkenness out of that village; and who can estimate the influence for good thus exerted upon the lives of those sturdy peasants? What nobler memorial could be desired by any Christian minister?

CRAZED BY PROSPERITY.

287

A millionaire business man in New York city has been committed to the insane asylum under circumstances at once sad and full of suggestion. The affliction was a great shock to his friends, of whom he had many. His rise to wealth was phenomenal. Less than twenty years ago he was a paper-hanger working for daily wages in Chicago. By the assistance of friends he was enabled to open a small decorator's shop,

and not having enough capital to keep a stock of wall-paper, sold it from samples supplied to him by wholesale houses. He had excellent taste in that department of his business, and seemed to know by instinct the patterns that would please the public. His customers multiplied, and he opened branch establishments in Boston, Philadelphia and New York. In each city he did a large business and accumulated an immense fortune. He kept a fine yacht, bought the best kind of automobiles and had many valuable horses. Recently he purchased a magnificent house and grounds. His business continued to grow and his devotion to it did not abate. He worked harder than ever. A few weeks ago he showed signs of collapse. His friends noticed that he acted strangely, and ultimately it became necessary to place him under restraint. The specialists say that the sole cause of his mind being unbalanced was his phenomenal business success. How many there are who, in spite of such warnings, give themselves with similar intensity to their business interests. It is a pity that they are not so earnest in the pursuit of heavenly riches, for in that pursuit, there is neither danger nor disappointment. "The blessing of the Lord maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it." (Proverbs x, 22.)

THE EARTH-GIRDLING WIRES.

288

Great Britain now has an all-British cable and telegraph line around the world. This line has been laid in sections, and by the junction of two of these sections in Fiji, the line has been completed. It now goes completely around the world, its land stations being, in every instance, on British territory. Starting from Great Britain, it passes to Gibraltar, thence under the Mediterranean, the Suez Canal and the Red Sea, it reaches Bombay; thence crossing India, it passes to Australia. Returning, it goes to Auckland, New Zealand, thence to Fiji and the Fanning Islands, thence to Vancouver, across Canada, and so by one of the existing lines back to Great Britain. An experimental dispatch sent around the world by this route, completed the circuit in one hour. The longest submarine stretch of cable is from the Fanning Islands to Vancouver, 3,237 miles. The total distance from Australia to Vancouver, which is the new section, is 7,267 miles, or by actual measure of cable, allowing for inequalities in the submarine surface, 9,272 miles. The total cost is ten million dollars, a sum borne in various proportions, by Great Britain, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. Great Britain has thus linked her vast empire together, and is now assured of communication, whether in peace or war, with its dependencies, independent of foreign interference. In no instance, does the cable touch soil belonging to another nation. Formerly, communication could be had only by a line running over the West coast of Africa, and passing through territory belonging to many different nationalities. The cable now completed was, therefore, a measure of prudence. If Great Britain became involved in a war with any of those governments the telegraph wires might be cut, and so the mother country would have lost the means of telegraphic communication with her colonies. Happily, no such danger can ever menace the communication between the Christian and his Heavenly King.

I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor principalities, nor powers, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus (Rom. 8:39).

WEIGHED DOWN WITH GOLD.

289

A touching story was told when the *Islander* was wrecked of a miner who was returning from the gold fields with his fortune.

Seeking to save his money he strapped it round his waist and sprang into the sea, trusting to the life preserver to bear him up. The weight of the money, however, caused the life preserver to topple over, and the man was drowned. Paul warns the rich, and those *who would be rich*, that the undue love of money leads men into lusts "which drown men in perdition." It is a striking figure this, of the man sunk with an excessive

weight, and it may be well urged in our own day when the golden idol is the sole god worshipped by a vast number of men. It is a remarkable thing that our blessed Lord, who generally addressed the poor, so frequently warned his hearers against covetousness. So long as a man holds it in his heart that money is the chief good, so long does he, like the man in the Gospel (Luke xii.), ruin his soul.

A SPANISH WOMAN'S CONVERSION.

290

E. J. Clemens of Scotland tells this story:

Pilar was a Spanish Guarani woman between thirty and forty years of age, who had been employed as a general servant in my home about three months.

She could not read, and knew very few words of any language except her native Guarani. That is the original language of the Indians in that part of South America.

Although her means of gaining knowledge and her ability to grasp new thoughts were extremely limited, she took great interest in my explanations of God's love, and soon began to ply me with questions. At last she asked how God converted a soul, how He changed the heart.

I told her I did not know how He changed the heart of any one, not even my own, but that He knew how, and would change hers for her and fill it with love to Him if she would let Him.

A few days afterward I found her sitting in the *patio* with her head leaned back against the wall and her eyes closed. Thinking she probably had a headache, I asked whether she were sick.

"O, no, senora, I am just letting God change my heart."

A LITTLE BOY'S PRAYERS ANSWERED.

291

There is a story full of pathos which is told of James Smith, an English laborer in the navy yard on the Thames, who had a little boy Johnnie.

James was a very intemperate man. After the death of his wife, sorrow kept him sober for a while, but he took to his cups again, and, as poor Johnnie expressed it, "got baddened and baddened all the time."

The Wesleyan Methodist tells us that one night the drunkard awoke, a most uncommon thing for him at such an hour, and lay very still, for he heard a sound. It was his motherless boy praying by his bedside. He heard him say, "Please God, make daddy a better man, for Jesus' sake."

James Smith could not sleep any more. He rose very early and went to his work. He came home early that night without having drunk a drop of liquor. His heart was melted. He said to Johnnie: "What put it into your head to pray for your worthless old dad?"

Johnnie told him it was because he loved him; and besides he had been to a Sunday class where the teacher had taught him the commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother."

"Then keep on prayin', keep on prayin', little lad," said James. "I believe God has answered you already; I've been prayin' for myself, that God would make me a better man."

The prayer was answered. James Smith reformed and from that time lived a steady Christian life.

A NEW DIPPER.

292

A gentleman grown gray tells this interesting story of childhood which has in it a striking illustration of the need of the New Birth.

The old tinker sat out under a tree mending the kitchen ware, and we children stood around him in breathless interest. We lived in a quiet country place, and his visit each summer was a great event to us.

Mother brought out an old tin dipper full of holes. The tinker looked it over and shook his head.

"What you need is a new dipper, ma'am," he said: "there's some things that it's better not to fuss to mend. It's just wasting time and money. You'd better throw them away and get new. Don't forget that, children," he went on after mother had gone into the house. "It's a good thing to know how to mend and patch, but there's some things that have got so old and rusty and full of holes that it isn't worth while trying. There's some folks go on trying to patch up a bad temper all their lives. As fast as one place is fixed, another one gives out and they're as bad as ever. What they ought to do is to throw the old one away and ask the Lord to give them a new one."

THE VICTORY OF THE CHILDREN.

293

A curious and pretty custom is observed every year in the city of Hamburg to celebrate a famous victory which was won by little children more than four hundred years ago. In one of the numerous sieges Hamburg was reduced to the last extremity, when it was suggested that all the children should be sent out unprotected into the camp of the besiegers as the mute appeal for mercy of the helpless and the innocent. This was done. The rough soldiery of the investing army saw with amazement, and then with pity, a long procession of little ones, clad in white, come out of the city and march boldly into their camp.

The sight melted their hearts. They threw down their arms, and, plucking branches of fruit from the neighboring cherry orchards, they gave them to the children to take back to the city as a token of peace. This was a great victory, which has ever since been commemorated at Hamburg by a procession of boys and girls dressed in white, and carrying branches of the cherry tree in their hands.

FILL THE PIT OR SELL THE ASS.

294

A devout Christian man was once urged by his employer to work on Sunday. "Does not your Bible say that if your ass falls into a pit on the Sabbath you may pull him out?"

"Yes," replied the other, "but if the ass had the habit of falling into the same pit every Sabbath, I would either fill up the pit or sell the ass."

WHEN COOPER AND LANDSEER PRAYED TOGETHER.

295

On one occasion Sir Edwin Landseer was in great trouble and went to Henry Graves to chat the matter over with him. But the efforts of Graves to give a little comforting advice to the artist were unsuccessful. "Don't think me unkind, Graves," said Sir Edwin, "but I am none the happier for this long chat with you. I think I will go and have a talk with Cooper."

So to Thomas Sidney Cooper the great animal painter went. Landseer stated his case.

"We shan't be disturbed," said Cooper, "and I think I can put you in the way of getting the very advice and help you want." Cooper placed his hand on Landseer's shoulder. Landseer, who was not of a particularly religious turn of mind, involuntarily did what that touch of the hand seemed to suggest. Together these two great artists knelt down in prayer, and remained on their knees for some time. And when they got up Landseer held out his hand to Cooper and said, "Cooper, you have put me in the way of getting, yes, and obtaining the very comfort that I stood so much in need of. God bless you!"

THE ARTIST AND THE BIBLE.

296

The late Sir Sidney Cooper, who died in his ninety-ninth year in 1902, was not only a great artist, but a great Christian. When a child he was seen one day kneeling in the corner of a green field, quietly looking up to the sky, and evidently asking for a blessing.

In after years he said to a friend:

"Yes, the Bible is my recreation. And when one really knows the glorious happiness to be found in the living Word, it is the sweetest recreation for those in declining years that the soul could possibly desire. The Bible and its truths form my life day by day. Here am I an old man, aged and decrepit if you like, but for years and years I can look back and say, 'The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.'"

HOW ONE YOUNG MAN WAS SAVED.

297

Dr. Henry Clay Trumbull, in his interesting book, "Individual Work for Individuals," tells this striking and helpful incident:

"A Y. C. M. A. worker was going to Montreal to attend an International Convention. As the train approached the city a bright young man came into the train to advertise a prominent hotel in Montreal. He inquired of the young man the location and advantages of the house and the young man became quite eloquent in describing them and convinced the gentleman. He agreed to take a room and then turned the subject by asking, 'My young friend, are you a follower of Jesus?' 'I cannot say that I am, Sir,' was the reply. 'Still,' said the gentleman, 'if you were in Christ's service and plead as earnestly for His cause as you did for the hotel you represent, you would be a valuable helper to your Master and might do a great deal of good to others.'

"Several years passed away. The gentleman was sitting in his private office in a New England city and happened to call out a question to some one in the hallway. Almost immediately a strange young man appeared at the door and said: 'Excuse me, but did you not attend a convention in Montreal several summers ago?' 'Yes, but what of that?' 'Do you remember speaking to a young man on the cars and telling him you wished he were working as faithfully for Jesus as he was then working for a hotel in Montreal?' 'I think I do,' replied the gentleman, 'now that you recall it.' 'Well,' said the young man, 'I have never forgotten it; your words rang in my ears. They brought me to the Savior and I am trying to speak word for Him wherever I go.'

ENFORCED GENEROSITY.

298

Robert Carrick, one of the richest bankers of Scotland a few generations ago, was as mean as he was wealthy. Being one day visited by a deputation collecting subscriptions toward a new hospital, he signed for two guineas; and as one of the gentlemen expressed disappointment at the smallness of the sum he said, "Really, I cannot afford more."

The deputation next visited Wilson, one of the largest manufacturers in the city, who, on seeing the list, cried: "What! Carrick only two guineas!"

When informed of what the banker had said, Wilson remarked, "Wait, I'll give him a lesson."

Taking his check-book, he filled in a check for £10,000, the full amount of his deposit at Carrick's bank, and sent it for immediate payment.

Five minutes later the banker appeared, breathless, and asked:

"What is the matter, Wilson?"

"Nothing the matter with me," replied Wilson; "but these gentlemen informed me that you couldn't afford more than two guineas for the hospital. Hallo, thinks I, if that is the case, there must be something wrong, and I'll get my money out as soon as possible."

Carrick took the subscription list, erased the two guineas and substituted fifty, upon which Wilson immediately tore up his check.

The hospital was built, and here the best part of the story begins, for the rich man who was thus forced against his will to raise the amount of his subscription, soon began to take an interest in the work the hospital was doing. Before many years he contributed sufficient to fully endow and maintain it.

THE TRUE GUIDE BOARD.

299

The story is related of two men who were walking on the highway to a strange

city. One said, "I like to see where I am going. This faith you Christians talk about is unreasonable and absurd." They came to a fork in the road. No one was in sight. Neither of them knew the way. On the guide-post were the words, "To X—one mile." The Christian said, "What shall we do?" The sinner answered, "Why, trust the guide-board, of course." "But wouldn't that be walking by faith, just what you criticize us Christians for doing?" "No, for I see the guide-board." "True, and we see our guide-board, the Bible. We read about the way to Heaven, but we don't see Heaven any more than you see X—from this fork in the road. Our faith in the Bible is just like yours in the guide-board. We take the testimony of that which we see in regard to that which is invisible."

GOD'S WILLINGNESS TO FORGIVE.

300

Dr. Chapman tells this touching tale from real life.

We had in Philadelphia a young man belonging to one of the better families, so-called, who by his wayward actions disgraced his father and finally broke his heart. After a little he left his home, went to Baltimore, from there to Washington, and after months of wandering determined to return. He was ashamed to meet the members of his family, but he knew that if he made a peculiar sound at the door at the midnight hour there was one who would hear and understand, and when he stood before that door it was swung open and without a word of reproach his mother bade him welcome. The next morning he did not come down from his room, the second morning he was ashamed to come, but the third morning as he descended the stairway his brother, a physician, met him and said, "Edward, mother is dying." She had been suddenly stricken down and was anxious to see him. He made his way into her room, knelt beside her bed and sobbed out, "Oh, mother, I beseech you, forgive me!" and with her last departing strength she drew close to him, placed her lips close to his ear and said, "My dear boy, I would have forgiven you long ago if you had only accepted it." This is a picture of God. With a love that is infinite, and a pity beyond description, He waits to save every one who will but simply receive His gift of life.

WHY THE ARCHBISHOP WAS AN ABSTAINER.

301

On one occasion Archbishop Temple gave his own personal reasons for becoming a total abstainer.

"To advocate total abstinence," he said, "I am always prepared to give every moment that I can spare, and every energy that I possess, because, though I did not join the temperance work until what may be considered comparatively late in life, yet I joined it after a long, a very deliberate, and a very careful examination. I came to the conclusion that there was nothing else that was proposed which could be compared for efficiency with the determination, everywhere and on every occasion, to every sort of people, to advocate total abstinence from intoxicating liquors.

"I do not mean that there is not a great deal else that may be done to further the cause, and in various ways I think I do my best to do so by other means than this, but I have always put, and have deliberately put, this remedy above every other. This simplicity of aim gives a peculiar strength. There may be differences of opinion about many things. There may be differences of opinion about the best kind of legislation to be adopted; differences of opinion about the best mode of dealing with those who are half with us and half not with us; but this simple aim admits of no difference of opinion whatever, and we are here absolutely one.

"My own reason for becoming a total abstainer was because at the bottom of my heart I care for one thing more than for anything else, and that is the condition of the poorer of my own countrymen, whose lives of constant toil are so often made utterly miserable by a temptation which they find it so difficult to resist, and which seems to dog their steps at every turn as they go."

Rev. Dr. Russell H. Conwell finds this striking message from the command of the angels to the shepherds, "Go down to Bethlehem."

A man sits by his study fire, and as he looks into its blaze, he dreams and meditates, until, in the exaltation of soul that comes with the associations he has brought around himself, angels whisper to him and tell him to write a book, or tell him to undertake a deed, or to cross the sea and discover a continent—tell him to reach out and save the poor and suffering, like Howard, in the prisons of the world. That is the sublime moment of his life. The angel speaks and says, "Go down to Bethlehem."

I remember one day before a battle a company of those who believed in God retired to their tents to pray. We had received orders to be ready for marching in an hour, and they went in and prayed. I was an unbeliever then, and did not go in to pray, yet when they came out I felt, "Yes, we are going to face the bullets today, indeed, and I may never see my home again. I wish I had liver better in the past, and if I live through this charge that is evidently going to be made to that mountain top I will be a better man." And under the inspiration of that hour the angel did whisper to me, "Thou canst be all that thou hast the ambition to be, if after this hour is past you will obey its dictates."

Some of you have sat by the death-bed of a beloved mother, and she has said to you, "My son, my daughter, meet me in Heaven." You all sat there—perhaps she could not say it to you, but you knew she would have said it if she had been able to speak. But in the moment of sorrow of parting with that loved one, you reached the highest point of your emotional experience, and your heart was opened to God, and the Heavens appeared, and through the clouds the angel came and said unto you, "Go to Christ and Bethlehem," and you said, "I will go." But the angels went away, and when they departed you forgot, and did it not.

THE CRY FOR BREAD.

303

The Rev. Willis F. Hotchkiss makes this vital missionary appeal:

I went to explore a mountain upon one occasion. I had to leave and return to my station, owing to some difficulties. One of the men had become very ill, and I had to leave him in the care of three others. I left food to last him until they reached the station, instructed them to help the man and charged them not to leave him because the bush swarmed with wild beasts. I went my way. The next day the three men came into my house without the sick man. "Where is the sick man," I asked, "is he dead?" "No." "Why haven't you brought him in?" "We ate the food, and we didn't want to stay there to be eaten by lions." "But don't you know the sick man will be eaten?" "It don't matter," they replied, "he is going to die anyway; and it is the custom of our people, when a man is going to die, to take him into the bush, build a fire beside him and leave him." I said, "This is not the white man's way. I am going to find him." I did not find him, but what I found was the outline of a human form by the side of a little stream, and around that imprint of the form numerous tracks of lions and hyenas. And as that night I lay in my little open tent and the lions roared about us all night and the next morning, five minutes' walk from the tent, I came upon the fresh remains of a zebra that had been pulled down and devoured by the lions, it did not require any stretch of imagination to tell what had been the fate of the poor sick man.

You shudder at such an exhibition of man's inhumanity to man, which would leave a fellow man thus to perish miserably. But by so much as Heaven is higher than the earth, by so much as spiritual bread is worth more than the bread that nourishes the physical body, by just so much is it worse to withhold the gospel from the African than it is to withhold bread from his starving physical body!

"Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And with leathern hearts forget
That we owe mankind a debt?

"No; true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And with heart and hand to be
Earnest to make others free."

THE CHURCH FIG TREE.

304

About four miles from St. Treverne, in Cornwall, is the village of Manaccan, where the fine church of St. Dunstan is well known throughout the country because of the ancient fig-tree which grows out of the wall of its tower. The church is situated on wooded land, and is an ancient building in the early English style, consisting of nave of six bays, chancel, south transept, and an embattled western tower.

On the south side of the tower is a large fig tree, one hundred and fifty years old. It grows out of the church wall, and has a trunk eighteen inches in diameter. The roots penetrate the thickness of the wall, and when alterations were being made in the church they were found to have pushed their way under the seats for a considerable distance.

This is a beautiful suggestion of the spiritual fig tree with its fruits of love and gentleness and good will which ought to be growing up in every church.

GOD AT HIS PALACE GATE.

305

Dr. Hallock re-tells the story of a wise Eastern ruler who when he died left word to his people that his son would be their king, and though they had never seen his face, they would judge of his government by his acts. The people promised obedience. The influence of the new ruler was wise and kind, and like the beams of the sun, it streamed out of the royal palace, bringing joy to every subject.

The people marveled and said, "We see him not; how does he understand us so well?"

They came to the palace gates and said, "Let the king suffer us to see his face."

The king came forth to them in his royal robes, and when they saw him they rejoiced and said, "We know thy face."

He had walked so often with them as their friend, showing love and kindness to all, that when they saw him in the palace, his kingly robes did not disguise him. They knew him.

This is our Christmas Day thought; for this is what Christmas really means. In the incarnation our King comes to the palace gate and lets us see his face. "The Word became flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten from the Father, full of grace and truth."

THE STORY OF A PAWN TICKET.

306

"Every ticket has its story," said a man acquainted with the pawn shop. "One bitter cold day a mite of a boy, not over nine years old, came in to a pawn shop wrapped in his overcoat. This he pulled off, and deposited it upon the pawnbroker's counter.

"Give a dollar 'n' quarter?" he asked in pleading tones.

"Dollar," said the money lender.

"Oh, please give me a dollar 'n' a quarter!"

"Can't do it. Dollar."

The boy was almost crying, and he begged earnestly for the sum he asked. "I

want to get my sister's coat out," he said as he laid down 8 cents as interest money. This proposition the pawnbroker accepted, and the boy went shivering into the cold with his sister's coat.

"Is your sister going to a dance tonight?" a bystander asked him.

"No, sir; mom's been sick, an' Maggie had to hock her coat for feed. She's got a job now, an' she's got to have a coat to go to work in. I don't mind the cold; I'm used to it."

What a hero such a boy must seem to the angels.

A STEAMLESS LOCOMOTIVE.

307

A convention speaker tells of a visit to a locomotive round house.

"What impressed me most," said he, "was a notice, conspicuously posted, to this effect: 'No engineer allowed to take his engine out of this round house with less than one hundred and twenty pounds of steam.'"

"I would like to paraphrase that notice," added the speaker, "for the benefit of every Sunday school teacher in the land: 'No teacher allowed to go to his class with less than one hundred and twenty pounds of steam.' Why, some teachers do not even light the fires until they leave home for Sunday school! How, then, can they expect power when they get to their classes? Preparation is not merely important, it is essential. An unprepared teacher is as ineffective as a steamless locomotive."

AN ASH BARREL BIBLE.

308

A church in New York City acquired its pulpit Bible in a way that was probably never paralleled. The church had a new lectern, but the new Bible given to go with it was too large. One day a woman came to see the pastor with a neat package which she proceeded to untie.

He was not surprised to see a beautifully bound gilt-edged Bible unfolded in her hands; but his feelings changed when she told him that she had found it in an ash barrel.

A family, after a short residence in the apartment house where she lived, had moved out that morning, and had left their rubbish with the janitor to be carted away in the city garbage wagon. The costly Bible was among this rubbish." The family record had been cut out of it, being evidently the only thing about it that its owners valued.

The minister took it to his new pulpit, and it has been there ever since. It fitted the book board exactly.

There is a sadly pathetic vision of a sacred wedding gift once prized; of resolutions forgotten; of decaying household piety amid a hurried city life and frequent removals; of a birth and death, and their little record; of the final loss of religious faith and all reverence for its symbols. The family Bible meant only so many pounds of paper and leather—a piece of lumber too heavy to carry away.

There is another form of neglect of the Bible that appears less rude and disrespectful to the holy volume. It adores its beautiful covers, but does not open them—a kind of fetish-worship of a book that is never read. Which neglect is the worse?

THE GRACE OF CONTENT.

309

One of the grandest things Paul ever wrote was when he penned, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content." I have seen a story of a little girl who learned the same story very early in life.

Edith is only a schoolgirl, but she has some of the wisdom that is better than any to be gotten from books. She does not spend her time fretting over things she does not have. She enjoys what she has.

"Don't you wish you were going to the seashore?" asked Margaret.

"I would like it," said Edith, "but I'm glad I'm going to grandpa's. I always have a good time there."

"Wouldn't you like to have a new dress like Mary's?" said Jessie.

"Yes; but I like mine just as well," was the answer.

Edith has "the little sprig of content" which gives a rich flavor to everything.

HOW ONE SALOON WAS CLOSED.

310

A lady with a cottage organ moved into a house adjoining a saloon in San Antonio, Texas. The partition was so thin that whatever transpired in one place could be heard in the other.

A sweet child of the lady died, and the saloon keeper, who owned the house, professed much sympathy; but the next Saturday night a number of rough drinking men met in the saloon to have some violin music, and as it was anything but soothing, the poor lonely hearted mother doubtless thought of the organ, and going over to it, began playing; and as she played, sang:

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly;
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

She had played but one verse when all became quiet in the bar-room. Then she lifted up a silent prayer that the hymn might prove a blessing; and so God ordained, for when the lady ceased the shutters of the saloon were closed for the night.

The next evening the saloon keeper sent two lady members of his family to ask the lady to play and sing

Jesus, lover of my soul,

Wonderingly, the lady complied. Still more strange, he sent in again and again.

The organ and hymn accomplished their mission. The man closed his saloon and abandoned the business.

"BOY LONG LOST."

311

One of the daily papers recently contained an article headed, "Boy Long Lost." It referred to the case of a boy of sixteen who has been missing from home since August 4, greatly to the distress of his parents, who earnestly desire his return. There are a good many boys in the world who have been long lost. Some of them are boys like the stray lad of whom Jesus told in the 15th of Luke. Others of them, comfortable in their snug pharisaism, are lost at home, like the older youth in the parable. All alike are greatly mourned by their Heavenly Father, who wonders when they will return, and who is planning how to get them back. Come back, boys, you long lost laddies, you're wanted at home!

THE COAT THAT CARRIED A PLEDGE.

312

One bitter winter night the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, the famous English preacher had taken a cab from a London suburb, bade the driver come in and get warm. He noticed that he had no overcoat, and inquired how it was that he was so insufficiently clad.

The man explained his poverty, and Mr. Pearse said: "Well now, I've got a coat

upstairs that would suit you. But before I give it to you I'm bound to tell you that there is something very peculiar about that coat, and it is right I should explain it to you before you put it on."

"What's that, sir?" said the man, considerably mystified, and not knowing whether he might not find it wise to decline the mysterious garment.

Said Mr. Pearse, solemnly, "That coat never had a glass of beer or spirits inside of it from the day it was made until now. I want you to promise me that as long as you wear that coat you will let 'the drink' alone."

"All right, sir," said cabby, holding out his hand, "all right, sir; I won't upset the coat by putting any drink inside of it."

Many months afterwards Mr. Pearse met the same man again, and learned that he had kept to his bargain, and that the coat had never been disgraced by drink.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

313

Former Minister Wu, writing in one of our magazines, points out the tremendous difference between the "Golden Rule," as given by Confucius and Christ.

Quoting the word of Jesus, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye also unto them," Mr. Wu comments: "The command is positive and in some respects aggressive. It requires something to be done." Then turning to the Confucian precept, "Do not do to others what you do not wish others to do to you," he says: "Non-interference with other people's affairs is the keynote of this injunction." That is to say, the divergence between these two utterances is inherently the divergence between the out-looking life and the in-looking life, between altruism and selfishness. And that divergence culminates in a separation as wide as the span of the poles.

GETTING BLESSINGS OUT OF DIFFICULTIES.

314

Not many years ago the common screws which carpenters use were made with blunt points, and had to be started into the wood with a gimlet. It was a serious disadvantage, but no machine had been found that would point a screw, and cut the thread upon it.

One day a workman had trouble with the machine at which he was working. He attempted to adjust it, but without entire success, for when he started the machine again the first screw caught and was jerked out of place, and turned down to a point with a thread cut all the way. The workman stopped the machine and picked up the screw, and behold! it was pointed like a gimlet.

A careless workman would have glanced at it and thrown it aside as defective, and hammered away at the machine to compel it to make blunt screws again; but this man had sense enough to see that here was the very thing that they had been seeking for years, and by patient study he found out precisely how to construct a machine that would constantly impart that twist to the screw, and finish it to a threaded point.

He took his idea to his employers, and they encouraged him to work out the plan, and provided money to construct a machine and get it patented. It was no mere lucky accident that accomplished this result; it was the ability to appreciate the blessing of a thing that went wrong. We may be sure that God has given some extra twist to each one of us which, if taken advantage of, will help us in the accomplishment of good results in life.

CARNEGIE ON THE VALUE OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

315

It was reported some time since that Mr. Andrew Carnegie had added ten per cent. to the wages of his employes on his Scottish estate, on condition that they became total abstainers. A journalist wishing to verify this statement wrote him asking if it were true. The reply made by Mr. Carnegie was as follows:

"Men are not required to be total abstainers, but all who are can obtain from me a gift equal to ten per cent. of their wages, with my best wishes, upon stating that they

have abstained for a year. I consider total abstainers worth ten per cent. more than others, especially if coachmen, yachtsmen, or men in charge of machinery. Indeed, I prefer them for all situations.—A. C.”

In view of Mr. Carnegie's great experience in the industrial world, this opinion is of inestimable value.

A FINISHED RELIGION.

316

Dr. R. A. Torrey recently said: I have a canny Scot for one of my deacons. This deacon was walking down alongside the railway line one morning, when an engineer, who he knew had been converted, hailed him, and asked him to come for a ride. He climbed up on to the footplate of the engine, and got into a theological discussion with him.

After they had been talking for some time, my deacon said: “I can see you have a different religion from mine. You have a religion of two letters, while I have a religion of four letters.”

“How do you make that out?” said the engineer.

“Your religion,” replied the deacon, “is Do. You are always talking about what you do. My religion is Done; and I am always talking about what Jesus Christ has done when He bore my sins on the cross.”

TEACHING MEN TO FLY.

317

The Rev. G. Campbell Morgan thinks the greatest picture in the Bible is the eagle's nest stirred up by the parent bird in order to teach the young eaglet to fly. Commenting on it he says:

Having stirred up her nest, “she spreadeth abroad her pinions,” the pinions that beat the air behind her as she rises superior to it. Where are the eaglets? Struggling, falling; she superior; they are falling. Then what does she do? “She beareth them on her pinions.” She swoops beneath them, catches them on her wings, and bears them up. What is she doing? Teaching them to fly. She drops them again, and again they struggle in the air, but this time not so helplessly. They are finding out what she means.

She spreads her pinions to show them how to fly, and as they fall again, she catches them again. That is how God deals with you and with me. Has He been stirring up your nest? Has He flung you out until you felt lost in an element that is new and strange? Look at Him. He is not lost in that element. He spreads out the wings of His omnipotence to teach us how to soar. What then? He comes beneath us and catches us on His wings. We thought when He flung us out of the nest it was unkind. No; He was teaching us to fly that we might enter into the spirit of the promise. “They shall mount up with wings as eagles.” He would teach us how to use the gifts which He has bestowed on us, and which we cannot use as long as we are in the nest.

There is a purpose in the eagle. What is it? Flight sunward. There is a purpose in your life, newborn child of God. What is it? Flight Godward, sunward, heavenward. If you stop in the nest, you will never get there. God comes into your life and disturbs you, breaks up your plans, and extinguishes your hopes, the lights that have lured you on. He spoils everything, what for? That He may get you on His wings and teach you the secret forces of your own life, and lead you to higher development and higher purposes. This government of God is a disturbing element, but, praise His name, it is a progressive element.

THE TRUE RICHES.

318

Dr. Torrey of the Moody Institute of Chicago, told in his meetings in Australia a striking story of two men whom he had known in New York.

One by business sagacity and industry amassed a million dollars, then a second million, a third, and a fourth. One day he was knocked down by a train, and he

died and had to leave it all. The papers had editorials on his rare business ability. The other man amassed half a million dollars. Then death came into his home and took his little girl. One night as he sat in the train, he was thinking of her, and the tears ran down his face, until he held up his newspaper to hide his emotion from the other passengers. The question was borne in upon him—what am I doing for *other people's* daughters? and he resolved to devote ten thousand dollars that year to the rescue of perishing girls. The next year he gave fourteen thousand, and at last he gave up business altogether to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. He is now seventy years of age, but is the youngest man I know of the age. Now, in the light of the Judgment Throne, which of those two men did best: the one who made four million dollars, to leave behind; or the other, who won thousands of souls to meet him in eternity?

THE HARD SCHOOL OF EXPERIENCE.

319

A well-known minister vouches for this striking incident:

Colonel Clarke, had a mission house, in which he used to hold services every night in the year. One night a notoriously hard man, named George Buck, was in the meeting, and the Spirit strove with him. When the meeting ended, Colonel Clarke held out his hand, and said, "George, I believe if you don't quit your sin and turn to Christ, God will take away your wife and daughter, and lock you up." George was very angry. He said, "Colonel Clarke, you mind your business, and I'll mind mine."

One month from that night George Buck's wife lay in the cemetery; his daughter had been taken away and placed in better hands.

This brought the father to his senses, and broken and repentant, he gave himself in complete surrender to the service of God.

"GOD IS LOVE."

320

When Mr. Moody had his first tabernacle built in Chicago he wanted everybody that came into that building to know that God is love, and, for fear the preachers would not talk about it often enough, he had it put up in gas jets right at the back of the platform, and there it shone in letters of fire—"God is Love"—so that every night in the year, when people came into that building, they would get that great truth burned into their eyes and into their hearts. One night a poor outcast drunkard came up the street. It was too early for church, though the gas had been lit, and thinking that he might find rest and shelter there, he walked up the steps, pushed the door open, and, looking down the building, saw those fiery letters above the platform, telling him "GOD IS LOVE." He pulled the door to, walked down the steps, and went away, saying, "God is love? No, God is not love. If He were love, He would love me; but God does not love such a miserable wretch as I am." But that sentence had been burned into his heart, and, after a little while, he turned round and came back, walked up the steps of the building, and sat down right at the back, behind the stove.

After a while, Mr. Moody came in and preached one of his characteristic sermons. When the service was over he went down, and found this man behind the stove, crying like a child. "What is the trouble?" said Mr. Moody. "What was in my sermon that touched you?" "Oh," said the man, "I didn't hear a word of it." "Was it the text?" "No." "Or the singing?" "No." "Well, what is the matter; what broke your heart?" "It was that text up there in the gas," said the man, "GOD IS LOVE!" Mr. Moody sat down beside him, took out his Bible, showed him how ready God was to pardon sin, and the man went out of that building rejoicing in the love of God.

A HANDFUL MORE.

321

A gentleman well known for his large benefactions, was asked what part of his income he was in the habit of contributing to the Lord's treasury. "I do not know," said he; "I do very much as the woman did who was famous for the excellence of her rhubarb pies. She put in as much sugar as her conscience would allow, and then shut

her eyes and put in a handful more. I give all my conscience approves, and then add a handful without counting."

FAITH AND WORKS GOING TOGETHER.

322

Dr. O. P. Gifford, of Buffalo utters this striking paragraph.

Christians are the salt of the earth, but the salt, not the earth is to do the seeking; Christians are the light of the world, but the light, not the world is to do the seeking. Life is active, aggressive. We assume that men are dead in sin, and then urge them to act like live men, seek the resurrection and the life. We claim to be alive unto God, and then sit down and wonder why the dead do not seek us. If Martha and Mary had waited in the home for the dead brother to come and be raised they would have waited a long time, they sent for Jesus, met Him at the tomb, friends rolled the stone away, and Christ spoke. Go where the dead are, go with Christ the life, work to roll away the stone, do all you can to bring the living Christ and the dead soul face to face, and results will follow.

A DUMB CHURCH.

323

Dr. George C. Lorimer, pertinently says:

The time has come for press and pulpit to speak out, ring clear, the inspired exhortation: "Abstain from every form of evil." I am aware that to do this exposes the preacher to the criticisms of those who, like Lord Melbourne, resent the application of religion to every day life. But a dumb church in an evil age is itself the worst of evils. It lends the sanction of its non-committal silence to the iniquities and oppressions of the times and so facilitates their progress.

A WORD IN SEASON.

324

Jesse Lee, the founder of Methodism in New England, served as Chaplain of Congress for several terms.

Once upon the adjournment of Congress he took the south bound stage for his Virginia home, only to find it already crowded with members traveling in the same direction. His two hundred and sixty pounds noticeably and materially decreased the space and increased the load. At length the coach, pitching and lurching along the sticky road of red clay, gave a plunge into an apparently bottomless mud hole, whence the steaming horses declined to pull it. The passengers got out, and after much labor with fence rails succeeded in getting it started. Upon its halting at the top of a hill for the passengers to resume their seats, the chaplain took his with the rest, although from the absence of mud from his clothes and hands, it did not appear that he had assisted in extricating the vehicle.

"Where was the chaplain," asked one, "when we were getting the stage out of the mud?"

A merry laugh passed round at his expense. He bore their mild badgering in good part, until at length one said a bit tartly, "It was rather un-Christian in the chaplain to stay with us when all was quiet and smooth, and then to desert us when the storm and wreck came."

"Ah, gentlemen," said the chaplain, "I intended to have pried with you, but some of you swore so hard I went out behind a tree and prayed for you."

The recollection of their language, together with the fineness of the rebuke, put a stop to their badgering, as well as to the use of such language for the rest of the journey. Who knows but that for some it may have been a nail in a sure place for life!

TOIL CONQUERING PRIDE.

325

John Adams, the Second President of the United States, used to relate the following anecdote:

"When I was a boy I used to study Latin grammar; but it was dull, and I hated

it. My father was anxious to send me to college, and therefore I studied the grammar till I could stand it no longer; and going to my father, I told him that I did not like to study, and asked for some other employment.

"My father said: 'Well, John, if Latin grammar does not suit you, try ditching—perhaps that will. My meadow yonder needs a ditch, and you may put by Latin and try that.'

"This seemed a delightful change, and to the meadow I went. But soon I found ditching harder than Latin, and the first forenoon was the longest I ever experienced. That day I ate the bread of labor, and glad was I when night came on. That night I made some comparison between Latin grammar and ditching, but said not a word about it.

"I dug next forenoon, and wanted to return to Latin at dinner, but it was humiliating, and I could not do it. At night toil conquered pride; and though it was one of the severest trials I ever had in my life, I told father that if he chose I would go back to Latin grammar.

"He was glad of it, and if I have ever since gained any distinction, it has been owing to the two days' labor in that ditch."

THE GOOD MAN'S HAND ON HIS SHOULDER. 326.

The Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler once visited in Scotland, the church where Robert Murray McCheyenne used to preach. He diligently inquired if any one there had heard McCheyenne preach, and finally one old man was brought to the front.

"Can you tell me," said Dr. Cuyler, some of the texts of McCheyenne? And the old man made reply, "I don't remember them." "Then can you tell me some sentences he used?" And again the reply was, "I have entirely forgotten them." With a feeling of disappointment the great Brooklyn preacher said, "Well don't you remember anything about him at all?" "Ah," said the man, "that is a different question. I do remember something about him. When I was a lad by the road side playing, one day Robert Murray McCheyenne came along and laying his hand upon my head he said, 'Jamie, lad, I am away to see your poor sick sister,' and then looking into my eyes he said, 'And Jamie I am very concerned about your own soul.' I have forgotten his texts and his sermons, Dr. Cuyler, but I can feel the tremble of his hand and I can still see the tear in his eye."

A GOSPEL EQUIPMENT. 327.

A missionary tells of a native Chinese convert who was preaching before a large conference of workers when he suddenly exclaimed:

"Ask the Master for Peter's hook to bring up the fish; for David's crook to guide the sheep aright; for Gideon's torch to light up the dark places; for Moses' guiding rod; for David's sling to prostrate your giant foe; for the brazen serpent to cure the bites of the world's snakes; for gospel seed with no tares in it; for the armor inventoried by Paul in Ephesians; and, above all, for the wonderful Holy Spirit to help at all times."

A RAILROAD WITHOUT SALOONS. 328.

The builder of a railroad along the line of which saloons have never been allowed to exist recently wrote the following letter to the editor of the "Ram's Horn."

"In 1890 I built the St. Louis, Watkins and Gulf Railway from Lake Charles to Alexandria, La., one hundred miles. I bought and incorporated all the town sites along the line. The deeds for all lots sold contain the following anti-liquor clause:

"That the said purchaser, his heirs or assigns, shall not at any time manufacture or sell intoxicating liquors upon said premises, except for medicinal, mechanical or scientific purposes; and should this condition be broken, this deed shall immediately and ipso facto be and become null and void and the title shall immediately and ipso facto

revert to and vest in said vendor, and said vendor shall not be under any obligations to return any part of the purchase price.'

"The above clause has just been upheld by the Appellate Court. There has been only the one violation of the anti-liquor clause in the thirteen years and there will not be another. This is real prohibition and the only railway in the world along which liquor cannot be sold."

COURAGE AND SAFETY.

329

High courage is always the safest course.

Ethan Allen, the great general, who, in the Revolutionary War, captured Fort Ticonderoga, was afterward captured while attempting to make an attack on Montreal. He and his few men were taken before General Prescott. When he first saw Allen, he said, "Who are you?" "My name is Allen," he replied. "Are you the one who took Fort Ticonderoga?" "Yes, the very one." This made the general very angry, and looking at the captured soldiers he ordered his guard to bayonet them. But Allen, tearing open his jacket, said, "Thrust your bayonet into my breast, if anybody's, for if it had not been for me, they would have done nothing; I am the one to blame, not they." This surprised the general, so that he told the prisoners he would let them live until they could be taken to Tyburn, where they would die by hanging. But they were released a while afterward.

The courage of this great man saved both his own life and that of his men.

A DIFFERENT SHEPHERD.

330

In classic story we are told that when Scipio junior was appointed to command the Roman army and fight the Numantines, he found it enervated, demoralized, and beaten. He reorganized it, and infused his own indomitable spirit into it, and then engaged and routed the enemy. The officers of the foe rebuked their soldiers, and asked why they fled from those whom they had been accustomed to call sheep, and whom they had pursued so often. A Numantine soldier answered, "The sheep are the same still, but they have another shepherd."

Christians are only brave and heroic when they are in the flock of Jesus, and are led and inspired by the Good Shepherd.

KINDNESS FOR KINDNESS.

331

A beautiful story is told of M. Louis Sautter, a well-known Parisian banker, one of the directors of the McAll Mission, a man who is always doing kind deeds.

One day during a strike of cab drivers he was waiting for an omnibus. Travelers in France know that standing is not permitted in omnibuses, and that often one must wait long for an omnibus with a vacant place. A young cabby drew up before M. Sautter. "Get in, quick, M. Sautter," he said, "and permit me to take you free." "But I don't know you," replied M. Sautter, who it should be premised, is a venerable man well on in the seventies. "No matter, get in quick!" said cabby, and M. Sautter got in. On arriving at home M. Sautter tried in vain to pay him. "At least," he said, "tell me your name that I may thank you." "Oh," was the reply, "M. Sautter does good to many a person who does not know his name; mayn't a little cabby have the same pleasure?" And away he drove at full speed.

FROM STARLIGHT TO SUN.

332

A man in Burmah possessed a copy of the Psalms in Burmese, which had been left behind by a traveler stopping at his house. Before he had finished the first reading of the book, he resolved to cast his idols away. For twenty years he worshipped the eternal God revealed to him in the Psalms, using the Fifty-first, which he had committed to memory, as a daily prayer.

Then a missionary appeared on the scene and gave him a copy of the New Testament. The story of salvation through Jesus Christ brought great joy to his heart, and he said: "For twenty years I walked by starlight; now I see the sun."

Mrs. Ballington Booth brings out very clearly the blessings which come through sorrows and trials. She says:

God has very often to tear asunder the heart in order to bring out of it and create within it the service and love He desires. A very beautiful illustration of this is penned in the following beautiful lines sent us by a friend, but without the author's name:

Perhaps you have heard of the method strange,
Of violin makers in distant lands,
Who by breaking and mending with skilful hands,
Make instruments have a wider range
Than ever was possible for them so long
As they were new, unshattered and strong.

Have you ever thought, when the heart was sad,
When the days seemed dark and the nights unending,
That the broken heart by the Father's mending
Was made through sorrow a helper glad,
Whose service should lighten more and more
The weary one's burden as never before?

Then take this simple lesson to heart
When sorrows crowd and you cannot sing,
To the truth of the Father's goodness cling;
Believe that the sorrow is only a part
Of the wondrous plan that gives through pain
The power to sing more glad refrain.

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

334

The Rev. Reginald J. Campbell, the new pastor of City Temple, London, has this helpful paragraph in a recent sermon on Communion With God:

"In every century personal communion with God has been held to be the highest privilege of the soul. For by communion I am not speaking of prayer only in the sense of petition. Our joy in the presence of our loved and nearest does not spring from the fact that they or we are begging from each other, though we delight to give ourselves to each other. Communion of soul is the only real communion.

"The method of such communion is not far to seek. I am not afraid of a trite observation, or of repeating something that is venerable, when I say, The first essential for busy men is withdrawal from your fellows that you may be alone with God. Into the tabernacle in the wilderness! Leave the multitude at the tent door; you will serve them better when you return. Fathers and mothers, burdened for your children, life means many things to you; it would become simple and glorious and beautiful if you left them sometimes that you might bear them on your hearts to God.

"'Oh, what peace we often forfeit!
Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.'"

QUEEN VICTORIA'S WISH.

335

A very intimate friendship existed between the late Dean Farrar and Queen Victoria. The Dean did not often refer to this friendship, but once he broke the rule of silence.

It was on the occasion of the first anniversary of the accession of King Edward to the throne. At the service in Canterbury Cathedral he told how the Queen, after hearing one of her chaplains preach at Windsor, on the second advent of Christ, spoke to him, saying, "Oh, how I wish that the Lord might come during my lifetime." "Why," asked the preacher, "does your Majesty feel this very earnest desire?" With a countenance lighted by deep emotion the Queen replied, "I should so love to lay my crown at His feet."

EARLY FAILURES.

336

There is no royal road to greatness, and most men who have come to power and usefulness have had to wade through early failures. The late Dean Farrar used to tell with great pleasure of the failure of his own first sermon.

He was invited by a clergyman of his acquaintance to deliver an address on Christmas afternoon to the inmates of the old people's wards in the workhouse. Then, as ever, tremendously conscientious in the matter of sermon preparation, the newly-ordained deacon would not trust anything to chance, but in the hour or so at his disposal jotted down the outlines of a sermon on the "Song of the Angels." The sermon quite failed to hold the attention of the feeble old men and women who listened to it. They shuffled uneasily in their seats, looked everywhere but at the preacher, and one by one got up and walked out, "in disgust."

THE PERSONAL TOUCH.

337

Some of the greatest men that ever lived have felt that their greatest opportunities have been their privilege to personally touch some individual life and turn it from sin to righteousness. Mr. Gladstone was often doing this kind of work. Many years ago, he heard of two young men in the village who had become notorious for their drinking habits, and he determined to make an effort to save them. He invited them to see him at the castle, and there, in "the Temple of Peace," as his library was called, he impressively appealed to them to change their ways, and then knelt with them, and fervently asked God to sustain and strengthen them in their resolve to abstain from that which had hitherto done them so much harm. The sequel cannot be told better than in the language of one of the men concerned, who says: "Never can I forget the scene, and as long as I live the memory of it will be indelibly impressed on my mind. The Grand Old Man was profoundly moved by the intensity of his solicitation. My companion is now a prominent Baptist minister, and neither of us has touched a drop of intoxicating drink since, nor are we ever likely to violate an undertaking so impressively ratified in Mr. Gladstone's library."

SOWING AND REAPING.

338

A gentleman visiting a farmer saw him scattering grain broadcast upon his field, and asked, "What are you sowing?" "Wheat," was the answer. "And what do you expect to reap from it?" "Why, wheat, of course," said the farmer. The same day some little thing provoked the farmer, and he flew into a passion, and swore most profanely. "And what are you sowing now?" said the gentleman. A new light at once flashed upon the farmer from the question of the morning. "What," he said, "do you take such serious views of life as that—of every mood and word and action?" "Yes," was the reply, "for every mood helps to form the permanent temper; and for every word we must give an account; and every act but helps to form a habit; and habits are to the soul what the veins and arteries are to the blood—the courses in which it moves, and will move forever. By all these things we are forming character, and that character will go with us to eternity, and according to it will be our destiny for ever."

THE GLORY OF GROWING OLD.

339

A recent writer gives with great clearness the difference between getting old and growing old.

Growing old and getting old are very different things. There are many in the world who get old, but who never grow old at all. Growing old is a progress, like growing wise or growing good. As the years pass by some people, they bring gifts, they add continually to their lives. As they pass others they are forever taking away something, subtracting from their lives.

One man loses physical powers; he cannot eat as much, or sleep as well, or enjoy his bodily life as thoroughly, and it is all a loss and burden. Another man goes through the same experience, and he discerns it to be God's voice saying to him, "You cannot now live as much in the body as you have been doing; you cannot get your pleasure that way; you must look to the mind and the heart and the soul for pleasure and interest and power in living." The first of these gets old, and it brings nothing to him. The second grows old, and it is an enlarging, enriching, beautifying experience.

Aging is like every other way of life: if we take it from God, as God meant it to be taken, it is a great blessing; if we miss the divine Providence in it, it may be a misery, and even a curse. In the great French drama one says to Cardinal Richelieu, "Art thou Richelieu?" and he replies, "Yesterday I was Richelieu; today I am a poor old man; tomorrow, I know not what." If one went thus to the Apostle Paul, we might have heard him say, "Yesterday I was Saul the persecutor; today I am Paul, the servant of Jesus Christ; tomorrow I win my crown." The one got old, the other grew old. What a difference!

THE SEVERITY OF LOVE.

340

A noted preacher brings out very strongly a side of love which is often overlooked. He says:

There is a point where love is your enemy, and will destroy you rather than fail of its object: it can be satisfied with nothing less than the highest. For love is noble, and God is nobleness, because God is love. On the other hand, love will never spare the loved, because it is calling to higher heights day by day. Your increase of knowledge of the workings of God, of His ways with men, must lead you to know that you will not be placed always in the green pastures and led beside the still waters. God has something grander than this for the children of men. We have read of that ever-great commander who, when asking for someone to lead a forlorn hope, received with gladness the offer of his boy to do it. The old warrior's eyes lighted with love, and with pride he looked at him; he handed him the standard, and said, "There is your task, yonder the enemy; go forward." Was it love that spake, or was it indifference? Was it the love that would have placed its arms around him and shielded him from all harm and from all danger, love that would have cherished the feminine—which sometimes, after all, is the strongest—at the expense of the grandest in that boyish nature? No; in that warrior I read my God, who spared not his own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, and as He is so are we in this world.

"SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND."

341

If the sea were drained, what treasures we could find upon the old ocean floor—galleons laden with gold beyond the dreams of avarice! Lesser waters than the sea, however, hide treasure which can be found. The Tiber of old Rome is to be searched, and a lake in the Republic of Colombia is to be drained for the gold and jewels, votive offerings, that were thrown into it by the natives long ago. The ancients used to throw treasures to Father Tiber as offering to the gods, and the current of the river has swept away the arms and armor of thousands of warriors who fought on the banks. The quest for gold and jewels at the bottom of the Lake of Guatavita in Colombia is at once more romantic and surer to be profitable. The lake lies ten thousand feet above the sea and was held sacred by the tribes of natives that lived near it when the Spaniards came. Every year the savages, headed by their king, visited the lake.

The king, covered with gold dust, plunged into the waters, and his subjects threw after him gold and silver and emeralds.

When Quesada and his Spaniards made their way up the Andes to the lake, the natives threw their treasures to the god of the lake for safekeeping. Now an English company is to drain the lake by means of a tunnel and rake the bottom.

There are few treasures discovered save by diligent search. "Seek and ye shall find" is a precept ever true. Every time the Bible is studied, every time the truths of the Kingdom of God are pondered afresh some new meaning is discovered by the earnest soul, some richer possibility is thrown open, some spiritual treasure comes to the surface.

CHRIST REVEALS GOD TO US.

342

An English preacher recently said:

God hath not left Himself without a witness; and the spiritual man, living the life of the Cross, never flinches from the declaration that, in spite of the seeming, "Behind a frowning Providence," there is a smiling face.

Long ago I remember a lady in this church telling me of her experience of one, a woman, very poor, even ignorant, who had had a hard, strenuous life, and who finally was dying without the hope of doing anything for her children, who made a somewhat remarkable declaration on her deathbed to her visitor. The visitor was trying to convince her, as I am trying to convince you, of the testimony of the spiritual man, that God is love. The poor woman answered by saying, "I can believe all you declare about Jesus Christ, but

I DON'T BELIEVE IN GOD."

You would scarcely think it possible that the declaration could have been made, but, you see, it was made by one who was not accustomed to think. She continued: "If Christ were here, the real Christ of whom you speak, I could tell Him all my troubles; but I cannot tell them to God."

DRIVEN BY SUNLIGHT.

343

Stephenson, the inventor of the locomotive, was out one day with Sir Robert Peel, and as the locomotive ran by with a train on the railway, Stephenson said, "Do you see that train? What is it that moves that engine?" Sir Robert said he supposed it was the fire and steam. "No," said Stephenson, "it is the light of the sun." "The light of the sun?" Sir Robert said; "How is that?" "Why," answered Stephenson, "every bit of fire in the world is the light of the sun, and the heat of the sun's rays that has been preserved in plants, and in the peat-beds and coal-beds, and every particle of light and heat that we have in the world, all comes from the sunlight, and so it is the sunlight that drives that engine."

So it is the light and warmth of the Sun of Righteousness that energizes the entire spiritual world.

CONVERTED IDOLS.

344

A missionary at Travancore, India, saw one morning a native coming to his house with a heavy burden. On reaching it he laid on the ground a sack. Unfastening it, he emptied it of its contents—a number of idols.

"What have you brought these here for?" asked the missionary. "I don't want them."

"You have taught us that we do not want them, sir," said the native; "but we think they might be put to some good use. Could they not be melted down and formed into a bell to call us to church?"

The hint was taken; they were sent to a bell founder and made into a bell, which now summons the native converts to praise and prayer.

The wires became crossed; there was a flash, a brilliant pyrotechnic display, and then the machinery that ought to have lasted years longer was still—a mass of inert matter fit only to go to the shop and undergo extensive repairs. "She got short-circuited, and burned herself out," was the explanation of the engineer. The pleasures that come from self indulgence and passion are short-circuits. They are very intense, but soon burn out and leave only disaster behind them. All normal pleasures are moderate, but they grow better as the years go on.

GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH HIS MOTHER.

There is usually a period in every young man's life when his idea of having a good time means being away from home.

One such young man had to work till six o'clock, and had got into the habit of staying in town to dinner and spending his evenings at the theater, or in calling on friends. One afternoon his father came to him and asked him if he had any engagement for the evening. The young man had not.

"Well, I'd like you to go somewhere with me."

The young man himself tells what happened:

"'All right,' I said. 'When shall I meet you?'"

"He suggested half-past seven; and I met him then, prepared for the theater and a lecture on late hours. He had combined the two on several previous occasions. But when he appeared, he said he wanted me to call with him on a lady. 'One I knew quite well when I was a young man,' he explained.

"We went out, and started straight for home.

"'She is staying at our house,' he said.

"I thought it strange, but I said nothing.

"Well, we went in, and I was introduced with all due formality to my mother and my sister.

"The situation struck me as funny and I started to laugh, but the laugh died away. None of the three even smiled. My mother and my sister shook hands with me, and my mother said she remembered me as a boy, but hadn't seen much of me lately. Then she invited me to be seated.

"It wasn't a bit funny then, although I can laugh over it now. I sat down, and she told me one or two anecdotes of my boyhood, at which we all laughed a little. Then we four played games for a while. When I finally retired, I was invited to call again. I went up stairs feeling rather small, and doing a good deal of thinking."

"And then?" asked his companion.

"Then I made up my mind that my mother was an entertaining woman, and my sister a bright girl.

"I'm going to call again. I enjoy their company and intend to cultivate their acquaintance."

KEEPING OUR YOUTH.

May Anderson Hawkins has a very pretty poem illustrating our power to retain our youth while the years are added, and we are keeping step with the march toward eternity. She says:

Am I growing old when my heart can wake
To the joy of a perfect day?
Can happily laugh as the white clouds break,
And scatter and float away?

Not growing old—oh no! oh no!
But nearing the time when the gleam and the glow

Of an endless day will illumine me so
That youth shall be mine alway.

Am I growing old when the song of a bird
Can thrill me with tremulous joy,
Can wake in my heart a music not heard
By others, which naught can destroy?

Not growing old, but nearing the bound
Of a wonderful land, where the echoing sound
Of the soul of all music forever is found,
And happiness knows no alloy.

Am I growing old when the dew can weave
A spell to dazzle my sight,
And charm my heart till they thrill and leave
In my breast a dream of delight?

Not growing old, but nearing the shore
Where friends, now parted, shall part no more,
Where a Light that is fadeless shall cover me o'er
Till it leaves no shadow of night.

WHY THE ROBIN'S BREAST IS RED.

348

Robin Redbreast did not always have a surname. An old legend tells us how it came to be applied to him. A certain tribe of Indians had a form of worship in which a sacred fire was kept burning continually. One day the keeper of the sacred fire, for some reason, departed from the camp, leaving his trust to the care of his little son. This little son had an enemy in the form of a large bear, that had for a long time tried to do him an injury.

"Now," thought Bruin, "is my chance." All day the little boy kept the flame burning brightly, but as night drew on he grew drowsy, and at last, in spite of his efforts to stay awake, sleep overcame him.

Then came in the crafty enemy, and with his huge paw put out the fire—all but one tiny spark.

But, though the little boy had an enemy, he had also a friend, a little brown bird that he had once befriended in time of need. When the little robin saw Bruin's wicked deed, he flew to the fire, and, balancing his little body above the spark, beat his wings until a tiny flame arose from the sparks; and the flame rising higher and higher, soon the fire was as bright as before. But the reflection of the flame dyed the bird's breast a brilliant crimson. Since that time he has been called Robin Redbreast, and his little red breast is a lasting monument to his fidelity and love for one who had done him a kindness.

FASTING AND FEASTING.

349

In a remarkable chapter on Christ in Society, in his well known volume "Imago Christi," Rev. Dr. Stalker, emphasizes the remarkable contrast between our Lord and his forerunner John the Baptist. John waited until people came to him, Jesus went to them. "The disciples of John fasted, those of Jesus feasted," and Dr. Stalker remarks:

Hospitality affords unrivalled opportunities of conversation, and Jesus made use of these to speak words of eternal life. If you carefully examine His words, you will be surprised to find how many of them are literally table talk—words spoken to His fellow guests at meals. Some of His most priceless sayings, which are now the

watchwords of His religion, were uttered in these commonplace circumstances, such as "They that are whole have no need of a physician, but they that are sick," "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost," and many others

In such simple ways it is possible to dignify life and to find opportunities of imitating the Master, who "went about doing good." The food may be but "barley loaves," but the message may be from God.

JOHN WESLEY'S CONVERSION.

350

Speaking of his conversion, John Wesley says:

I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for my salvation; and an assurance was given me, that he had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death; and I then testified openly to all there what I now first felt in my heart.

Eighteen days afterwards he preached at St. Mary's, Oxford, a sermon from the text, "By grace are ye saved, through faith," in the course of which he said:

Faith is a full reliance on the blood of Christ, and a trust in the merits of His life, death, and resurrection—a recumbency upon Him as our atonement and our life, as given for us and living in us; and, in consequence hereof, a closing with Him and cleaving to Him as our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, redemption, or, in one word, our salvation.

A HELPING HAND.

351

Sitting back in the hall during the after-meeting in a recent Revival was a young woman to whom a Christian business man spoke, asking her as to her spiritual state. She said that at the women's meeting the day before she had trusted the Savior, but that she was not happy. On inquiring if she knew of anything that accounted for her unhappiness, she said she was working in a cigarette factory, and she had the feeling that it was not the right place for her. The worker referred her to a lady sitting near, and this lady at once told her husband, who was in the meeting about the girl's case. He solved her difficulty at once by engaging her for his store, thus removing the cloud from the young convert.

GOODMAN DEATH.

352

I do not know the author of this poem, but I do know that it rightly sets forth the attitude of many brave Christian hearts toward death.

Do you think that I fear you, Goodman Death?

Then, sir, you do not know,

For your grim white face and your frosty breath,

And your dark eyes browed with snow,

Bring naught to me but a signal of love.

My Father sent you; He dwelleth above,

And I am ready to go.

The battle is over, and we have won,

Perhaps you did not know

That just tonight the setting sun

Saw the turning of the foe.

If you had come in the thick of the fray,

I might not have wanted to turn away;

Now I am ready to go.

Please steady me into your little boat,

Your arm—yes, thank you, there,

I think when we are well afloat

I'll sleep if you do not care.
If I'm not awake when we reach the shore,
Tell the Father I stayed till the battle was over,
And tried to do my share.

NERVOUSNESS IN RELIGION.

353

The editor of the Methodist Times, in London, has this strong and teaching paragraph on what we might call religious nervous prostration. The editor says:

It is a sad thing for a man when he becomes acquainted with his nerves. It is the worst of calamities when they dominate his religious consciousness. Who can ever forget poor Cowper,

No voice divine the storm allay'd,
No light propitious shone,

as in thick darkness he sat motionless and silent. His case is a type of those who have suffered under this scourge to the uttermost. Many among us today lose all their pith and moment, all that makes Christianity a strong consolation, because they are easily agitated, timid, perplexed, and distressed in a moment, and by small things. Our fathers described them as having no faith. Bunyan named him Mr. Fearing. The state of mind cannot be better understood than by those who have pondered Great Heart's description: "I hear that he lay roaring at the Slough of Despond, for above a month together, nor durst he, for all he saw several go over before him, venture, though they many of them offered to lend him their hand. * * * Well, after he had lain at the Slough of Despond a great while, as I have told you, one sunshine morning, I do not know how, he ventured, and so got over. But when he was over he would scarce believe it." Now that is a case of nerves.

HOW THE GOSPEL CAME TO ENGLAND.

354

The historian Greene in his "History of the English People," has this story of the introduction of the Gospel into Great Britain:

The young deacon Gregory had noted the white bodies, the fair faces, the golden hair of some youths who stood bound in the market-place of Rome. "From what country do these slaves come?" he asked the traders who brought them. "They are English, Angles," the slave-dealers answered. The deacon's pity veiled itself in poetic humor. "Not Angles, but angels," said he, "with faces so angel-like."

"From what country do they come?"

"They come," said the merchants, "from Deira."

"De-Ira?" was the reply. "Yea, plucked from God's ire and called to Christ's mercy."

"And what was the name of their king?"

"Ella," they told him, and Gregory seized the word as a good omen.

"Alleluia shall be sung there," he cried and passed on, musing how the angels' faces should be brought to sing it.

Years went by, but the memory of those fair youths from Britain was not forgotten; and when Gregory became Bishop of Rome he sent Augustine at the head of a band of monks to preach the Gospel to the English people.

LEADERS WHO GO BEHIND.

355

Human nature must be a good deal alike in England and in America, for both in church and State we have leaders who would come well under the description given by a recent English writer. This gentleman says:

Undoubtedly we have had leaders who were behind, hanging on to our coat tails and to anything that could keep their weight in contact with our barbaric vigor. I remember that in our village we had a curious kind of half-wit, who was named Jesse. He was king over all the little children, though he had grown to a

bearded man; it was his habit to take them out by companies to put salt on the tails of birds—he was great upon birds and feathers. I have known other leaders much after that sort; but by preference Jesse, when after birds, would lead them through the standing corn and through the long grass waiting to be cut. I say he was the leader of them, but on every occasion he always came last, and if the children did not move quickly enough in front, he would look back over his shoulder and say in a raucous voice, "Come on! Come on!" I have often been reminded of Jesse, in these latter days, as I have pondered the habits of leaders.

THE VALUE OF THWACKINGS.

356

George Meredith, the poet, in "The Shaving of Shagpat," expounds for us the value of the thwackings which come to us all on the journey of life:

"Lo! of hundreds who aspire,
Eighties perish—nineties tire!
They who bear up in spite of wrecks and wracks,
Were seasoned by celestial hail of thwacks.

'Tis the thwacking in this den
Maketh lions of true men!
So are we nerved to break the clinging mesh
Which tames the noblest efforts of poor flesh."

THE DISEASE OF SWELLED HEAD.

357

A certain Claudius Clear, one of the brightest writers among our English cousins at the present time, gives two characteristics of the swelled head. He says:

The disease of Swelled Head may show itself either in the ungenial or in the genial way. Sudden success will make one man seclude himself from the vulgar herd. He becomes cold, proud, inaccessible. He shuns the haunts of his fellow-workers. He repels what he takes to be their rude familiarities. I have known famous young men who were only to be approached through a series of rooms. You have to deal with somebody in the hall, and then with somebody in another room, and still perhaps with another. And if you pass all your trials you might be ushered into the august presence. This has been told to me; it is not an experience of my own. No human being ever lived for whom I should face such perils. This ungenial form of Swelled Head shows itself also in censoriousness. This is particularly the case when the successful man has for long had a very poor opinion of his kind, and was hardly in circumstances to say it. From his little temporary eminence he launches his darts right and left. Most of the savage and reckless things said in this world are the result of Swelled Head. When people are struggling they cannot afford to say them. When they find their true place they neither think them nor say them, but are disposed to judge their companions in the hard battle very charitably. Another ungenial symptom of the Swelled Head is imperiousness. This is a world where wills are crossed and thwarted. We get used to it most of us, and come to see that it is good for us. But a young man conscious of great powers suffers in the process. When he mounts his throne he becomes an Oriental despot. One of our authors some years ago had a dangerous illness, during which he received surprising proofs of the impression he had made upon the world. As soon as he recovered he commenced a number of lawsuits. The instance is quite typical.

SECOND MILE CHRISTIANS.

358

Dr. G. B. F. Hallock, commenting on the Scripture which commands us to go two miles with the man who compels us to go one, says: "Love does not think of counting miles. It never says, 'Can I stop here? Have I done my share?' It is a

characteristic of love to be doing always more than is expected or required. Love goes the second mile and counts it not a weary thing to go ten thousand more."

This is what the religion of the second mile does for men. It brings heart enlistment. It causes us to serve, not because we must, but because we will, because we love and therefore delight to do the will of the one we love. The second-mile Christian realizes Christ's love for souls and therefore tries to win men to Him. The second-mile Christian realizes Christ's longing for the extension of His kingdom, and therefore gladly gives according to his ability for the spread of the Gospel. Christ's interests become his interests, Christ's glory his glory, Christ's cause his cause, under the sweet, compelling constraint of love.

The second-mile Christian is a very happy Christian, because he has got beyond the region of doubtful debate, of finely drawn questions between right and wrong, out into the region of voluntary, glad-hearted, love-prompted service. What Christ asks of us, and puts before us as a privilege, in this gospel of the second mile, is not the hard-wrought service of a nicely calculated less or more, but that overflow of doing which counts duty a delight because the heart is in it. "Go with him twain!"

THE VALUE OF SOULS.

359

In a recent Revival sermon the preacher said:

"I shall be content if I can fix in your memories three words only of the text—Save, Soul and Death." Taking the second word first, the speaker said: "I wish I had the power to make you realize the value of a soul as God sees it. What can we put in comparison with it? Gold, silver, precious stones—what are these compared with a soul. At the World's Fair at Chicago there was one place where a large crowd was always to be seen while the exhibition was open. They were gazing at a purple velvet crown near the apex of which was a brilliant diamond. Oh, there are other diamonds far more worthy of attention! The souls of the men and women you pass in the street, the souls of those ragged boys and girls—these are jewels infinitely more valuable in God's sight than ten thousand diamonds. Oh, the value of souls!"

THE HIDDEN LIFE.

360

Commenting on the declaration of the Apostle Paul concerning the life which is "hid with Christ in God," Spurgeon thus speaks:

"Standing by the telegraph wires, one may often hear the mystic wailing and singing of the winds among them, like the strains of an æolian harp; but one knows nothing of the message which is flashed along them. Joyous may be the inner language of those wires; swift as the lightning; far-reaching, and full of meaning, but a stranger intermeddled not therewith. Fit emblem of the believer's life. Men hear our notes of outward sorrow, wrung from us by external conditions; but the message of celestial peace; the divine communings of a better land; the swift heart-throbs of heaven-born desire, they cannot perceive. The carnal see but the outer manhood; but the life hidden with Christ in God, flesh and blood cannot discern."

HE MADE PLOWS AND YOKES.

361

Justin Martyr says that in his time the tradition was that our Lord, during his early life in the carpenter shop at Nazareth, made wooden plows and yokes. The Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, referring to this, makes these remarks about the significance of the Voice out of the clouds at his baptism:

"The eighteen years are over; the tools are laid aside; His feet will no more make music as He walks among the rustling shavings. God says: 'I am pleased.' It may have meant that God was pleased with Jesus because in those years He lived in the realm of the spiritual rather than the material. But it meant that Jesus had never done in that carpenter's shop a piece of work such as we speak of in the closing years of the nineteenth century as being 'shoddy work.' 'I am pleased.' God could

not have been pleased with carpentry that was scamped any more than with blasphemous praise. 'I am pleased,' and every bit of work has on it the light of divine truth. When Jesus sent out from that carpenter's shop yokes which the farmers would use, they were so fashioned and finished that they would gall no ox. 'Take My yoke upon you' gathers force and strength as an illustration from the fidelity of the carpenter's shop. When Jesus said: 'Take My yoke,' it was because He knew that it would not gall; it would be finished and perfect.

"Sometimes we have overshadowed the carpenter's shop with Calvary's cross. We have no right to do it. We have come to forget the fidelity of the Son of God in the little details of life as we have gazed upon His magnificent triumphs in the places of passion and conflict."

REASON FOR THEIR LOVE.

362

Just before the Battle of Trafalgar, a mail was sent from the English fleet to England, and word was passed that it might be the last chance to write before the expected engagement.

The letters had been collected from the ships, the letter bags were on the vessel which was to take them, and she had got some distance on her way, under full sail, when Lord Nelson saw a midshipman approach and speak to Pasco, the signal officer.

Pasco uttered an exclamation of disgust, and stamped his foot in evident vexation. The admiral called him and asked what was the matter.

"Nothing that need trouble your lordship," was the reply.

"You are not the man to lose your temper for nothing," rejoined Nelson. "What was it?"

"Well if you must know, my lord, I will tell you. You see that coxswain?" pointing to one of the most active of the petty officers. "We have not a better man on the Victory, and the message that put me out was this: I was told that he was so busy receiving and getting off his mail bags that he forgot to put his own letter to his wife into one of them; and he has just discovered it in his pocket."

"Hoist a signal to bring her back!" was Nelson's instant command. "Who knows that he may not fall in action tomorrow? His letter shall go with the rest."

The dispatch vessel was brought back for that alone. Captain Mahan tells this story on the authority of the son of Lieutenant Pasco, who used to say that the sailors idolized Nelson. Evidently it was with reason.

SELF-CONTROL.

363

Henry Ward Beecher on one occasion related this interesting story concerning the remarkable self-control exercised by his father, Dr. Lyman Beecher, and the good result which came from it. Mr. Beecher said:

I remember that once a man came to our house red with wrath. He was boiling over with rage. He had, or supposed he had, a grievance to complain of. My father listened to him with great attention and perfect quietness until he had got it all out, and then he said to him, in a soft and low tone, "Well, I suppose you only want what is just and right?" The man said, "Yes," but went on to state the case over again. Very gently father said to him, "If you have been misinformed I presume you would be perfectly willing to know what the truth is?" He said he would. Then father very quietly and gently made a statement of the other side; and when he was through the man got up and said, "Forgive me, Doctor. Forgive me." Father had beaten him by his quiet, gentle way. I saw it, and it gave me an insight into the power of self-control. It was a striking illustration of the passage, "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city."

TRACED BY THUMB-PRINTS.

The detective bureaus in many cities are now adopting a system, which is also

being employed in Europe for the detection of criminals. It is based on the discovery that the markings of the thumb and finger-tips are not exactly alike in any number of persons.

In a recent test case, it was found that in one hundred persons there were no two alike. The first use made of the discovery was in India, where, in one of the prisons, every prisoner had his thumb and fingers smeared with ink and then pressed on paper, on which his name and offence was recorded. The system had been operated about two years, when a murder was committed under circumstances that furnished absolutely no clue to the perpetrator, save the fact that in his search for money the criminal had grasped a piece of paper on which his moist thumb and fingers had left marks. They were compared with the prison records, and at once identified. The guilty man thus indicated was traced and arrested and confessed his guilt. A recent case is that of a burglar who happened to place his hand on a freshly-painted window sash, leaving an impression which, when compared with the records, furnished the clue which has led to his conviction. It is astonishing that there should be so much diversity in a matter where one would have expected similarity. The patriarch seems to have had a prevision of the fact in his consciousness that God was cognizant of all his ways: "Thou settest a print on the heels of my feet." (Job 13:27.)

SELF-RESPECT.

365

Every man must hold in honor his own work, if he is to make other people respect it. There is a great gulf between egotism and self-respect. Self-respect, in one of its important phases, is well illustrated by this little story:

King Charles II., on a certain occasion, paid a visit to Dr. Busby, the great schoolmaster. The doctor is said to have strutted through his school with his hat on his head, while his majesty walked complaisantly behind him, with his hat under his arm; but when he was taking his leave at the door, the doctor, with great humility, addressed him thus, "Sire, your majesty will, I hope, excuse my apparent want of respect; but if my boys were to imagine there was a greater man in the kingdom than myself, I should never be able to rule them."

CLEANLINESS ESSENTIAL.

366

A new hotel opened on Chatham Square, New York City, some time ago, leaped at a bound into popularity. It is conducted by the Salvation Army, and a man may obtain a night's lodging there for fifteen cents, or if he desires privacy, he can have a room to himself for a quarter. It is seldom that any of the 485 beds it contains are unoccupied. The scrupulous cleanliness of the place, the conveniences for reading, writing and amusement it offers, have made the hotel a place to be desired by the homeless Bowery wanderer. From six o'clock to nine there is a steady stream of applicants for tickets, and if an applicant is sober and quiet and has the requisite funds, he is admitted. But once received, he is required to take a bath. From the appearance of many of the guests, it would be supposed that the offer of the free bath would be regarded as a privilege. As a matter of fact, however, the manager says that it is objected to. On a recent evening, of the first twenty applicants for lodging, twelve went away rather than take a bath. The stipulation is rigorously applied, and under no pretext can a man enjoy the privileges of the hotel without taking a bath. Dirty men are not excluded, but they must wash after they are admitted. It is the glory of Christ's kingdom that the same rule prevails there. None are too vile to be excluded if they will submit to the cleansing of the Holy Spirit after they are received. "And such were some of you; but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus." (I. Cor. 6:11.)

THE ENGINEER'S FACE.

367

A study of faces is usually an interesting pursuit, and especially is this so with regard to one prominent in business, social or political circles. When, however,

one speaks of the face of a man seldom or never heard of, the interest is not quite so keenly felt, and yet the expression on such faces is often very significant. Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth writes:

Quite recently we caught a glimpse of a face, and though but for a brief moment, we will not soon forget its apparent weight of anxiety and care. Three hundred souls were depending on the owner of that face to conduct them safely to their journey's end. He was the engineer on No. 83 engine of the Brooklyn elevated railroad. It was a dull morning, and some one remarked the fog was so thick that you could cut it with a knife. It was the next morning after the terrible news of the Westfield railroad wreck had caused a shudder throughout the country, and well might any engineer sit on the anxious seat when the thought of his responsibility ever and anon flashed upon him. Three hundred souls and upward—five cars with from sixty to eighty passengers crowded in them, and all anxious to make their several places of business on schedule time. One glance of his honest and weather-beaten face sufficed to prove that he keenly felt his position. He would be held accountable for the lives of his many passengers, as also the property of his employers. At any minute a false movement or a moment's inattention on his part might dash his train, with all its precious human freight, to the streets, thirty or forty feet below.

His responsibility was indeed great. So is the responsibility resting on many of us. The preacher, the Sunday school teacher, the father, or mother, the employer, and many others are engineers responsible for those who depend upon their fidelity and wisdom.

A FLAW IN THE TITLE.

368

One of the churches in the suburbs of New York has lost the ownership of its building. It is built on land which, forty years ago, was sold for only \$300. The price was paid by the purchaser and the deed duly recorded, but the purchaser, for some unknown reason, did not call for it. Taxes accumulated on the land, and after the lapse of years the original owner, by paying all the arrears, regained the property. No one appeared to dispute his ownership, and he, consequently, regarding the land as his own, gave a long lease, which was practically a sale, to the trustees of the church. They erected a building upon it in which services continue to be held. Now, however, the heirs of the purchaser who neglected to complete title have made a claim for the land. They estimate the value of the land at \$10,000, and real estate experts confirm the estimate. The trustees are advised to resist the claim, but have decided not to do so. They intend to buy land and build elsewhere. When they do so, they will doubtless be careful that the man from whom they buy a site has a right to sell it. One blunder of that kind is enough for any church, though it is not so serious as that sometimes made, of building up a church on a wrong foundation. The Apostle Paul's example in this matter deserves to be followed by all the churches. "So have I striven to preach the Gospel not where Christ was named, lest I should build on another man's foundation." (Rom. 15:20.)

HEED THE WARNING.

369

The people of Shelton, Connecticut, had a narrow escape from death, and considerable damage was done to property from a peculiar enemy. Early one morning a huge torrent of water rushed down the hills back of the town, on which are three large reservoirs.

The highest reservoir is the largest, and it is held in by strong granite walls. The water flowed beneath the walls, and, with velocity increasing every moment, rushed into the reservoir next below, carrying with it logs and trees. The walls of the lower reservoir could not bear the strain, and soon collapsed, as did those of the third reservoir. The water poured down the hillside in a mighty stream, bearing blocks of ice and sweeping everything before it. In one of the houses a woman and

her children were asleep. The mother was awakened by a cake of ice bursting in the door. She had barely time to escape with her children to the roof before the room they had occupied was flooded. One man was awakened by the noise of trees crashing against buildings, and ran out through water breast high to the higher ground. Other persons had similar narrow escapes, but happily no lives were lost. Several persons were saved through a warning given by telephone, which was sent by a man who lives near the upper reservoir. He saw the break, and, realizing the danger to the people below, he sprang to the telephone, and by frantically ringing awoke his friend and warned him, and he warned others. It has been found that the flood was caused by rats burrowing in the soil under the walls and making holes, which the flow of water enlarged. What a number of people would be saved from eternal destruction if they would pay as much attention to the warnings of the Christian ministry, as those people paid to the telephone message warning them of the approaching flood! "He heard the sound of the trumpet and took not warning; his blood shall be upon him; whereas if he had taken warning, he should have delivered his soul." (Ezek. 33:5.)

KILLED BY CHAGRIN.

370

A death, which occurred in a New York hospital last week, is said to have been caused by vexation and worry. The patient had once been an exceedingly beautiful girl, whose good looks won for her popular favor. She had been much praised on account of her beauty, and had a large number of friends who admired her. One day, recently, while sitting at her work, the kerosene lamp on the table exploded, and she was so badly burned on the face and body that she was sent to the hospital. The first question she put to her nurse was whether she would be much disfigured. It was necessary to tell her that her beauty was entirely destroyed. From that moment the girl lost all desire to recover. She fretted and worried and became utterly despondent. Her progress toward recovery, which had been encouraging, entirely ceased, and she gradually sank and at last died. The cause of death was given by the hospital surgeon as burns, but it was really a broken heart.

What a pity it was that she could not have been led to see that it was still possible for her to attain beauty of character which would have been far better for herself and all about her, than the beauty of face that she had lost!

GOODNESS AND IMMORTALITY.

371

A story is told of an old Scottish woman who was asked by her minister to test her—so great was her love for the Master, so sure was she of his goodness: "But, Jenny, woman, suppose at the last, after all, your Lord should let you down to hell?" "Ah, weel," she said, "be it as it pleases Him; He will lose mair than me." Goodness has a claim upon God. Goodness is an apologetic for immortality.

CULTIVATING THE POWER OF OBSERVATION.

372

An interesting writer in the *British Weekly* gives this illuminating paragraph on the subject of observation:

There are multitudes who never observe at all. They have eyes, and they cannot help seeing things, but they see them only in their very broadest features. If they pass a wall they will know that it is a wall, but it is a chance whether they will notice whether the wall is stone or brick. One excellent test is the observation of the eyes. If you see a human being you should be able to tell what color his eyes are. I know that the color of some eyes is hard to render by one adjective, but the eyes are so much the most significant part of the human countenance that if we have not marked them, we may be sure we have marked nothing at all. I do not mean that we are always to be observing. It is quite reasonable that sometimes we should give the eyes a holiday on a walk, and think our thoughts out. But no one will think to much purpose or talk to much purpose who has not trained himself to observe on occasions, to observe in such a way as that he can describe. One of the most interest-

ing biographies I ever read is the life of Hogarth, and there is a remarkable passage in the book in which Hogarth tells us how he worked. He wanted a short cut to painting, and he found one. He went about everywhere with open eyes, endeavoring to acquire and retain in his memory perfect ideas of the subjects he meant to draw. He says that his path was to "fix forms and characters in my mind, and instead of copying the lines try to read the language, and, if possible, find the grammar of the art by bringing into one focus the various observations I had made, and then trying by my power on the canvas how far my plan enabled me to combine and apply them to practice." Sometimes, he owns, "I took the life for correcting the parts I had not perfectly enough remembered." But these methods succeeded with him. He saw the combinations and facts of ordinary life, its accidents and catastrophes, its phases and its gestures. This method could not attain the perfection of art, but Hogarth did his work his own way, and he was certainly no failure. The power of observation gives immense color to writing and conversation, in fact the true and original observer must be interesting. He will exercise his gift upon the most commonplace things with the most surprising results. I do not believe the faculty is wanting in anyone, but it is a faculty which needs assiduous cultivation.

THE BRIGHTNESS OF EASTER MORNING.

373

Thomas De Quincey thus describes one of his reveries: "I thought it was Sunday morning in May, and that it was Easter Sunday, and yet very early in the morning. I said aloud (as I thought) to myself: 'It yet wants much of sunrise, and it is Easter Sunday, and that is the day on which they celebrate the first fruits of the Resurrection. I will walk abroad, old griefs shall be forgotten, for the air is cool and still, and the hills are high and stretch away to Heaven, and the forest glades are as quiet as the churchyard; and with the dew I can wash the fever from my brow, and then I shall be unhappy no longer.'" So we also have come to think of Easter morning. The world then seems to turn over a new leaf and a brighter one. "Christ is risen!" the salutation with which over the vast empire one Russian meets another, expresses our own feeling.

HISTORY REPEATING ITSELF.

374.

The cry that is coming up from the churches that the pulpit in some circles is so busy criticising the Bible that it no longer preaches it for the comfort and salvation of his people, suggests that a little over a hundred years ago there was an epoch much like the present. At that time the poet Cowper addressed his Lord in the following lines:

The infidel has shot his bolts away,
Till, his exhausted quiver yielding none,
He gleans the blunted shafts that have recoil'd,
And aims them at the shield of Truth again.
*The veil is rent, rent too by priestly hands,
That hides divinity from mortal eyes;
And all the mysteries to faith proposed,
Insulted and traduced, are cast aside,
As useless, to the moles and to the bats.*
They now are deem'd the faithful, and are praised
Who, constant only in rejecting Thee,
Deny Thy Godhead with a martyr's zeal,
And quit their office for their error's sake.
Blind, and in love with darkness! yet e'en these
Worthy, compared with sycophants, who kneel
Thy name adoring, and then preach Thee man!

"I often recall," says an old sailor, "my first night at sea. A storm had come up, and we had put back under a point of land which broke the wind a little, but still the sea had a rake on us, and we were in danger of drifting. I was on the anchor watch, and it was my duty to give warning in case the ship should drag anchor. It was a long night to me. I was very anxious whether I should know if the ship really did drift. How could I tell? I found that, going forward and placing my hand on the chain, I could tell by feeling of it whether the anchor was dragging or not; and how often I went forward and placed my hand on that chain!

"And very often since then I have wondered whether I am drifting away from God, and then I go away and pray. Sometimes during that long, stormy night I would be startled by a rumbling sound, and I would put my hand on the chain and find it was not the anchor dragging, but only the chain grating against the rocks on the bottom. The anchor was still firm. And sometimes now, in temptation and trial, I become afraid, and upon praying I find that away down deep in my heart I do love God, and my hope is in His salvation. And I want just to say a word to you boys: 'Boys, keep an anchor watch, lest before you are aware you may be upon the rocks.'"

BETTER THINGS THAN MONEY.

376

Senator Hoar in an address to the students of Armour Institute, Chicago, said: "You are not in this world to make money. Far higher is it to make the man than to make money." He has himself furnished a notable illustration of what he said:

A writer in *The Pilgrim* says, "No other senator of Mr. Hoar's standing lives so simply as he." Mr. Hoar has said that all the income producing property he ever had yields less than \$1,800 a year and that he has been growing a little poorer year by year during his long service in congress. He has lately purchased a house of a few rooms in Washington with money borrowed from friends, because, he says, after thirty years' boarding he does not think it safe for himself and his wife to be exposed to the infirmities of age where, if either should be ill, strangers would be called on to minister to them. Yet, while Senator Hoar has arrived at his seventy-seventh year without any money to show for his labor, few men in this country have greater influence or a nobler record of unselfish patriotism and integrity. He proves again the truth of what was said by the wisest of men, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things he possesseth."

A WAITING BRIDE.

377

A young lady in a small town in New Jersey is having a trying experience. Some three years ago, her brother was making a tour on the Pacific coast. She corresponded with him during his travels, and one day, while staying with an old friend in Los Angeles, Cal., a letter from the sister was delivered to him. In it was a photograph which his sister had just received from a photographer. He showed it to his host, who became deeply interested in it, and asked many questions about the character and disposition of the young lady. The guest was enthusiastic in praise of his sister, and eventually a correspondence was begun, which has continued ever since. It grew more and more cordial, until it resulted in an engagement of marriage. The young man, however, was prevented by pressing business from coming east to be married, so he pleaded with the girl to go to California for the ceremony. Ultimately he won her consent. A day was fixed on which she was to start on her journey. He promised to send before that day a check in payment of her expenses. The bridal trousseau was packed, and on the morning of the day appointed she sat on her trunk awaiting the coming of the letter-carrier, who, she felt sure, would bring the expected letter. But no letter or check came, and her disappointment was acute. Her friends have lost faith in the young man, but the expectant bride still believes

that the delay has been accidental, and will be short. It may be hoped that her confidence will be justified.

This young woman sets an example to some Christians who, in spite of the promises of Him who never fails, have ceased to expect the coming of their Lord. St. Peter foretold such who would say, "Where is the promise of his coming? For since the fathers fell asleep all things continue as they were from the beginning."

SEEING WITHOUT EYES.

378

A French journal published a story that is received among scientists with general incredulity, but which the journal insists is strictly true. It is that a system has been discovered by which a blind man, or one whose eyes are covered, can actually see. It appears that Professor Steins, studying the principle of the telephone, conceived the idea that a power which could bring sounds from long distances to the ear, might also bring the sight of objects to the brain without the use of the eye. His theory is that it is not the eye that sees, but the brain. The eye is simply the medium of sight. Proceeding from that basis, he argued that if the image of any object could be transmitted to the brain directly, without the use of the optic nerve, the image would be seen. The professor invented an apparatus which he places on the temples of a blindfolded person, and immediately that person sees any object brought near to him. An experiment made on Dr. Caze, one of the professor's colleagues, is described by the French journal. It states that Dr. Caze was blindfolded, and taken into a dark room. The apparatus was put on his head and he gradually became conscious of every article in the room, and stated accurately the number of fingers held up before him. It is an astonishing story, which, if it proves true, will bring joy and gladness to thousands of afflicted hearts. We may be thankful, however, that even if it should prove that it is impossible for a person without eyes to see natural objects, it is always possible for him to see spiritual truth which is sometimes hidden from persons blessed with natural sight. Paul expresses this well when he says, "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

AFTER A NIGHT OF PRAYER.

379

Dr. Torrey tells a story of how, when once acting as chairman at Tremont Temple, Boston, he found a lady's name on the programme as one of the speakers. He did not care for the preaching of women, and, as the lady who was to speak had but shortly before been converted, he thought her address would be sure to bring disaster to the meeting. Having called on her when her turn came, he buried his face in his hands; but, as she went on speaking, he felt such an unwonted power with her words that he ventured to look up. To his surprise the meeting was moved as no other had moved it, and many were in tears. On inquiring of her afterwards as to her preparation for the service, he found that she had been so much afraid of addressing such a great meeting that she had spent many of the hours of the previous night in prayer before God.

SAVED BY GRACE.

380

A gentleman passing through the narrow alley of the city heard a woman's voice in a cheering song. The words of the refrain upon which she lingered seemed strangely out of place in that environment. She sang:

"And I shall see him face to face,
And tell the story 'Saved by grace!'"

looking up toward the place from whence the song came, he saw a poor old serving woman down on her knees scrubbing. The sight stirred his heart, and, in a moment, the sweet song took a depth and beauty of meaning and a charm unimagined before. That poor scrub-woman, in her weary toil, was a "daughter of the King," and heir of

eternal glory, for a short time away from home, a pilgrim and stranger in the earth. What she sang, as she looked up into the face of the Unseen, was sober truth: "I shall see him face to face!" The drudgery shall cease. The rags shall drop off from the old body. The prisoned spirit shall be set free. The dust and smoke and din of this weary world shall vanish out of sight. New scenes shall open to the unveiled eyes, even a world which needs no light of moon or star or sun, for "the Lamb is the light thereof."

It is worth the while to tarry and toil and suffer here for a little while, to live for Jesus in a world that "lieth in the wicked one," with the faith and hope of that better time in the heart, when we shall assuredly

"See him face to face,
And tell the story, 'Saved by grace!'"

GIVING OUT OF ONE'S POVERTY.

381

We are always ready to believe that if we had an abundance, we should be ready to give out of that abundance, but we are not always ready to share what we have with the Lord. It is much easier to be generous with what we have not, than with what we have! A good missionary illustrates this truth in this way:

"One man asked another: 'If you had a hundred sheep, would you give fifty of them for God's work?' 'Yes, I would.' 'Would you do the same if you had a hundred cows?' 'Yes, I would.' 'Would you do the same if you had a hundred horses?' 'Yes, I would.' 'If you had two pigs, would you give one of them to God's cause?' 'No, I wouldn't; and you have no right to ask me when you know I have two pigs.'"

It is a great deal easier to say you would give fifty horses to the Lord when you haven't any, than to say you'll give one pig when it is half your present possession. Yet it is the giving out of one's poverty that counts more than the prospective giving out of one's abundance.

HUNGRY FOR LOVE.

382

One well says that the world is hungry for love. It is not hungry for great poets, great soldiers, great inventors, but is longing for great lovers. A great lover is simply a soul set free enough from selfishness to live in other lives, and free enough from reserve and cowardice to tell others how he loves them. For it is not enough to love and not tell it. As Miss Woolson has written:

"They love us, and we know it; this suffices
For reason's share.
Why should they pause to give that love expression
With gentle care?
Why should they pause? But still our hearts are aching
With all the gnawing pain
Of hungry love that longs to hear the music,
And longs and longs in vain."

LOVE, THE HOME OF THE SOUL.

383

It has often been said that heaven is the "home of the soul," but Sir Walter Scott sang, "Love is heaven, and heaven is love." One of the most beautiful stories ever told is that related of Wendell Phillips:

He was passionately devoted to his invalid wife, and one day, after he had lectured, his friends urged him not to return to Boston that night. "The last train has left," they said, "and you will be obliged to take a carriage. It will mean twelve miles of cold riding through the sleet." "Ah, yes," he replied, "but at the end of them I shall find Annie Phillips."

A school inspector who was paying a visit of inspection to a large English school found a teacher exercising a class in definitions. One interrogation put to them seemed for a moment to stump them entirely. The question was: "What is teetotalism?"

At last one tiny girl, whose pinched face and shabby clothes bespoke hard times at home, put up her hand and cried out: "I know, teacher!"

Both teacher and visitor felt lumps rise in their throats as the answer came, in the thin, piping treble: "Teetotalism means bread and butter."

With tears welling in her eyes, the teacher said: "You must explain that."

And the small damsel promptly replied:

"Because when father's teetotal we get bread and butter, and when he is not we have to go without."

PLEADING THE PROMISES.

385

Dr. Wayland Hoyt once asked Mr. Spurgeon, who had been telling him some of the wonders that prayer had wrought for him, how he prayed. The great preacher answered, "I take a promise and plead it."

Dr. Hoyt, in relating this conversation, says by way of comment: "What infinite zest and enthusiasm it would add to the Bible reading of many if they would thus appropriate the promises of God as they read!"

FAMILY WORSHIP.

386

Governor Mickey, of Nebraska, speaking before the Methodist Social Union, in Chicago, said some very earnest things about religion in the home. In the course of his remarks he said:

"My observation is that in recent years there has been a gradual abandonment of family worship in many instances and that religion, as a part of the family instruction, is neglected. In such homes the idea prevails that religion is solely an adjunct of Sunday and that its exemplification is properly confined to the church service and the Sabbath school. Christian people should be aroused to this tendency of the times. The home that is not a praying home falls far short of what a true home should be and its influences do not make for the highest ideals of life. The family altar is an impregnable defense against the onslaughts of sin and iniquity and any influence that tends to destroy it is a thrust at the very life of the church itself. I trust that a reaction will quickly follow and that every church communicant will be brought to realize that the family altar is religion's surest defense and the nation's safeguard as well."

CHRIST A MIRROR OF HEAVENLY THINGS.

387

There is in Rome an elegant fresco by Guildo, "The Aurora." It covers a lofty ceiling. Looking up at it from the pavement your neck grows stiff, your head dizzy, and the figures indistinct. You soon turn away. The owner of the palace has placed a broad mirror near the floor. You may now sit down before it as at a table, and at your leisure look into the mirror and enjoy the fresco that is above you. There is no more weariness, no more indistinctness, no more dizziness.

So Paul says, we see the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

CRUELTY TO BIRDS.

388

The celebrated Russian novelist, Turgenieff, tells a most touching little incident which occurred during his early boyhood, which awakened in him sentiments that have colored all his writings:

When he was a lad of ten, his father took him out one day bird-shooting. As they tramped across the brown stubble a golden pheasant rose with a low whirr from the ground at his feet, and, with the joy of a sportsman, he raised his gun and

fired, wild with excitement, when the creature fell fluttering at his side. Life was ebbing fast, but the instinct of the mother was stronger than death itself, and with a feeble flutter of her wings the mother bird reached the nest where her young brood were huddled, unconscious of danger. Then, with such a look of pleading and reproach that his heart stood still at the ruin he had wrought—and never to his dying day did he forget the feeling of guilt which came to him at that moment—the little brown head toppled over, and only the dead body of the mother shielded her nestlings.

"Father, father!" he cried, "what have I done?" as he turned his horror-stricken face to his father.

But not to his father's eye had this little tragedy been enacted, and he said: "Well done, my son; that was well done for your first shot. You will soon be a fine sportsman."

"Never, father; never again shall I destroy any living creature. If that is sport, I will have none of it. Life is more beautiful to me than death, and since I cannot give life, I will not take it."

EVERYBODY UNDERSTANDS A SMILE.

389

A traveler tells this pretty story, and comments on it with most helpful philosophy:

Two children—one French, one Italian—met at a steamboat landing where passengers were waiting. Each held his mother by the hand, at the same time looking with curiosity and interest into the other's face. Presently one of them began smiling radiantly. The other responded and put out a dimpled hand to smooth the cheek leaned towards him. The two babies were friends at once.

"Everybody understands a smile," said a lady who was looking on, and the sentiment was responded to by more than one bystander.

We often speak of being misunderstood even by our nearest and dearest; but do we smile enough? Each soul speaks its own language, a speech foreign to every other; but smiles full of goodwill, of self-forgetfulness, of serenity, are a universal language that explains, harmonizes, soothes, communicates, draws hearts together. Why should we not smile more? Thus we should become better acquainted with each other; the dim corners of the heart would be illumined, warmed and blessed; the timid would be reassured, the weak strengthened as a plant with sunshine. Then, however obscure the language of any life, there would be the joy, perhaps sweeter than any other, of being understood.

PERSISTENCE REWARDED.

390

A man is now on his way to this country from Austria who has been twice turned back by the immigration commissioners. Early last year he came, but on examination it was found that the thumb of his left hand had been amputated. As it was thought he might become a public charge, he was sent back to his home. In November last, he presented himself again, having been in correspondence with a fellow-countryman resident in Philadelphia, who was able to give a guarantee that the country would not incur expense by admitting him. Through some informality, the commissioners rejected the guarantee, and again sent the would-be citizen back to Austria. Arrangements have now been made through the Austrian consul for the acceptance of a bond of indemnity, and the immigrant is now, for the third time, on his way hither. Most men would have been too much discouraged by a double rejection to have made a third attempt, but this man persists, and is now likely to succeed.

What a blessed thing it would be for multitudes of men if they were as determined to enter the kingdom of Christ, for in that case persistence is sure of success.

STRIVING TO CATCH THE MASTER'S SPIRIT.

391

History tells of a young paint-grinder in the studio of Italy's greatest master, who developed striking evidences of artistic skill. When an enemy of the great

teacher came to the boy and urged him to found a school of his own, saying that wealth and honors and invitations to kings' palaces might be his, the youth answered, in effect, "I am not ambitious to found a school or dwell in a palace, but I am ambitious to catch Raphael's spirit and reproduce in myself his ideals."

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

392

General Ballington Booth, the founder and president of the Volunteers of America, recently said, "I have met thousands of persons individually in my public career, and the happiest I have met have not been the hard talkers, or the hard thinkers, but the hard workers."

NUGGETS OF GOLD.

393

Margaret Sangster says: In the days of the Forty-Niners the old California prospectors sent home nuggets of gold as they found them in the mines. A nugget might be large or small, but it contained some yellow ore that was pure and worth owning. I wish we might each of us search in the mines of knowledge for a nugget daily of pure gold. He or she who learns by heart a Scripture text, just one, each day, will have a great store of golden Bible nuggets laid up in memory. The one who reads a little in some good author every day, will be equally the gainer in mental wealth.

THE FICKLE MULTITUDE.

394

The Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage has this paragraph in a Palm Sunday sermon:

The Duke of Wellington well understood the fickleness of popular applause. Long after the conqueror of Napoleon had regained his popularity, and had become the most beloved subject of the Victorian Empire, he always kept the fence around his city home broken down, as an object lesson, to recall the time when the London mob battered it down, to show their disgust at one of his official acts as Prime Minister. William E. Gladstone was again and again execrated in the streets of the British capital, through which his dead body was afterward carried to sleep its last sleep among the honored dead of Westminster, the Prince of Wales, now King, being among the pallbearers. Joan of Arc, who led the French armies to victory, was deserted by her followers, who came to believe her a witch and a devil. The same tongue which once charmed the Roman assemblies, was afterward cut out from the mouth of Cicero by the mobs, and nailed up in the Roman Forum, with the epitaph, "Thou fool, wag no more!" Ah, we do not have to stand among the vociferating multitudes of Palm Sunday to hear and see the fickleness of the human race. We can see everywhere the human idols being shattered. The same voices that are ready to cry to us, "Put him upon a throne," are the voices which to-morrow will call, "Lead him away to execution."

ENGINEERS WHO FAIL.

395

An eminent railroad authority, speaking recently to young men who are studying to become engineers, dwelt on the qualities necessary for success. He said: "A man who has any disposition to indulge in the use of alcoholic stimulants, or who has trouble of any sort to disturb his mind, should never undertake service as a locomotive engineer. It is when the engineer is not exactly himself, whatever may be the cause, that the vital test seems to come nearly every time. Sometimes it is a great wreck which results, because the mind of the engineer is not equal to the occasion. I have never known one engineer of gloomy and melancholy disposition to grow old in the service of engineer. Such men are either killed or discharged from the service before they have worked any great length of time. I have known several men who had domestic trouble of various kinds, and of them I do not remember one who ran an engine for more than five years. It seems that they cannot concentrate their minds or cannot keep them concentrated upon what they are doing. I have known some of them

to forget, after getting the green, whether they had a green block or a white block, and to run at a speed beyond their control straight into the rear of another train."

Paul in his last letter to Timothy utters a similar warning to those who would serve Christ: "No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life; that he may please him who hath chosen him."

TYPHOID FEVER AND LIQUOR SALOONS.

396

Mr. John G. Woolley seizes on the rigid attempt to crush out typhoid fever at Ithaca, New York, the seat of Cornell University, to show the inconsistency of the public which is wise enough to take the proper measures to protect citizens from typhoid fever while it leaves them exposed to the destroying influence of saloons. Mr. Woolley says:

"The Board of Health of Ithaca, New York, in order to check the spread of typhoid fever there, has passed a resolution declaring it a crime to use unboiled city water for domestic purposes. We are just as much opposed to typhoid fever as anybody, but in the interest of consistency and common sense we rise to say: You can't make men healthy by law. The people have always used raw water, and they always will. If Ithaca does not furnish it, other cities will, and she will lose her boom in the medical and undertaking lines, and grass will grow in her cemetery drives. Power of resistance to typhoid cannot be cultivated in the people without permitting them to be exposed to it. It is an infringement of personal liberty to forbid a man to drink dirty water, if he likes it. Ithacans will become sneaks under this sumptuary legislation. They will crawl down into the creek bottom and drink twice as much as they would if they could just step up to the spigot and take a drink when they wanted it. They will drink from the sewers. They will carry bottles of city water. They will club together and go to great excess. They will swear in court that they didn't know it was water. They will take typhoid fever into politics. The true principle is regulation. There would be a certain value in having the water boiled for children after 11 o'clock at night, on Sundays and election days. Delirious typhoid patients ought to be told, No! you have had enough, but prohibition does not prohibit."

STRUGGLE ESSENTIAL TO STRENGTH.

397

In his eulogy of Abraham Lincoln, at the Lincoln Dinner, in New York city, Ex-Governor Black uttered this virile paragraph:

"It is not wealth that counts in the making of the world, but character. And character is best formed amid those surroundings where every waking hour is filled with struggle, where no flag of truce is ever sent, and only darkness stays the conflict. Give me the hut that is small enough, the poverty that is deep enough, and the love that is great enough, and I will raise from them the best there is in human character."

A RECORD OF HEROISM.

398

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell employed a Clippings Bureau to furnish him for a year all newspaper accounts of individual acts of heroism for the sake of others. The flood of material was such that he stopped it at ten months. Even then it was a good while before he succeeded in reducing it to order. The occasion for this somewhat unusual compilation was a discussion which arose among some friends as to whether or not the spirit of altruism is gaining ground in the modern world. The result of it as reported in the *Century* is wholly cheering.

Eliminating first the rescues at the hands of soldiers and the coast-guards, and all actions of men in groups or organized companies, there remained as the result of a manifestly defective collection a record for ten months of eleven hundred and sixty-three separate acts of heroism in the face of danger to others. After still further culling out the risks taken by mothers for their children, there were more than seven hundred instances, or nearly an average of three a day.

A SOLID FOUNDATION.

399

A great engineer who has since died once had in charge the erection of a suspension bridge over the Hudson river. Before he began to build the towers he made a most minute inspection of the rocks on which they were to stand. He not only examined them carefully, but sent divers down to see if there were any cavities or washouts under them. Their reports would have satisfied any engineer; but this man was not content. He sent for a diamond drill and took a core out of the rocks a hundred feet long. The work took twelve days, and the result confirmed the previous conclusion, that the rocks were absolutely solid. Then, and not till then, he began to erect the towers. When a man is building his life and work for eternity he should take care that he has a sound foundation, and that he has it in Christ.

CHRISTIAN FREEDOM.

400

An English editor illustrates the freedom which comes in Christ Jesus, by this reference to Bunyan. He says:

When Christian and Pliable fell into the Slough of Despond, the free man was Christian, who struggled out on the side farthest from his own house and toward the celestial city; the man unfree was Pliable, who could not turn any way but back. Freedom includes confidence in the road and its forward going. Christian was the conservative man, too, for he was determined to preserve his new life by going forward. And to be free in mind, in time of new conditions, is to believe in the possibility of construction for aid to the old life out of the new materials. It is to be released from distrust in the future, and set at large in the liberty of hope, sure that constructive helpfulness is something to which the future belongs. Thus, to gather it all up in a single point, to be free in mind is to be free to act out the conservative impulse of construction for aid to the precious Christian life; free, I mean, on all sides,—free by the releasing of one's powers, free by the largeness of faith in God, and free by deliverance from fear of other men,—free in all these ways to be building up out of new materials means for help to the Christian people in the living of their holy life.

A WORLD OF TRIAL.

401

Here is a story as beautiful as it is pathetic and full of instruction. It is of a vigorous little lad scarce five years old.

His mother says he "wakes with a lecture and goes to bed with a spanking;" so we may be quite sure he is not merely a stray angel but must be pretty much a boy. He had been tucked in for the night after his usual chastisement, not very hard but certainly monitory, when he unbosomed himself to his anxious mother: "Mamma, I know it is good for me to be spanked. I always feel better for being spanked after I have been naughty. But, mamma, it is a hard world, ain't it?" The dear little chap! already wrestling with the mystery of sin and suffering.

A GOOD RECOMMENDATION.

402

A traveller sitting in the station of a great railway line, noticed a young couple evidently just married, and quite as evidently they were headed for their new home in one of the Western states.

The groom had with him a wolfskin overcoat, and the bride a bundle of quilted bedding. They were just such young people as have already gone by the thousand to settle on prairies and among mountains. Their hands were hard, and their faces, even young as they were, showed familiarity with the cares of a laborious life. The young man excused himself and went out for a walk; whereupon the young woman reached into the pocket of the wolfskin coat and took out for her reading a well-worn, morocco-bound Bible.

What a recommendation that Bible was! The traveller would have trusted that couple anywhere.

The Rev. F. B. Price, a missionary in Burmah, writes home this story:

A missionary, whose busy life was suddenly arrested by an illness that brought her to the parting of the worlds, had visions of service and influence far beyond the common bounds.

"Oh," said she, "I never thought before of every woman putting her hand under the hand of every other woman! Had you ever thought of it that way?" And her pale face shone with smiles of joy, as she saw the possibility of womanhood, the world over, thus enlisted in mutual helpfulness.

The figure is worth pondering. For the open palm extended in greeting is also the gesture of assistance and relief. It is the sign of friendship and love, of invitation and good cheer. It expresses generosity, service, consecration, uplift. It is like the hand of Him who welcomed little children, and who said to weary, sin-cursed multitudes: "Come unto me, and I will give you rest!"

What if that dream were realized, and every woman who knows His love would reach her hand of sympathy and help toward every other woman for whom He died!

"HELP A FELLOW!"

404

I have seen a story of a little lad at a seaside resort whose mother commanded him not to go down to the beach that afternoon, but to stay on the lawn, until she should come out, when they would go for a walk.

The afternoon waned, but the mother never came out. The little fellow's playmates came along and called him to come and wade, but he shook his head.

"He could see the glistening ocean from the veranda, and it never seemed more attractive nor the cottage more utterly dull. Presently he walked slowly down to the gate and began to toy with the latch. Then, with firm-set lips and hands clasped tight behind him, he as slowly returned to the veranda.

"Again, yielding to temptation, he went to the gate. This time he opened it a little, but instead of passing through, he closed it sharply, and once more made his way back to the veranda.

"How hot and lonely and stupid it was there, and what a merry time the other children were having on the cool, moist sand at the edge of the frothing wavelets! He bore it as long as he could, and then, running swiftly down the gravel path, opened the gate and scampered off to join his playmates.

"It was tea-time when he returned, and his mother met him with uplifted finger and reproving look.

"'Ah, Rodney, Rodney,' she said, 'you have disobeyed me! You have been at the beach in spite of what I told you!'

"Rodney's flaming cheeks and downcast eyes and silent tongue constituted a sufficient confession, and his mother went on:

"'Now I want to tell you, Rodney, that I was watching you all the time. I saw you go to the gate twice and come back, and then go through it the third time.'

"Rodney suddenly found his tongue, and looking up at his mother with a world of meaning in his big brown eyes, said:

"'You were watching me the whole time?'

"'Yes,' answered the mother, wondering what was in the little mind.

"'And you saw me go down to the gate and come back again?' he continued.

"'I did,' was her response, still more perplexed.

"'Then, mother,' he asked bravely, although the little lips trembled, 'why didn't you tap on the window and help a fellow?'

Even so. The infinite pathos of it! The baby conscience struggling for the right, and only needing the quiet tap of the mother's finger upon the window-pane to nerve it for victory!

A woman and her child were rescued from a burning house in New York city by a brave policeman in a manner which required great courage. The policeman was on his way to report at the station when he saw an excited crowd gazing at the upper floor of a house. On the fire-escape outside a window on the third floor, a woman and a child were standing, while smoke poured from the windows. The crowd thought the woman was about to jump and called to her to wait for the firemen; but the woman was hysterical, and her danger was increasing every moment. Policeman Willence tried to make his way to her through the burning building, but the fire was so fierce and the smoke so dense that he was driven back. He then tried the house next door, but could not gain admittance. Two doors away he entered and made his way to the roof, thence going over roofs to that of the burning building. It was four stories high. He descended to the third story fire-escape, where the woman and child were. Finding that the woman had fainted, he carried the child to the roof, and then returned and carried up the woman, then a lifeless burden. The crowd saw his brave act, and when the woman and child were both safe on the roof they gave a mighty cheer.

The brave policeman deserved the cheers, but how many forget to give their admiration and love to Him who laid down his life upon the cross to save them from ruin.

TO DIE FOR A TOTEM.

There has been trouble among the Indians in Southeastern Alaska. Some time ago they decided to hold a potlatch at Sitka. They belonged to the great Frog Tribe, and deputations from groups of that tribe were soon on their way to Sitka from various districts. Among them was a party from Wrangel. They came down in highly decorated canoes, and were dressed in all their glory.

On the way to Sitka a member of the party was taken ill and died. By inexplicable reasoning the Sitka Indians were held responsible for his death, and a demand was made upon them for one hundred and fifty blankets as an indemnity. As they refused to pay, their totem was seized and carried off. An expert carver was employed to make a new totem. After weeks of work it was completed, and a wonderful work it was. Ten feet long, six feet wide, with lips of brass, and enormous glass eyes, it was gay with the colors of the rainbow. It was set upon a high pole, but not without protest. It is contended that it is a counterfeit totem, and that the Sitka people have no right to a totem until they have paid their indemnity. So the excitement has grown, and now a threat is made to destroy the symbol, and a number of men are determined to destroy it, while others, armed with rifles, stand guard over it night and day. To civilized people it seems incomprehensible that men should attach so much importance to a grotesque symbol.

What a change it would work in the lives of these Indians if they could really understand the symbolism of the Cross, and cherish that which it implies! Paul had the real significance when he wrote to the Gallatians, "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world."

EXPLORING THE HEAVENLY WORLD.

A wonderful story of Antarctic exploration comes from Auckland, New Zealand. The British steamer *Morning* has returned to that port from its voyage southward, where it went to carry supplies to the explorers who are trying to discover the secret of the South Pole. It found them at McMurdo Bay, Victoria Land, which is much farther south than was expected. They reported that their vessel, the *Discovery* entered the ice-pack on Dec. 23, 1901. By the following March the vessel was frozen in, and the crew landed and prepared winter quarters. The temperature was then

sixty-two degrees below zero. In September, which is the closing of the winter in those latitudes, sledge journeys were organized. One of these, conducted by Capt. Scott and Dr. Wilson, reaching the eighty-second degree of south latitude, which is nearly three hundred miles farther south than any explorer has ever been. They saw from that point isolated peaks twelve thousand feet high, and high ranges of mountains stretching far away to the horizon. As their dogs had died on the journey, they were obliged to return, dragging their sledge themselves. The arrival of the relief vessel was timely, as provisions were running short. Ample supplies were left with the explorers, who expect to resume their journeys by sledge in September next.

If men were as much in earnest in their endeavors to learn all about the heavenly world as the explorers are to find out all about this world, how much truer and holier our lives would be!

HOLY DOGGEDNESS.

408

The Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst declares that more than any other thing, the nature of a man's power, the criterion of the amount of effect that he will likely produce in the world, will be not the brilliancy or the impetuosity with which he takes hold, but the holy doggedness with which he hangs on after he has taken hold. Dr. Parkhurst continues:

Every once in a while I am told that such and such a brilliant young man or woman has just come into our congregation, and that he or she will be likely to prove a great acquisition. I confess that it is a bait at which I nibble less than I used to do. If I want a light to read by, I had rather have a good long tallow dip than a streak of lightning. A very small river will carry a great deal of water to the sea if it keeps running.

Patient continuance in well doing is the art of great living—it makes the man himself great; it ennobles the world he lives in; it leaves behind a bequest that can never be diverted to unintended purposes, and it puts a man distinctly upon the track of having fulfilled to him the promised award of the Lord: "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

409

A Christian gentlewoman who was travelling took a seat in a railway train next to a man, and in his conversation learned that he had just become a Christian. He said that it was through a letter written him by his mother. My friend asked to see the letter which would mean the conversion of a man, and he answered, "It is not so much in what she says, but it is the way she signs her name; you can see that her hand has trembled, and when I read it I said, if she dies no one else will ever ask me to be a Christian again."

ONE FAMILY IN HEAVEN AND ON EARTH.

410

A young preacher recently called on an eminent divine, and in the course of conversation asked him how many children he had. "Four, sir," was the reply. At the supper table, the visitor perceived two beautiful children seated by the side of the mother. Turning to his host, he said, "I thought you had four children, sir; where are the other two?" Lifting his eyes, the holy man of God pointed upwards, while a sweet smile broke over his countenance. "They are in heaven," he repeated, slowly and calmly; "yet my children still; not dead, but gone before."

GIVING GOD THE BEST.

411

Dr. Amos R. Wells tells the following story, and adds a striking bit of comment:

There was once a poor Hindu mother who had two boy babies, twins, and one of them was blind. She thought the gods must be angry with her, or the child would not be blind, and planned to propitiate them. One day she was seen with but a single

child in her arms, and he was blind. She had thrown the other, as an offering, into the Ganges. "Yes, of course," she said, when questioned, "I gave the best."

How this untaught faithfulness of the poor heathen mother puts us all to shame! We may be sure that God gives His best to us, without reserve of anything for His private enjoyment; that is, He always gives us the best we are capable of receiving. It may fairly be questioned whether we give to Him at all until we give eagerly, and until we ask honestly, not "How little can I give, and preserve my self-respect and the respect of others?" but "How much is it my happy privilege to give?"

THE WAY CHARACTER IS BUILT.

412

Dr. G. B. F. Hallock draws this illustration from Mammoth Cave:

There was once a stupendous apartment without supports in the great cave of Kentucky. But following the upheaval that formed the cave, water began to percolate through the dome, and fall drop by drop to the floor. An invisible sediment of carbonate of lime was left by each drop on the ceiling, and where it fell on the floor. Nature's workmen had begun to pillar that mighty dome. By day and by night, without let or hindrance, the work went on. At last the stalactite began to hang from the vault, and the stalagmite to rise from the floor, and long before the eyes of man looked into that little world, the pillars from above, and the pillars from below had met, and a thousand columns supported the overhanging roof, until now a railway might roll its carriage over the place, and it would not yield an inch.

Thus character is always stalactite in its formation, begun in a moment, but running on through a lifetime and coming to an absolute permanence. Never a drop of truth percolates through the heart that it does not leave a sediment of strength. Never a thought, word, or deed that does not leave some eternal effect.

SAVING THE FRAGMENTS.

413

Dr. David James Burrell, in a sermon on "The End of Time," gives these interesting facts showing the value of fragments of time:

One of the valuable secrets of success is knowing how to economize the fragments of time. An hour seems a little matter, but you can read twenty quarto pages in an hour, and an hour a day for four years would carry you through the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. Ten minutes are hardly worth considering, yet Longfellow in his youth translated Dante's "Inferno" in the ten minutes day after day, while he waited for his coffee to boil. "Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost." While Professor Mitchell was in charge of a division during the Civil War he said to a young officer: "You excuse yourself on the ground that you are only a few minutes late. Sir, I have been in the habit of calculating the value of a millionth part of a second!" It is the loss of time, a little here and a little there, that makes life a failure and eternity an irremediable disappointment.

CHRIST IN ART AND SONG.

414

Dr. Amory J. Bradford says:

It has often seemed to me that the most wonderful thing about Jesus Christ is the fact that to every one He seems to be living to-day. Other men aroused enthusiasm; Jesus still fires thousands with a willingness to die for Him. Other men live in history; Jesus lives in the hearts of consecrated followers. The story of Christianity is the story of enthusiasm for Christ. Paul represented himself as taken hold of by the love of Christ. The early martyrs competed for the honor of being burned to death in His name. The motto of the beautiful St. Francis, who was the friend of both man and beast, was "the love of Christ." The art of the world for centuries has found its sublimest subjects in the Gospel story. It is a revelation to go through the world's great galleries of art. Listen! The most beautiful picture in the National Gallery in London is Murillo's "Holy Family"; in Paris, Murillo's "Assumption of the Virgin"; in Antwerp, Rubens' "Descent from the Cross"; in Florence, "The

Madonna de la Sedia"; in Venice, Titian's "Assumption of the Virgin"; in Milan, Leonardo's "Last Supper"; in Berlin, Guido's "Ecce Homo"; in Rome, "The Crucifixion," and in Madrid, "The Ascension," by Raphael; in Dresden, the crown of all the world's art, "The Sistine Madonna."

The place of Jesus in poetry is not less significant. It is illustrated in Dante's "Vision," Tennyson's "Holy Grail," Browning's "Christmas Eve," "Easter Day," and "Death in the Desert," Whittier's "Our Master," Lanier's "Christ." These are only two or three flowers hurriedly picked in the world's great garden of song.

FRESH ARROWS FROM MANY QUIVERS.

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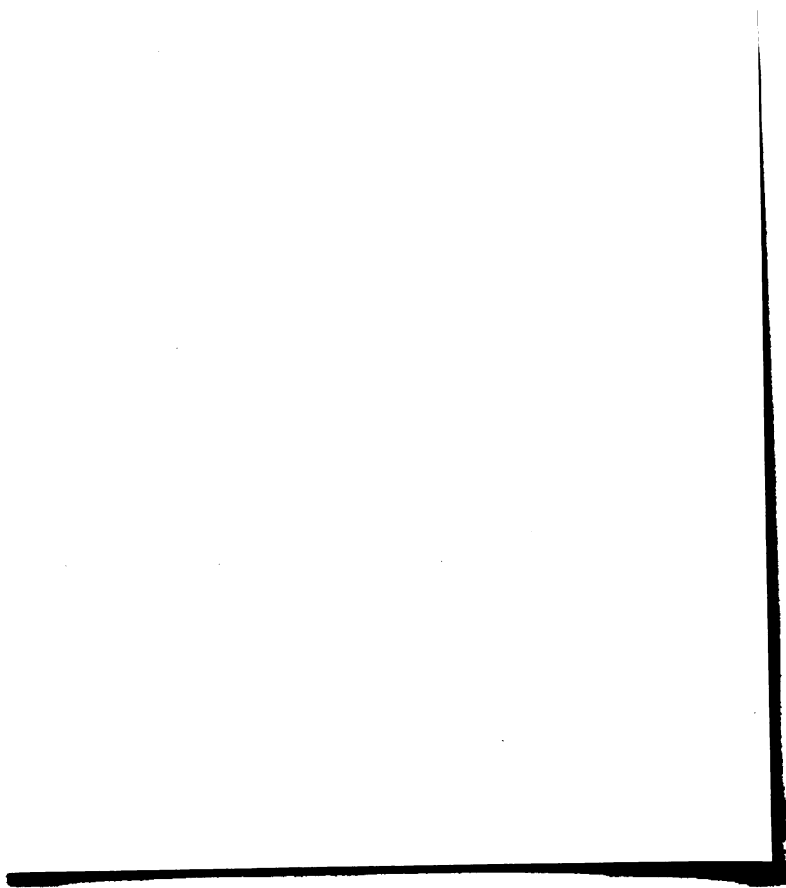
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